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VOLUME XCIX



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CONTENTS

INDEX BY TITLES.

PAGE	PAGE		
Accursed Annual, The, <i>Agnes Repplier</i>	247	French Revolution, The Lesson of the, <i>Goldwin Smith</i>	492
Aldrich, Thomas Bailey, <i>Bliss Perry</i>	711	Grilling of Sinners, The, <i>Edward Alsworth Ross</i>	500
American Consul, The, and American Trade, <i>John Ball Osborne</i>	159	Hearn, Lafcadio, <i>Ferris Greenslet</i>	261
Amiel, In Search of, <i>John Sheridan Zelie Hartt</i>	127	Helpmate, The, <i>May Sinclair</i> , 5, 184, 355, 450, 590, 745	
Amusement Park, The, <i>Rollin Lynde Angelo and Angela</i> , <i>Grace H. Bagley</i>	854	His Majesty the Tree, <i>M. E. M. Davis</i>	644
Autobiography, The Nude in, <i>W. A. Gill</i>	71	Ideal Teacher, The, <i>George Herbert Palmer</i>	433
Brown and Character, <i>Arthur Stanwood Pier</i>	106	India, The Forest Philosophy of, <i>Paul Elmer More</i>	812
Brunetière, Ferdinand, <i>Irving Babbitt</i>	530	Japan and the Philippine Islands, <i>James A. Le Roy</i>	24
Byron in our Day, <i>J. F. A. Pyre</i>	542	Japan, Christianity in, <i>K. Asakawa</i>	652
Carducci, Giosuè, <i>Frank Jewett Mather</i>	702	Labor Problem, The Personal Factor in the, <i>Hayes Robbins</i>	729
Cavour, The Statesmanship of, <i>Andrew D. White</i>	290, 506	Landless Men, <i>E. S. Johnson</i>	335
Centenary of Longfellow, The, <i>Bliss Perry</i>	379	Lesson of the French Revolution, The, <i>Goldwin Smith</i>	492
Christianity in Japan, <i>K. Asakawa</i>	652	Longfellow, The Centenary of, <i>Bliss Perry</i>	379
Colonel in the Theological Seminary, The, <i>Samuel McChord Crothers</i>	737	Louise: an Episode in London Chambers, <i>Elizabeth Robins Pennell</i>	60
Confessions of a Spelling Reformer, <i>Thomas R. Lounsbury</i>	614	Love and the Machine, <i>Arthur Stanwood Pier</i>	678
Country Editor of To-day, The, <i>Charles Moreau Harger</i>	89	Melodrama, The, <i>Harry James Smith</i>	320
Criminaloid, The, <i>Edward Alsworth Ross</i>	44	Meredith, George, <i>Henry Copley Greene</i>	771
Dawn of the American Drama, The, <i>John Corbin</i>	632	Mexico, The Year in, <i>Frederic R. Gurnsey</i>	346
Efficiency in Making Bequests, <i>William H. Allen</i>	329	Modern Spanish Fiction, <i>William Wistar Comfort</i>	398
Evangeline and the Real Acadians, <i>Archibald MacMechan</i>	202	Motor-Flight through France, A, <i>Edith Wharton</i>	98, 242
Financier, The, <i>Ethel Rolt Wheeler</i>	524	Mr. Mudge, <i>Harry James Smith</i>	253
Forest Philosophy of India, The, <i>Paul Elmer More</i>	812		

Mutual Life Insurance, <i>Francis C. Lowell</i>	51	Shakespeare of Warwickshire, <i>Theodore T. Munger</i>	172
Mutual Life Insurance: The Case for the Agent, <i>Floyd Elmer DeGroat</i>	537	Shaw, Mr., as Critic, <i>H. W. Boynton</i>	553
New Novels, The, <i>Mary Moss</i>	113	Society and Solitude, <i>Arthur C. Benson</i>	404
New Tariff Era, The, <i>Raymond L. Bridgeman</i>	443	Southern Cotton Mill, The Problem of the, <i>Mary Applewhite Bacon</i>	224
Nude in Autobiography, The, <i>W. A. Gill</i>	71	Spelling Reformer, <i>Confessions of a, Thomas R. Lounsbury</i>	614
Our Men of the Midi, <i>E. N. Vollandigham</i>	848	Spirit of Old West Point, The, <i>Morris Schaff</i>	145, 305, 470, 687, 784
Personal Factor in the Labor Problem, The, <i>Hayes Robbins</i>	729	Street of the Love of Friends, The, <i>Harriet Lewis Bradley</i>	484
Personal Recollections of Walt Whitman, <i>Ellen M. Calder</i>	825	Study of National Culture, The, <i>Kuno Francke</i>	409
Philippine Islands, Japan and the, <i>James A. Le Roy</i>	24	Tall Man, The, <i>S. Carleton</i>	36
Problem of the Southern Cotton Mill, The, <i>Mary Applewhite Bacon</i>	224	Theology and Human Nature, <i>George Hodges</i>	561
Programme Music Then and Now, <i>W. J. Henderson</i>	272	Travel, Some Books of, <i>Harriet Waters Preston</i>	417
Quiet Woman, The, <i>Mary Heaton Vorse</i>	80	Turning the Old Leaves, <i>Bliss Perry</i>	1
Railroad Accidents, <i>Frank Haigh Dixon</i>	577	United States, Mr. Rhodes' History of the, <i>Bernadotte Perrin</i>	859
Recent Socialist Literature, <i>John Graham Brooks</i>	278	Voyage of the Brig December, The, <i>George S. Wasson</i>	213
Rhodes's History of the United States, Mr. <i>Bernadotte Perrin</i>	859	West Point, The Spirit of Old, <i>Morris Schaff</i>	145, 305, 470, 687, 784
Roderick Eaton's Children, <i>Clare Benedict</i>	389	Whitman, Walt, Personal Recollections of, <i>Ellen M. Calder</i>	825
Runaways, The, <i>Margaret Sherwood</i>	797	Year in Mexico, The, <i>Frederic R. Gurnsey</i>	346
Sea-Glin, The, <i>George S. Wasson</i>	835		

INDEX BY AUTHORS.

<i>Aldrich, Thomas Bailey</i> , Longfellow, 1807-1907	289	<i>Brooks, John Graham</i> , Recent Socialist Literature	278
<i>Allen, William H.</i> , Efficiency in Making Bequests	329	<i>Calder, Ellen M.</i> , Personal Recollections of Walt Whitman	825
<i>Asakawa, K.</i> , Christianity in Japan	652	<i>Carleton, S.</i> , The Tall Man	36
<i>Babbitt, Irving</i> , Ferdinand Brunetière	530	<i>Cleghorn, Sarah N.</i> , Asleep in Union Square	701
<i>Bacon, Mary Applewhite</i> , The Problem of the Southern Cotton Mill	224	<i>Comfort, William Wistar</i> , Modern Spanish Fiction	398
<i>Bagley, Grace H.</i> , Angelo and Angela	232	<i>Conkling, Grace Hazard</i> , On Arranging a Bowl of Violets	378
<i>Benedict, Clare</i> , Roderick Eaton's Children	389	<i>Corbin, John</i> , The Dawn of the American Drama	632
<i>Benson, Arthur C.</i> , Society and Solitude	40	<i>Crothers, Samuel McChord</i> , The Colonel in the Theological Seminary	737
<i>Boynton, H. W.</i> , Mr. Shaw as Critic	553		
<i>Bradley, Harriet Lewis</i> , The Street of the Love of Friends	484		
<i>Bridgeman, Raymond L.</i> , The New Tariff Era	443	<i>Davis, M. E. M.</i> , His Majesty the Tree	644

Contents

v

<p><i>DeGroat, Floyd Elmer</i>, Mutual Life Insurance: the Case for the Agent 537</p> <p><i>Dixon, Frank Haigh</i>, Railroad Accidents 577</p> <p><i>Dodd, Lee Wilson</i>, Song Triumphant 469</p> <p><i>Finley, John</i>, The Water Witch 810</p> <p><i>Francke, Kuno</i>, The Study of National Culture 409</p> <p><i>Gilder, Richard Watson</i></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> To One Impatient of Form in Art 35 True Love to Liberty is Never Foe 499 The Poet's Sleep 613 <p><i>Gill, W. A.</i>, The Nude in Autobiography 71</p> <p><i>Greene, Henry Copley</i>, George Meredith 771</p> <p><i>Greenslet, Ferris</i>, Lafcadio Hearn 261</p> <p><i>Guernsey, Frederic R.</i>, The Year in Mexico 346</p> <p><i>Hardy, Arthur Sherburne</i>, A Question 536</p> <p><i>Harger, Charles Moreau</i>, The Country Editor of To-day 89</p> <p><i>Hartt, Rollin Lynde</i>, The Amusement Park 667</p> <p><i>Henderson, W. J.</i>, Programme Music Then and Now 272</p> <p><i>Hodges, George</i>, Theology and Human Nature 561</p> <p><i>Howells, Mildred</i>, The Flower of Youth 231</p> <p><i>Johnson, E. S.</i>, Landless Men 335</p> <p><i>Le Roy, James A.</i>, Japan and the Philippine Islands 24</p> <p><i>Lounsherry, Thomas R.</i>, Confessions of a Spelling Reformer 614</p> <p><i>Lowell, Francis C.</i>, Mutual Life Insurance 51</p> <p><i>MacMechan, Archibald</i>, Evangeline and the Real Acadians 202</p> <p><i>Mason, Edward Wilbur</i>, Alchemy 858</p> <p><i>Mather, Frank Jewett</i>, Giosuè Carducci 702</p> <p><i>Moore, T. Sturge</i>, To Giacomo Leopardi 97</p> <p><i>More, Paul Elmer</i>, The Forest Philosophy of India 812</p> <p><i>Moss, Mary</i>, The New Novels 113</p> <p><i>Munger, Theodore T.</i>, Shakespeare of Warwickshire 172</p> <p><i>Newbolt, Henry</i>, Il Santo 770</p> <p><i>Osborne, John Ball</i>, The American Consul and American Trade 159</p> <p><i>Palmer, George Herbert</i>, The Ideal Teacher 433</p> <p><i>Pattee, Fred Lewis</i>, "I Mused on Death" 408</p>	<p><i>Pennell, Elizabeth Robins</i>, Louise: an Episode in London Chambers 60</p> <p><i>Perrin, Bernadotte</i>, Mr. Rhodes's History of the United States 859</p> <p><i>Perry, Bliss</i></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Turning the Old Leaves 1 The Centenary of Longfellow 379 Thomas Bailey Aldrich 711 <p><i>Pier, Arthur Stanwood</i></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Brawn and Character 106 Love and the Machine 678 <p><i>Preston, Harriet Waters</i>, Some Books of Travel 417</p> <p><i>Pyre, J. F. A.</i>, Byron in our Day 542</p> <p><i>Rappier, Agnes</i>, The Accursed Annual 247</p> <p><i>Robbins, Hayes</i>, The Personal Factor in the Labor Problem 729</p> <p><i>Robinson, Edwin Arlington</i>, Calverly's 666</p> <p><i>Ross, Edward Alsworth</i></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> The Criminaloid 44 The Grilling of Sinners 500 <p><i>Schaff, Morris</i>, The Spirit of Old West Point 145, 305, 470, 687, 784</p> <p><i>Sherwood, Margaret</i>, The Runaways 797</p> <p><i>Sinclair, May</i>, The Helpmate 5, 184, 355, 450, 590, 745</p> <p><i>Smith, Goldwin</i>, The Lesson of the French Revolution 492</p> <p><i>Smith, Harry James</i></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Mr. Mudge 253 The Melodrama 320 <p><i>Sykes, M'Cready</i>, Hymn of the Desert 346</p> <p><i>Tabb, John B.</i>, The Cliffs 319</p> <p><i>Thomas, Edith M.</i></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Foils 171 The Shadow on the Flower 719 <p><i>Urmy, Clarence</i>, Wood-Wind 846</p> <p><i>Vallandigham, E. N.</i>, Our Men of the Midi 848</p> <p><i>Van Dyke, Henry</i>, Browning's Lineage 260</p> <p><i>Vorse, Mary Heaton</i>, The Quiet Woman 80</p> <p><i>Wasson, George S.</i></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> The Voyage of the Brig December 213 The Sea-Glin 835 <p><i>Wharton, Edith</i>, A Motor-Flight through France 98, 242</p> <p><i>Wheeler, Candace</i>, The Apple Tree 854</p> <p><i>Wheeler, Ethel Rolt</i>, The Financier 524</p> <p><i>White, Andrew D.</i>, The Statesmanship of Cavour 290, 506</p> <p><i>Wilson, Charlotte</i>, The Tyrant 71</p> <p><i>Zelie, John Sheridan</i>, In Search of Amiel 127</p>
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POETRY.

Alchemy, <i>Edwin Wilbur Mason</i>	858	On Arranging a Bowl of Violets, <i>Grace Hazard Conkling</i>	378
Asleep in Union Square, <i>Sarah N. Clegg-horn</i>	701	Poet's Sleep, The, <i>Richard Watson Gilder</i>	613
Browning's Lineage, <i>Henry Van Dyke</i>	260	Question, A., <i>Arthur Sherburne Hardy</i>	536
Calverly's, <i>Edwin Arlington Robinson</i>	666	Shadow on the Flower, The, <i>Edith M. Thomas</i>	719
Cliffs, The, <i>John B. Tabb</i>	319	Song Triumphant, <i>Lee Wilson Dodd</i>	469
Flower of Youth, The, <i>Mildred Howells</i>	231	To Giacomo Leopardi, <i>T. Sturge Moore</i>	97
Foils, <i>Edith M. Thomas</i>	171	To One Impatient of Form in Art, <i>Richard Watson Gilder</i>	35
Hymn of the Desert, <i>M'Cready Sykes</i>	346	True Love to Liberty is Never Foe, <i>Richard Watson Gilder</i>	499
Il Santo, <i>Henry Newbolt</i>	770	Tyrant, The, <i>Charlotte Wilson</i>	71
"I Mused on Death," <i>Fred Lewis Pattee</i>	408	Water Witch, The, <i>John Finley</i>	810
Longfellow, 1807-1907, <i>Thomas Bailey Aldrich</i>	289	Wood-Wind, <i>Clarence Urmy</i>	846

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Answers of Time, The	868	Mantel, The Evolution of the	139
Ballad of Refrain	724	Music versus Digestion	869
Boys and the Language	567	On Preference for Living in England	569
Call of the Shirt, The	725	On Growing Fat	430
Daily Theme Eye, The	427	On Reading Proof	287
Delights of the Periodical Index	723	Passing of the Old Lady, The	874
Elevation of the Stage, The	721	Pessimistic Pose, The	572
Elizabethan Revivals	720	Plea of the Children, The	575
Fourth Dimensional	431	Poetry of the Atlas	872
Freight Train, The	139	Potential Gypsies	429
Honest Theologian, The	285	Reading for Rest	141
Magazine Child, The	286	Ritual of Infirmitiess, A.	284
		Travel	871
		Waiter's Portion, The	137

THE
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JANUARY, 1907

TURNING THE OLD LEAVES

THERE is too much said at New Year's—in the Toastmaster's opinion—about turning over a new leaf. Are the old leaves all so badly written that one must hasten to forget them? Is the blank whiteness of the untouched page more pleasant to the eye or more fortifying to the will than those closely-written, underlined, untidy, but familiar pages which make up the story of one's life? These pages of experience turn so easily in the hand! They open by themselves, almost, to so many passages worth remembering. Will the trim virgin pages of the New Year yield anything really more desirable? Doubtless there may be finer bread than is made of wheat, and a nobler fish than the salmon, and a better book than *Henry Esmond*, but we shall be lucky if we find them during 1907.

No, this annual counsel to turn over a new leaf is but a restless, dissatisfied injunction. One's old habits may not have been such bad habits, after all. Does the handwriting always improve with age and practice? Some of the old habits may be deemed actually good, even by the sharpest-visaged conscience that ever went peering about, like a meticulous housekeeper, on New Year's morning. And even if the old ways, hopes, and day's works were not all of the very first quality, the Toastmaster protests against that unmindful virtue that would turn them all out-doors at the end of December, to make room for the guests of the New Year. The new guests come, indeed, but the house seems empty.

Have any of the *Atlantic*'s readers, in the course of one of those changes of residence so typical of our migratory race

VOL. 99 — NO. 1

and epoch, ever sat perplexed before a packing-box, hesitating whether to keep or to throw away a bundle of old cheque-books? Hesitation is dangerous. If you once begin to turn over the stubs of those cheques long since drawn and cashed, the moments slip by unheeded. What an odd summary of experience is chronicled in those names and dates and figures! They are abstracts of duties and pleasures that had slipped quite down between the cracks of memory, yet here they are as fresh as yesterday's. Here are the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker, with faces no longer blurred, for you, by dozens of their successors. You smile at this stub, and the next you turn hastily over; you find yourself angry still at the record of some ancient extortion on the part of plumber or tax-gatherer; you look ruefully at the figures representing some unwonted extravagance or folly; or you catch yourself in the act of pious approbation of some forgotten benevolence. That cheque, at least, ought to have been larger! A curious sense of reality takes possession of you, as you scan these laconic entries, they recall so much. The half-filled packing-box, the littered room, the confused misery of migration, all shift into dream-land; while you, through the magic wrought by a few dusty, outlawed slips of paper, seem to feel the touch of Life's very garment, — it is all so real! A great historian once sneered at that method of historical research which scrutinizes mediæval wash-lists in the hope of learning something about mediæval men and women. If he had ever looked over his own old cheque-books, he would have spared the sneer.

Some such intimate contact with the spirit of this magazine has the Toastmaster recently experienced, in turning the leaves of the earliest numbers. For 1907 is the *Atlantic's* jubilee year. The fiftieth anniversary falls in November. There is historical sketch to be written, and there will be such decorous glorification as shall seem appropriate to a semi-centennial. But before beginning any formal record of the past, the Toastmaster, in temporary forgetfulness of new authors, new issues, and new subscribers, has been absorbed in re-reading the famous early *Atlantics*. Those were cheque-books indeed! What rich accounts of wit, of poetry, and of scholarship to draw upon, and how liberal were the drafts! And the readers of that day, eager for intellectual pleasures, for new information, for moral stimulus, indorsed so promptly the cheques drawn by the contributors! To each subscriber there must have come the excited consciousness of a largesse up to the very limit of his capacity for enjoyment. There were dull contributions now and then, and doubtless there was an unappreciative reader here and there, but if the subscriber of fifty years ago did not, in the course of a twelve-month, have his money's worth of pleasure, it was not the fault of Dr. Holmes and Professor Lowell and the other capitalists of wit and learning. These Autocrats, Biglows, and other Olympians drew the cheques lavishly, and the *Atlantic* subscribers might cash them if they wished.

It is all recorded in those bound volumes that stand upon the library shelves of so many of the older generation of *Atlantic* readers. There are the names and dates and subjects. Some of them are still vital, still a part of our national literature. Yet a large proportion of the pages in those files must necessarily seem of outworn value unless they are viewed as stubs in an old cheque-book. So read by the curious or pious, how full of significance they become for the interpretation of the last half-century of Ameri-

can letters and American history! The fading, outlawed leaves are once more coin of the realm of thought. Behind the dusty volumes rise troops of eager readers, — applauding, questioning, combative, — precisely like the subscribers of to-day. For that matter, the *Atlantic* is immensely proud that a long roll of names, first inscribed in 1857, are still upon its subscription lists. When two or three of this old guard take pains to write and say that a current article is good, the Toastmaster believes them. Only the other day one of these valiant souls wrote that she had just finished reading every volume from the beginning, except for a period of two years, when the magazine was unaccountably dull! The Toastmaster, who has the curiosity but not the courage to ask the date of those two lean years, congratulates his correspondent upon possessing the alchemy of an imagination which brings the old days back and still hears the old voices speaking with undiminished charm.

To most of us, lacking as we do that evoking imagination, the secret of literary vitality seems baffling, incommunicable. Why should it be that one poem or story, printed for good "journalistic" reasons in 1857, should be recognized a half century later as "literature," while its companion pieces have utterly vanished from memory? We have our private guesses, of course, and our triumphant public demonstrations of the presence of this or that antisepic quality in the piece in question. But the explanations do not wholly explain. It is only the listening imagination that can divine the mystery, and distinguish the immortal from the transient voices.

In one sense, indeed, the changes wrought by the last half-century are apparent to the most careless eye that glances over those bound volumes of which we have been speaking. Since that panic year of 1857 — darkened by financial disaster and by the ever-nearing conflict over slavery — what political, social, and commercial developments

have altered the material aspect of the United States! The magazine writers who have striven to interpret these changes have been dealing with a shifting world. It is like photographing from a raft the waves of the sea. The writers themselves have often altered their convictions and purpose; they have gained or lost in talent or inspiration. Unknown to themselves, the magazine-reading public has reassessed them, decade after decade, at a lower, or perhaps at a higher figure. That public itself is constantly dropping away, and is as constantly renewed. It is necessarily fickle in its attachments, given to swift enthusiasms and long forgetfulness. "Who was that young fellow who went up and came down again like a rocket?" asked Frank Stockton of the Toastmaster, a year or two after *The Red Badge of Courage* had been published; "was it *William Crane*?" "Stephen," corrected the Toastmaster. There was a whimsical smile upon Stockton's dark, gentle, tired face, as if he meant to hint that all our little rockets will come down in time. And no doubt most of them do. There are already persons who ask "Who was Frank Stockton?" and the Toastmaster remembers dining at an American table with an accomplished and cultivated company, not one of whom, as it turned out, had ever read *Vanity Fair*.

Amid all this impermanence, it is no wonder that even a casual scrutiny of the *Atlantic* files should reveal editorial inconsistencies and partialities of vision. Here is the dusty record of unskillful literary prophecies, of Presidential "booms" that came to nothing, of social tendencies that sloped, as it proved, in unsuspected directions, and of Utopian rearrangements that still await the fit hour and the man. Some of the intrenched political and social abuses against which the *Atlantic's* writers have turned their heaviest guns seem as stoutly intrenched as ever, and likely to afford splendid shooting for another half-century. Many of the "big" articles which were ex-

pected to batter down these forts of folly are now recognized by the very office-boys as ill-aimed or premature. The best editorial devices for winning and holding readers often seem, in the retrospect, so illogical and naïve! Tramping through the Belgian Dinant one rainy evening last summer, the Toastmaster halted in admiration before the tent of some strolling French players, who were winning a harvest at a peasant's fair. The buxom mother of the family, perched, short-skirted and merry-eyed, upon a platform in front of the tent, harangued her audience of Ardennes peasants upon the merits of the representation that was about to be given. The oldest boy blew painfully at a bugle, while a younger boy—between bites of an apple—rang a brass bell. The half-grown daughter shook a tambourine coquettishly under the noses of the village youth. The father sold the admission tickets. And what was the programme that was packing the tent with honest Ardennes folk, at fifteen, thirty and fifty centimes a head, according to location?

I. SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF MOSES

*In Seven Tableaux
Beginning with the Bulrushes*

II. THE SIOUX'S REVENGE

A Drama of Blood

III. THE SIGHTS OF PARIS

In Twelve Tableaux

In fact, the tent was already full, and the Toastmaster reluctantly turned up his coat-collar against the rain, and marched on. But what editorial instinct was revealed in that varied catalogue of dramatic delights! Many a time has the Toastmaster turned the leaves of certain back numbers of the *Atlantic*, especially remembered for their success or failure with the public, and tried to analyze the causes of their popularity or their ne-

glect. Yet it may have been time wasted. Could the Ardennes people have told whether it was Moses, the Red Indian, or the Boulevard — or the combination of the three — that lured their centimes from their pockets? Neither can the present-day critic infallibly decide whether it was too many — or not enough — Bulrushes, too much or too little of the Sioux's Revenge, which made or marred the fortunes of those well-remembered issues of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

The one thing certain, among these accidents of short-lived glory and short-lived disappointment, these shifting of scene and subject and tactics altered from decade to decade, is that after all there is something in the *Atlantic* which does not change. From the beginning, certain men have expressed in it unwavering ideals, an abiding vision of a better United States of America. Some of these writers happily survive. Others, later-born, have instinctively aligned themselves with them. No one who lingers, even at the New Year season, over the rows of bound volumes, can fail to perceive, beneath the altering fashions of speech, an *Atlantic* "body of doctrine," — an interpretation, at once sound and fine, of our American civilization. To this persistent faith in the things that are excellent is due the measure of permanence which the magazine has won. "They pounded and we pounded," ex-

plained the simple-hearted Duke after Waterloo, "but we pounded longest."

It is in no spirit of mere after-dinner compliment that the Toastmaster adds that this persistency is at once liked and demanded by the *Atlantic's* readers. To alter a little the terms of Carlyle's apothegm, a magazine is a sort of democracy which does succeed in rounding its Cape Horn by vote of the sailors as well as by will of the captain. To this loyal support, in good and bad weather alike, the owners and editors of the *Atlantic* have always been grateful. But, as Laurence Hutton used to be fond of saying, "there are only two sorts of persons in the world: those who remember to say 'Thank you' and those who don't." To be able to say "Thank you" to the *Atlantic's* guests is the Toastmaster's annual reward for thus getting, as it were, upon his feet, and stealing the first word of the New Year from the other speakers. He hopes that he is not too fond of reminding the *Atlantic* audience of their heritage from the past. One cannot live on the memory of old banquets, whether of sense or spirit. Nevertheless, with the fascination of those yellowing unsigned early pages fresh upon him, the Toastmaster's first greeting in 1907 shall be to the surviving writers and subscribers of 1857. To them, all thanks and honor, and to the rest, a Happy New Year!

B. P.

THE HELPMATE¹

BY MAY SINCLAIR

I

It was four o'clock in the morning. Mrs. Walter Majendie still lay on the extreme edge of the bed, with her face turned to the dim line of sea discernible through the open window of the hotel bedroom.

Since midnight, when she had gone to bed, she had lain in that uncomfortable position, motionless, irremediably awake. Mrs. Walter Majendie was thinking.

At first the night had gone by her unperceived, black and timeless. Now she could measure time by the dull progress of the dawn. A slow, unhappy thing, born between featureless gray cloud and sea, it had traveled from the window, shimmered in the watery square of the looking-glass, and was feeling its way among the objects in the room. Her husband was sleeping. She tried not to hear the sound of his placid breathing. Only the other night, their wedding night, she had lain awake at this hour and heard it, and had turned her face toward him where he lay in the divine unconsciousness of sleep. The childlike, huddled posture of the sleeper had then stirred her heart to an unimaginable tenderness.

Now she had got to think, to adjust a new and devastating idea to a beloved and divine belief.

Somewhere in the quiet town a church clock clanged to the dawn, and the sleeper stretched himself. The five hour's torture of her thinking wrung a low sob from the woman at his side.

He woke. His hand searched for her hand. At his touch she drew it away, and moved from under her cramped shoulder the thick, warm braid of her hair. It tossed a gleam of pale gold to the risen light. She felt his drowsy, affectionate

fingers pressing and smoothing the springy bosses of the braid.

The caress kindled her dulled thoughts to a point of flame. She sat up and twisted the offending braid into a rigid coil.

"Walter," she said, "*who* is Lady Cayley?"

She noticed that the name waked him.

"Does it matter now? Can't you forget her?"

"Forget her? I know nothing about her. I want to know."

"Have n't you been told everything that was necessary?"

"I've been told nothing. It was what I heard."

There was a terrible stillness about him. Only his breath came and went unsteadily, shaken by the beating of his heart.

She quieted her own heart to listen to it; as if she could gather from such involuntary motions the thing she had to know.

"I know," she said, "I ought n't to have heard it. And I can't believe it. — I don't, really."

"Poor child! What is it that you don't believe?"

His calm, assured tones had the force of a denial.

"Walter — if you'd only say it is n't true" —

"What Edith told you?"

"Edith? Your sister? No; about that woman — that you — that she" —

"Why are you bringing all that up again, at this unearthly hour?"

"Then," she said coldly, "it is true."

His silence lay between them like a sword.

She had rehearsed this scene many times in the five hours; but she had not prepared herself for this. Her dread had

been held captive by her belief, her triumphant anticipation of Majendie's denial.

Presently he spoke; and his voice was strange to her as the voice of another man.

"Anne," he said, "did n't she tell you? It was before I knew you. And it was the only time."

"Don't speak to me," she cried with a sudden passion, and lay shuddering.

She rose, slipped from the bed, and went to a chair that stood by the open window. There she sat, with her back to the bed, and her eyes staring over the gray parade, and out to the eastern sea.

"Anne," said her husband, "what are you doing there?"

Anne made no answer.

"Come back to bed; you'll catch cold."

He waited.

"How long are you going to sit there in that draught?"

She sat on, upright, immovable, in her thin nightgown, raked by the keen air of the dawn. Majendie raised himself on his elbow. He could just see her where she glimmered, and her braid of hair, uncoiled, hanging to her waist. Up till now he had been profoundly unhappy and ashamed, but something in the unconquerable obstinacy of her attitude appealed to the devil that lived in him, a devil of untimely and disastrous humor. The right thing, he felt, was not to appear as angry as he was. He sat up on his pillow, and began to talk to her with genial informality.

"See here, — I suppose you want an explanation. But don't you think we'd better wait until we're up? Up and dressed, I mean. I can't talk seriously before I've had a bath and — and brushed my hair. You see, you've taken rather an unfair advantage of me by getting out of bed." (He paused for an answer, and still no answer came.)

"Don't imagine I'm ignobly lying down all this time, wrapt in a blanket — I'm sitting on my pillow. I know there's

any amount to be said. But how do you suppose I'm going to say it if I've got to stay here, all curled up like a blessed Buddha, and you're planted away over there, like a monument of all the Christian virtues? Are you coming back to bed, or are you not?"

She shivered. To her mind his flippancy, appalling in the circumstances, sufficiently revealed the man he was. The man she had known and married had never existed. For she had married Walter Majendie believing him to be good. The belief had been so rooted in her that nothing but his own words or his own silence could have cast it out. She had loved Walter Majendie; but it was another man who called to her, and she would not listen to him. She felt that she could never go back to that man, never sit in the same room, or live in the same house with him again. She would have to make up her mind what she would do, eventually. Meanwhile, to get away from him, to sit there in the cold, inflexible, insensitive, to obtain a sort of spiritual divorce from him, while she martyred her body which was wedded to him, that was the young, despotic instinct she obeyed.

"If you won't come," he said, "I suppose it only remains for me to go."

He got up, took Anne's cloak from the door where it hung, and put it tenderly about her shoulders.

"Whatever happens or unhappens," he said, "we must be dressed."

He found her slippers, and thrust them on her passive feet. She lay back and closed her eyes. From the movements that she heard, she gathered that Walter was getting into his clothes. Once, as he struggled with an insufficiently subservient shirt, he laughed, from mere miserable nervousness. Anne, not recognizing the utterance of his helpless humanity, put that laugh down to the account of the devil that had insulted her. Her heart grew harder.

"I am clothed, and in my right mind," said Majendie, standing before her with his hand on the window-sill.

She looked up at him, at the face she knew, the face that (oddly, it seemed to her) had not changed to suit her new conception of him, that maintained its protest. She had loved everything about him, from the dark, curling hair of his head to his well-finished feet; she had loved his slender, virile body, and the clean red and brown of his face, the strong jaw, and the mouth that, hidden under the short mustache, she divined only to be no less strong. More than these things she had loved his eyes, the dark, bright dwelling-places of the "goodness" she had loved best of all in him. Used to smiling as they looked at her, they smiled even now.

"If you'll take my advice," he said, "you'll go back to your warm bed. You shall have the whole place to yourself."

And with that he left her.

She rose, went to the bed, and slid on to her knees, supporting herself by the bedside.

Never before had Anne hurled herself into the heavenly places in turbulence and disarray. It had been her wont to come, punctual to some holy, foreappointed hour, with firm hands folded, with a back that, even in bowing, preserved its pride; with meek eyes, close-lidded; with breathing hushed for the calm passage of her prayer; herself marshaling the procession of her dedicated thoughts, virgins all, veiled even before their God.

Now she precipitated herself with clutching hands thrown out before her; with hot eyes that drank the tears of their own passion; with the shamed back and panting mouth of a Magdalen; with memories that scattered the veiled procession of the Prayers. They fled before her, the Prayers, in gleaming tumult, a rout of heavenly wings that obscured her heaven. When they had vanished, a sudden vagueness came upon her.

And then it seemed that the storm that had gone over her had rolled her mind out before her, like a sheet of white-hot iron. There was a record on it, newly traced, of things that passion makes

indiscernible under its consuming and aspiring flame. Now, at the falling of the flame, the faint characters flashed into sight upon the blank, running in waves, as when hot iron changes from white to sullen red. Anne felt that her union with Majendie had made her one with that other woman, that she shared her memory and her shame. For Majendie's sake she loathed her womanhood, that was yesterday as sacred to her as her soul. Through him she had conceived a thing hitherto unknown to her, a passionate consciousness and hatred of her body. She hated the hands that had held him, the feet that had gone with him, the lips that had touched him, the eyes that had looked at him to love him. Him she detested, not so much on his own account, as because he had made her detestable to herself.

Her eyes wandered round the room. Its alien aspect was becoming transformed for her, like a scene on a tragic stage. The light had established itself in the windows and pierglasses. The wall paper was flushing in its own pink dawn. And the roses bloomed again on the gray ground of the bed-curtains. These things had become familiar, even dear, through their three days' association with her happy bridals. Now the room and everything in it seemed to have been created for all time to be the accomplices and ministers of her degradation. They were acquainted with her and it; they held foreknowledge of her, as the pierglass held her dishonored and disheveled image.

She thought of her dead father's house, the ivy-coated deanery in the south, and of the small white bedroom, a girl's bedroom that had once known her and would never know her again. She thought of her father and mother, and was glad that they were dead. Once she wondered why their death had been God's will. Now she saw very clearly why. But why she herself should have been sent upon this road, of all roads of suffering, was more than Anne could see.

She, whose nature revolted against the despotically human, had schooled herself into submission to the divine. Her sense of being supremely guided and protected had, before now, enabled her to act with decision in turbulent and uncertain situations of another sort. Where other people writhed or vacillated, Anne had held on her course, uplifted, unimpassioned, and resigned. Now she was driven hither and thither; she sank to the very dust and turned in it; she saw no way before her, neither her own way nor God's way.

Widowhood would not have left her so abject and so helpless. If her husband's body had lain dead before her there, she could have stood beside it, and declared herself consoled by the immortal presence of his spirit. But to attend this deathbed of her belief and of her love, love that had already given itself over, too weak to struggle against dissolution, it was as if she had seen some horrible reversal of the law of death, spirit returning to earth, the incorruptible putting on corruption.

Not only was her house of life made desolate; it was defiled. Dumb and ashamed, she abandoned herself like a child to the arms of God, too agonized to pray.

An hour passed.

Then slowly, as she knelt, the religious instinct regained possession of her. It was as if her soul had been flung adrift, had gone out with the ebb of the spiritual sea, and now rocked, poised, waiting for the turn of the immortal tide.

Her lips parted, almost mechanically, in the utterance of the divine name. Aware of that first motion of her soul, she gathered herself together, and concentrated her will upon some familiar prayer for guidance. For a little while she prayed thus, grasping at old shadowy forms of petition as they went by her, lifting her sunken mind by main force from stupefaction; and then it was as if the urging, steady will withdrew, and her soul, at some heavenly signal, moved on alone into the place of peace.

II

It was broad daylight outside. A man was putting out the lights one by one along the cold little gray parade. A figure, walking slowly, with downbent head, was approaching the hotel from the pier. Anne recognized it as that of her husband. Both sights reminded her that her life had to be begun all over again, and to go on.

An hour passed. Majendie had sent up a waitress with breakfast to her room. He was always thoughtful for her comfort. It did not occur to her to wonder what significance there might be in his thus keeping away from her, or what attitude toward her he would now be inclined to take. She would not have admitted that he had a right to take an attitude. It was for her, as the profoundly injured person, to decide as to the new disposal of their relations.

She was very clear about her grievance. The facts, that her husband had been pointed at in the public drawing-room of their hotel; that the terrible statement she had overheard had been made and received casually; that he had assumed, no less casually, her knowledge of the thing,—all bore but one interpretation: that Walter Majendie and the scandal he had figured in were alike notorious. It must have been in the papers. The marvel was that, staying in the town where he lived and was known, she herself had not heard of it before. A peculiarly ugly thought visited her. Was it possible that Scarby was the very place where the scandal had occurred?

She remembered now that, when she had first proposed that watering-place for their honeymoon, he had objected on the ground that Scarby was full of people whom he knew. Besides, he had said, she would n't like it. But whether she would like it or not, Anne, who had her bridal dignity to maintain, considered that in the matter of her honeymoon his wishes should give way to hers. She was inclined to measure the extent of his devotion by

that test. Scarby, she said, was not full of people who knew *her*. Anne had been insistent and Majendie passive, as he was in most unimportant matters, reserving his energies for supremely decisive moments.

Anne, bearing her belief in Majendie in her innocent breast, failed at first to connect her husband with the remarkable intimations that passed between the two newcomers gossiping in the drawing-room before dinner. They, for their part, had no clue linking the unapproachable strange lady on the neighboring sofa with the hero of their tale. The case, they said, was "infamous." At that point Majendie had put an end to his own history and his wife's uncertainty by entering the room. Three words and a look, observed by Anne, had established his terrible identity.

Her mind was steadied by its inalienable possession of the facts. She had returned through prayer to her normal mood of religious resignation. She tried to support herself further by a chain of reasoning. If all things were divinely ordered, this sorrow also was the will of God. It was the burden she was appointed to take up and bear.

She bathed and dressed herself for the day. She felt so strange to herself in these familiar processes that, standing before the looking-glass, she was curious to observe what manner of woman she had become. The inner upheaval had been so profound that she was surprised to find so little record of it in her outward seeming.

Anne was a woman whose beauty was a thing of general effect, and the general effect remained uninjured. Nature had bestowed on Anne a body strongly made and superbly fashioned. Having framed her well, she colored her but faintly. She had given her eyes of a light thick gray. Her eyebrows, her lashes, and her hair were of a pale gold that had ashen under-shades in it. They all but matched a skin honey-white, with that even, sombre, un-transparent tone that belongs to a tem-

perature at once bilious and robust. For the rest, Nature had aimed nobly at the significance of the whole, slurring the details. She had built up the forehead low and wide, thrown out the eyebones as a shelter for the slightly prominent eyes; saved the short, straight line of the nose by a hairsbreadth from the tragic droop. But she had scamped her work in modeling the close, narrow nostrils. She had merged the lower lip with the line of the chin, missing the classic indentation. The mouth itself she had left unfinished. Only a little amber mole, verging on the thin rose of the upper lip, foreshortened it, and gave to its low arc the emphasis of a curve, the vivacity of a dimple (Anne's under lip was straight as the tense string of a bow). When she spoke or smiled Anne's mole seemed literally to catch up her lip against its will, on purpose to show the small white teeth below. Majendie loved Anne's mole. It was that one charming and emphatic fault in her face, he said, that made it human. But Anne was ashamed of it.

She surveyed her own reflection in the glass sadly, and sadly went through the practiced, mechanical motions of her dressing; smoothing the back of her irreproachable coat, arranging her delicate laces with a deftness no indifference could impair. Yesterday she had had delight in that new garment and in her own appearance. She knew that Majendie admired her for her distinction and refinement. Now she wondered what he could have seen in her, — after Lady Cayley. At Lady Cayley's personality she had not permitted herself so much as to guess. Enough that the woman was notorious, — infamous.

There was a knock at the door, the low knock she had come to know, and Majendie entered in obedience to her faint call.

The hours had changed him, given his bright face a tragic, submissive look, as of a man whipped and hounded to her feet.

He glanced first at the tray, to see if she had eaten her breakfast.

"There are some things I should like to say to you, with your permission. But I think we can discuss them better out of doors."

He looked round the disordered room. The associations of the place were evidently as painful to him as they were to her.

They went out. The parade was deserted at that early hour, and they found an empty seat at the far end of it.

"I, too," she said, "have things that I should like to say."

He looked at her gravely.

"Will you allow me to say mine first?"

"Certainly; but I warn you, they will make no difference."

"To you, possibly not. They make all the difference to me. I'm not going to attempt to defend myself. I can see the whole thing from your point of view. I've been thinking it over. Did n't you say that what you heard you had not heard from Edith?"

"From Edith? Never!"

"When did you hear it, then?"

"Yesterday afternoon."

"From some one in the hotel?"

"Yes."

"From whom? Not that it matters."

"From those women who came yesterday. I didn't know whom they were talking about. They were talking quite loud. They did n't know who I was."

"You say you did n't know whom they were talking about?"

"Not at first, — not till you came in. Then I knew."

"I see. That was the first time you had heard of it?"

Her lips parted in assent, but her voice died under the torture.

"Then," he said, "I am profoundly sorry. If I had realized that, I would not have spoken to you as I did."

The memory of it stung her.

"That," she said, "was — in any circumstances — unpardonable."

"I know it was. And I repeat, I am profoundly sorry. But, you see, I thought you knew all the time, and that you had

consented to forget it. And I thought, don't you know, it was — well, rather hard on me to have it all raked up again like that. Now I see how very hard it was on you, dear. Your not knowing makes all the difference."

"It does indeed. If I *had* known" — "I understand. You would n't have married me?"

"I should not."

"Dear, — do you suppose I did n't know that?"

"I know nothing."

"Do you remember the day I asked you why you cared for me, and you said it was because you knew I was good?"

Her lip trembled.

"And of course I know it's been an awful shock to you to discover that — I — was *not* so good."

She turned away her face.

"But I never meant you to discover it. Not for yourself, like this. I could n't have forgiven myself, — after what you told me. I meant to have told you myself — that evening — but my poor little sister promised me that she would. She said it would be easier for you to hear it from her. Of course I believed her. There *were* things she could say that I could n't."

"She never said a word."

"Are you sure?"

"Perfectly. Except — yes — she *did* say" —

It was coming back to her now.

"Do you mind telling me exactly what she said?"

"N-no. She made me promise that if I ever found things in you that I did n't understand, or that I did n't like" —

"Well — what did she make you promise?"

"That I would n't be hard on you. Because, she said, you'd had such a miserable life."

"Poor Edith! So that was the nearest she could get to it. Things you did n't understand and did n't like!"

"I did n't know what she meant."

"Of course you did n't. Who could?"

But I'm sorry to say that Edith made me pretty well believe you did."

He was silent a while, trying to fathom the reason of his sister's strange duplicity. Apparently he gave it up.

"You can't be a brute to a poor little woman with a bad spine," said he; "but I'm not going to forgive Edith for that."

Anne flamed through her pallor. "For what?" she said. "For not having had more courage than yourself? Think what you put on her."

"I did n't. She took it on herself. Edith's got courage enough for anybody. She would never admit that her spine released her from all moral obligations. But I suppose she meant well."

The spirit of the gray, cold morning seemed to have settled upon Anne. She gazed sternly out over the eastern sea. Preoccupied with what he considered Edith's perfidy, he failed to understand his wife's silence and her mood.

"Edith's very fond of you. You won't let this make any difference between you and her?"

"Between her and me it can make no difference. I am very fond of Edith."

"But the fact remains that you married me under false pretenses? Is that what you mean?"

"You may certainly put it that way."

"I understand your point of view completely. I wish you could understand mine. When Edith said there were things she could have told you, and that I could n't, she meant that there were extenuating circumstances."

"They would have made no difference."

"Excuse me, they make all the difference. But, of course, there's no extenuation for deception. Therefore, if you insist on putting it that way — if — if it has made the whole thing intolerable to you, it seems to me that perhaps I ought, don't you know, to release you from your obligations" —

She looked at him. She knew that he had understood the meaning and the depth of her repugnance. She did not

know that such understanding is rare in the circumstances, nor could she see that in itself it was a revelation of a certain capacity for the "goodness" she had once believed in. But she did see that she was being treated with a delicacy and consideration she had not expected of this man with the strange devil. It touched her in spite of her repugnance. It made her own that she had expected nothing short of it until yesterday.

"Do you insist?" he went on. "After what I've told you?"

"After what you've told me — no. I'm ready to believe that you did not mean to deceive me."

"Does n't that make any difference?" he asked tenderly.

"Yes. It makes some difference — in my judgment of you."

"You mean you're not, as Edith would say, to be too hard on me?"

"I hope," said Anne, "I should never be too hard on any one."

"Then," he inquired, eager to be released from the strain of a most insupportable situation, "what are we going to do next?"

He had assumed that the supreme issue had been decided by a polite evasion; and he, for his part, meant nothing more momentous than how were they going to spend the day that was before them, since they had to spend days, and spend them together. But Anne's tense mind contemplated nothing short of the supreme issue, that for her was not to be evaded, nor yet to be decided hastily.

"Will you leave me alone?" she said, "to think it over? Will you give me three hours?"

He stared and turned pale; for, this time, he understood.

"Certainly," he said coldly, rising and taking out his watch. "It's twelve now."

"At three, then?"

They met at three o'clock. Anne had spent one hour of bewilderment out of doors, two hours of hard praying and harder thinking in her room.

Her mind was made up. However

notorious her husband had been, between him and her there was to be no open rupture. She was not going to leave him, to appeal to him for a separation, to deny him any right. Not that she was moved by a profound veneration for the legal claim. Marriage to her was a matter of religion even more than of law. And though, at the moment, she could no longer discern its sacramental significance through the degraded aspect it now wore for her, she surrendered on the religious ground. The surrender would be a martyrdom. She was called upon to lay down her will, but not to subdue the deep repugnance of her soul.

Protection lay for her in Walter's chivalry, as she well knew. But she would not claim it. Chastened and humbled, she would take up her wedded life again. There was no vow that she would not keep, no duty she would not fulfill. And she would remain in her place of peace, building up between them the ramparts of the spiritual life.

Meanwhile she gave him credit for his attitude.

"Things can never be as they were between us," she said. "That you cannot expect. But"—

He listened with his eyes fixed on hers, accepting from her his destiny. She redenied.

"It was good of you to offer to release me"—

He spared her.

"Are you not going to hold me to it, then?"

"I am not." She paused, and then forced herself to it. "I will try to be a good wife to you."

"Thank you. That is good of you."

III

It was impossible for them to stay any longer at Scarby. The place was haunted by the presence and the voice of scandalous rumor. Anne had the horrible idea that it had been also a haunt of Lady Cayley, of the infamy itself.

The week-old honeymoon looked at them out of its clouds with such an aged, sinister, and disastrous aspect that they resolved to get away from it. For the sake of appearances, they spent another week of aimless wandering on the east coast, before returning to the town where an unintelligible fate had decided that Majendie should have a business he detested, and a house.

Anne had once asked herself what she would do if she were told that she would have to spend all her life in Scale-on-Humber. Scale is prevailingly, conspicuously commercial. It is not beautiful. Its streets are squalidly flat, its houses meanly rectangular. The coloring of Scale is thought by some to be peculiarly abominable. It is built in brown, paved and pillared in unclean gray. Its rivers and dykes run brown under a gray north-eastern sky.

Once a year it yields reluctantly to strange passion, and Spring is born in Scale; born in tortures almost human, a relentless immortality struggling with visible corruption. The wonder is that it should be born at all.

To-day, the day of their return, the March wind had swept the streets clean, and the evening had secret gold and sharp silver in its gray. Anne remembered how, only last year, she had looked upon such a spring on the day when she guessed for the first time that Walter cared for her. She was not highly endowed with imagination, still, even she had then felt dimly, and for once in her life, that sense of mortal tenderness and divine uplifting which is the message of spring to all lovers.

All that, which had been so intense for Anne Fletcher, was over and done with for Anne Majendie. Like some mourner for whom superb weather has been provided on the funeral day of his beloved, she felt in this young, wantoning, unsympathetic spring the immortal cruelty and irony of Nature. She was bearing her own heart to its burial; and each street that they passed, as the slow cab rattled heavily on its way from the station, was

a stage in the intolerable progress; it brought her a little nearer to the grave. From her companion's respectful silence she gathered that, though lost to the extreme funereal significance of their journey, he was not indifferent; he shared to some extent her mourning mood. She was grateful for that silence of his, because it justified her own.

They were both, by their diverse temperaments, absurdly and diversely, almost incompatibly young. At two and thirty Majendie, through very worldliness, was a boy in his infinite capacity for recoil from trouble. Anne had preserved that crude and cloistral youth which belongs to all lives passed between walls that protect them from the world. At seven and twenty she was a girl, with a girl's indestructible innocence. She had not yet felt within her the springs of her own womanhood. Marriage had not touched her spirit, which had kept itself apart, even from her happiness, in the days that were given her to be happy in. Her suffering was like a child's, and her attitude to it bitterly immature. It bounded her; it annihilated the intellectual form of time, obliterating the past, and intercepting any view of a future. Only, unlike a child, and unlike Majendie, she lacked the power of the rebound to joy.

"Dear," said her husband anxiously, as the cab drew up at the door of the house in Prior Street, "have you realized that poor Edith is probably preparing to receive us with glee? Do you think you could manage to look a little less unhappy?"

The words were a shock to her, but they did her the service of a shock by recalling her to the realities outside herself. All the courtesies and kindnesses she owed to those about her insisted that her bridal home-coming must lack no sign of grace. She forced a smile.

"I'm sorry. I did n't know I was looking particularly unhappy."

It struck her that Walter was not looking by any means too happy himself.

"It does n't matter; only, we don't

want to dash her down, first thing, do we?"

"No — no. Dear Edith. And there's Nanna — how sweet of her — and Kate, and Mary, too."

The old nurse stood on the doorstep to welcome them. Interested faces appeared at the windows of the house opposite. At the moment of alighting Anne was aware that the eyes of many people were upon them, and she was thankful that she had married a man whose self-possession, at any rate, she could rely on. Majendie's manner was perfect. He avoided both the bridegroom's offensive assiduity and his no less offensive affectation of indifference. It had occurred to him that, in the circumstances, Anne might find it peculiarly disagreeable to be stared at.

"Look at Nanna," he whispered, to distract her attention. "There's no doubt about her being glad to see you."

Nanna grasped the hands held out to her, hanging her head on one side, and smiling her tremulous, bashful smile. Her fellow-servants, Kate and Mary, came forward, affectionate, but more self-contained. Anne realized with a curious surprise that she was coming back to a household that knew and loved her. In the last week she had forgotten Prior Street.

Majendie watched her anxiously. But she, too, had qualities which could be relied on. As she passed into the house she had held her head high, with an air of flinging back the tragic gloom like a veil from her face. She was not a woman to trail a tragedy up and down the staircase. Above all, he could trust her trained loyalty to convention.

The servants threw open two doors on the ground floor, and stood back expectant. On such an occasion it was proper to look pleased and to give praise. Anne was regal in her observance of each propriety as she looked into the rooms prepared for her. The house in Prior Street had not lost its simple old-world look in beautifying itself for the bride. It had put on new blinds and clean paint, and the smell of spring flowers was everywhere.

The rest was familiar. She had told Majendie that she liked the old things best. They appealed to her sense of the fit and the refined; they were signs of good taste and good breeding in her husband's family and in himself. The house was a survival, a protest against the terrible, all-invading soul of Scale upon Humber.

For another reason, which she could not yet analyze, Anne was glad that nothing had been changed for her coming. It was as if she felt that it would have been hard on Majendie if he had been put to much expense in renovating his house for a woman in whom the spirit of the bride had perished.

She turned to her husband with a smile that flashed defiance to the invading pathos of her state. Majendie's eyes brightened with hope, beholding her admirable behavior. He had always thoroughly approved of Anne.

Upstairs, in the room that was her own, poor Edith had indeed prepared for them with joy.

Majendie's sister lay on her couch by the window, as they had left her, as they would always find her, not like a woman with a hopelessly injured spine, but like a lady of the happy world, resting in luxury a little while from the assault of her own brilliant and fatiguing vitality. The flat, dark masses of her hair, laid on the dull red of her cushions, gave to her face an abrupt and lustrous whiteness, whiteness that threw into vivid relief the features of expression, the fine, full mouth, with its temperate sweetness, and the tender eyes, dark as the brows that arched them. Edith, in her motionless beauty, propped on her cushions, had acquired a dominant yet passionless presence, as of some regal woman of the earth surrendered to a heavenly empire. You could see that, however sanctified by suffering, Edith had still a placid mundane pleasure in her white wrapper of woolen gauze, and in her long lace scarf. She wore them with an appearance of being dressed appropriately for a superb occasion.

The sign of her delicacy was in her hands, smoothed and wasted with inactivity. Yet they had an energy of their own. The hands and the weak, slender arms had a surprising way of leaping up to draw to her all beloved persons who bent above her couch. They leaped now to her brother and his wife, and sank, fatigued with their effort. Two frail, nervous hands embraced Majendie's, till one of them let go, as she remembered Anne and held her, too.

Anne had been vexed, and Majendie angry with her; but anger and vexation could not live in sight of the pure, tremulous, eager soul of love that looked at them out of Edith's eyes.

"Dears," she said, "you had a wretched, shabby, skimpy honeymoon. Why did you go and cut it short like this? Was it — was it just because of me?"

In one sense it was because of her. Anne was helpless before her question; but Majendie rose to it.

"I say, — the conceit of her! No, it was n't just because of you. Anne agreed with me about Scarby. And we're not cutting our honeymoon short, we're spinning it out. We're going to have another one, some day, in a nicer place."

"Anne did n't like Scarby, after all?"

"No, I knew she would n't. And she lived to own that I was right."

"That," said Edith, laughing, "was a bad beginning. If I'd been you, Anne, whether I was right or not, I'd never have owned that *he* was."

"Anne," said Majendie, "is never anything but just. And this time she was generous."

Edith's hand was on the sleeve of Majendie's coat, caressing it. She looked up at Anne.

"And what," said she, "do you think of my little brother, on the whole?"

"I think he says a great many things he does n't mean."

"Oh, you've found that out, have you? What else have you discovered?"

The gay question made Anne's eyelids droop like curtains on her tragedy.

"That he means a great many things he does n't say? Is that it?"

Majendie, becoming restive under the flick of Edith's cheerful tongue, withdrew the arm she cherished. Edith felt the nervousness of the movement; her glance turned from her brother's face to Anne's, rested there for a tense moment, and then veiled itself.

At that moment they both knew that Edith had abandoned her glad assumption of their happiness. The blessings of them all were upon Nanna as she came in with the tea-tray.

Nanna was sly and shy and ceremonial in her bearing, but under it there lurked the privileged audacity of the old servant, and (as poor Majendie perceived) the secret, terrifying gayety of the hymeneal devotee. The faint sound of giggling on the staircase penetrated to the room. It was evident that Nanna was preparing some horrid and tremendous rite.

She set her tray in its place by Edith's couch, and cleared a side table she had drawn into a central and conspicuous position. The three, as if humoring a child in its play, feigned a profound ignorance of what Nanna had in hand.

She disappeared, suppressed the giggling on the stairs with a resounding "Hoo-sh," and returned, herself in jubilee let loose. She carried an enormous plate, and on the plate Anne's wedding-cake, with all its white terraces and towers, and (a little shattered) the sugar orange blossoms and myrtles of its crown. She stood it alone on its table of honor, and withdrew abruptly.

The three were stricken dumb by the presence of the bridal thing. Nanna, listening outside the door, attributed their silence to an appreciation too profound for utterance.

They looked at it, and it looked at them. Its veil of myrtle, trembling yet with the shock of its entrance, gave it the semblance of movement and of life. It towed in the majesty of its insistent whiteness. It trailed its mystic modesties before them. Its brittle blossoms quivered

like innocence appalled. The wide cleft at its base betrayed the black and formidable heart beneath the fair and sugared surface. These crowding symbols, perceptible to Edith's subtler intelligence, massed themselves in her companions' minds as one vast sensation of discomfort.

As usual when he was embarrassed, Majendie laughed.

"It's the very Spirit of *Dyspepsia*," he said. "A cold and dangerous thing. *Must* we eat it?"

"*You must*," said Edith; "Nanna would weep if you did n't."

"I don't think I can,—possibly," said Anne, who was already reaping the sowing to the winds of emotion in a whirlwind of headache.

"Let's all eat it,—and die," said Majendie. He hacked, laid a ruin of fragments round the evil thing, scattered crumbs on all their plates, and buried his own piece in a flower-pot. "Do you think," he said, "that Nanna will dig it up again?"

Anne turned white over her tea, pleaded her headache, and begged to be taken to her room. Majendie took her there.

"Is n't Anne well?" asked Edith anxiously, when he came back.

"Oh, it's nothing. She's been seedy all day, and the sight of that cake finished her off. I don't wonder. It's enough to upset a strong man. Let's ring for Nanna to take it away."

He rang. When Nanna appeared Edith was eating her crumbs ostentatiously, as if unwilling to leave the last of a delicious thing.

"Oh, Nanna," said she, "that's a heavenly wedding-cake!"

Majendie was reminded of the habitual tender perfidy of that saint, his sister. She was always lying to make other people happy, saying that she had everything she wanted, when she had n't, and that her spine did n't hurt her, when it did. When Edith was too exhausted to lie, she would look at you and smile, with the sweat of her torture on her forehead. He

knew Edith, and wondered how far she had lied to Anne, and what she did it for. He wanted to ask her, but was afraid of disturbing her first day.

It was Edith herself who disturbed it. There was nothing that she shrank from.

"I'm sorry for poor Anne," said she; "but it's nice to get you all to myself again. Just for once. Only for once. I'm not jealous."

He smiled, and stroked her hair.

"I was jealous, — oh, furiously jealous, just at first, for five minutes. But I got over it. It was so undignified."

"It did n't show, dear."

"I did n't mean it to. It would n't have been pretty. And now, it's all over, and I love Anne. But I don't love her as much as you."

"You must love her more," he said gravely. "She'll need it, — badly."

Edith looked at him. "How can she need it badly, when she has you?"

"You're a good woman, dear, and I'm a mere mortal man. She's found that out already, and she does n't like it."

"Wallie, dear, what do you mean?"

"I mean exactly what I say. She's found it out. She's found *me* out. She's found everything out."

"Found out? But how?"

"No matter how. Edie, why did n't you tell her? You said you would."

"Yes — I said I would."

"And you told me you had."

"No. I did n't tell you I had."

"What did you tell me, then?"

"I told you there was nothing to be afraid of, that it was all right."

"And of course I thought you'd told her."

"If I had told her it would n't have been all right; for she would n't have married you."

Majendie scowled, and Edith went on calmly.

"I knew that, — she as good as told me so, — and I knew *her*."

"Well — what if she had n't married me?"

"That would have been very bad for both of you. Especially for you."

"For me? And how do you know this is n't going to be worse, — for both of us? It's generally better to be straight, and face facts, however disagreeable. Especially when everybody knows that you've got a skeleton in your cupboard."

"Anne did n't, and she was so afraid of skeletons."

"All the more reason why you should have hauled the horrid thing out and let her have a good look at it. She might n't have been afraid of it then. Now she's convinced it's a fifty times worse skeleton than it is."

"She would n't have lived with it in the house, dear. She said so."

"But I thought you never told her?"

"She was talking about somebody else's skeleton, dear."

"Oh, somebody else's, that's a very different thing."

"She meant — if she'd been the woman. I was testing her, to see how she would take it. Do you think I was very wrong?"

"Well, frankly, dear, I cannot say you were very wise."

"I wonder —

She lay back wondering. Doubt of her wisdom shook her through all her tender being. She had been so sure.

Her firm mouth trembled.

"I wanted to help you, to make up for being a bundle and a burden. I weigh about a ton."

She kissed the hand he put over her mouth.

"I know, dear, you like your bundle, but, — think how dear and sweet Anne is. How would you have liked it if she'd given you up and gone away, and you'd never seen her again?"

His face said plainly that he would n't have liked it at all.

"Well, that's what she'd have done. I did what I thought best."

"Not what *I* thought best."

She shook her head, the head that would have been so wise for him. "You

did n't know, you did n't really. I'm not a fool, Wallie. *You* thought that, if Anne knew, she would n't mind so very much, that she'd marry you just the same, did n't you?"

"Well, I could n't conceive how, if she really cared"—

"I knew she would n't. And I knew that was why,—just because she cared."

"I can't understand that—really."

"Of course you can't. But—that's why I wanted her to marry you. Oh, how I wanted it!"

"Yes, but with her eyes open."

"No. Anne's one of those people who see best with their eyes shut."

"Well, they're wide enough open now, in all conscience."

"And of course she does n't see properly. But she will soon."

"I can't make her."

"Yes, you can."

"How?"

"By loving her."

Majendie laughed. "She does n't want me to—now. That's the worst of it."

"She does n't know how you *can* do it—yet. Nobody knows that but me."

He made an impatient movement. "You'd better not say too much about that."

"I shan't say anything about it. I shall leave that for her to find out, too. And when she does find out"—

"There's one thing she has n't found out. She does n't know how it happened. Can't you tell her? I can't. I told her there were extenuating circumstances; but of course I could n't go into them."

"What did she say?"

"She said no circumstances could extenuate facts."

"I can hear her saying it."

"I understand her state of mind," said Majendie. "She could n't see the circumstances for the facts."

"Our Anne is but young. In ten years' time she won't be able to see the facts for the circumstances."

"Well—will you tell her?"

"Of course I will."

"Make her see that I'm not necessarily an utter brute just because I"—

"I'll make her see everything."

"Forgive me for bothering you."

"Dear,—forgive me for breaking my promise and deceiving you."

He bent to her weak arms.

"I believe," she whispered, "the end will yet justify the means."

"Oh,—the end."

He did n't see it; but he was convinced that there could hardly be a worse beginning.

He went upstairs, where Anne lay in the agonies of her bilious attack. He found comfort, rather than gave it, by holding handkerchiefs steeped in eau de cologne to her forehead. It gratified him to find that she would let him do it without shrinking from his touch.

But Anne was past that.

IV

For once in his life Majendie was glad that he had a business. Shipping (he was a ship-owner) was a distraction from the miserable problem that weighed on him at home.

Anne's morning face was cold to him. She lay crushed in her bed. She had had a bad night, and he knew himself to be the cause of it.

His pity for her hurt like passion.

"How is she?" asked Edith, as he came into her room before going to the office.

"She's a wreck," he said, "a ruin. She's had an awful night. Be kind to her, Edie."

Edie was very kind. But she said to herself that if Anne was a ruin that was not at all a bad thing.

Edith Majendie was a loving but shrewd observer of the people of her world. Lying on her back, she saw them at an unusual angle, almost as if they moved on a plane invisible to persons who go about upright on their legs. The four walls of her room concentrated her vision in bounding it. She saw few women

and fewer men, but she saw them apart from those superficial activities which distract and darken judgment. Faces that she was obliged to see bending over her had another aspect for Edith than that which they presented to the world at large.

Anne Majendie, who had come so near to Edith, had always put a certain distance between herself and her other friends. While they were chiefly impressed with her superb superiority, and saw her forever standing on a pedestal, Edith declared that she knew nothing of Anne's austere and impressive attributes. She protested against anything so dreary as the other people's view of her. They and their absurd pedestals! She refused to regard her sister-in-law as an established solemnity, eminent and lonely in the scene. Pedestals were all very well at a proper distance, but at a close view they were foreshortening to the human figure. Other people might like to see more pedestal than Anne; she preferred to see more Anne than pedestal. If they didn't know that Anne was dear and sweet, she did. So did Walter.

If they wanted proof of it, why, would any other woman have put up with her and her wretched spine? Were n't they all, Anne's friends, sorry for Anne just because of it, of her? If you came to think of it, if you traced everything back to the beginning, her spine had been the cause of all Anne's trouble.

That was how she had always reasoned it out. No suffering had ever obscured the lucidity of Edith's mind. She knew that it was her spine that had kept her brother from marrying all those years. He could n't leave her alone with it, neither could he ask any woman to share the house inhabited, pervaded, dominated by it. Unsafeguarded by marriage, he had fallen into evil hands. To Edith, who had plenty of leisure for reflection, all this had become terribly clear.

Then Anne had come, the strong woman who could bear Walter's burden for him. She had been jealous of Anne at

first, for five minutes. Then she had blessed her.

But Edith, as she had told her brother, was not a fool. And all the time, while her heart leaped to the image of Anne in her dearness and sweetness, her brain saw perfectly well that her sister-in-law had not been free from the sin of pride. (That came, said Edith, of standing on a pedestal. It was better to lie on a couch than stand on a pedestal; you knew, at any rate, where you were.)

Now, as Edith also said, there can be nothing more prostrating to a woman's pride than a bad bilious attack. Especially when it exposes you to the devoted ministrations of a husband you have made up your mind to disapprove of, and compels you to a baffling view of him.

Anne owned herself baffled.

Her attack had chastened her. She had been touched by Walter's kindness, by the evidence (if she had needed it) that she was as dear to him in her ignominious agony as she had been in the beauty of her triumphal health. As he moved about her, he became to her insistent outward sense the man she had loved because of his goodness. It was so that she had first seen his strong masculine figure moving about Edith on her couch, handling her with the supreme gentleness of strength. She had not been two days in the house in Prior Street before her memories assailed her. Her new and detestable view of Walter contended with her old beloved vision of him. The two were equally real, equally vivid, and she could not reconcile them. Walter himself, seen again in his old surroundings, was protected by an army of associations. The manifestations of his actual presence were also such as to appeal to her memory against her judgment. Her memory was in league with love. But when the melting mood came over her, her conscience resisted and rose against them both.

Edith, watching for the propitious moment, could not tell by what signs she would recognize it when it came. Her

own hour was the early evening. She had always brightened towards six o'clock, the time of her brother's home-coming.

To-day he had removed himself, to give her her chance with Anne. She could see him pottering about the garden below her window. He had kept that garden with care. He had mown and sown, and planted and weeded and watered it, that Edith might always have something pretty to look at from her window. With its green grassplot and gay beds, the tiny oblong space defied the extending grime and gloom of Scale. This year he had laid it out for Anne. He had set a hundred bulbs for her, and many hundred flowers were to have sprung up in time to welcome her. But something had gone wrong with them. They had suffered by his absence. As Edith looked out of the window he was stooping low, on acutely bended knees, sorrowfully preoccupied with a broken hyacinth. He had his back to them.

To Edith's mind there was something heartrending in the expression of that intent, innocent back, so surrendered to their gaze, so unconscious of its own pathetic curve. She wondered if it appealed to Anne in that way. She judged from the expression of her sister-in-law's face that it did not appeal to her in any way at all.

"Poor dear," said she, "he's still worrying about those blessed bulbs of mine, — of yours, I mean."

"Don't, Edie. As if I wanted to take your bulbs away from you. I'm not jealous."

"No more am I," said Edie. "Let's say both our bulbs. I wish he would n't garden quite so much, though. It always makes his head ache."

"Why does he do it, then?" asked Anne calmly.

Her calmness irritated Edith.

"Oh, why does Walter do anything? Because he's an angel."

Anne's silence gave her the opening she was looking for.

"You know, you used to think so too."

"Of course I did," said Anne evasively.

"And equally of course, you don't, now you've married him?"

"I have married him. What more could I do to prove my appreciation?"

"Oh, heaps more. Mere marrying's nothing. Any woman can do that."

"Do you think so? It seems to me that marrying — mere marrying — may be a great deal, about as much as many men have a right to ask."

"Has n't every man a right to ask for — what shall I say — a little understanding — from the woman he cares for?"

"Edith, what has he told you?"

"Nothing, dear, that I had n't seen for myself."

"Did he tell you that I 'misunderstood' him?"

"Did he pose as *l'homme incompris*? No, he did n't."

"Still — he told you," Anne insisted.

"Of course he did." She brushed the self-evident aside and returned to her point. "He does care for you. That, at least, you can understand."

"No, that's just what I don't understand. I can't understand his caring. I can't understand him. I can't understand anything." Her voice shook.

"Poor darling, I know it's hard, sometimes. Still you do know what he is."

"I know what he was — what I thought him. It's hard to reconcile it with what he is."

"With what you think him? You can't, of course." She smiled. "I suppose you think him something too bad for words?"

Anne broke down weakly.

"Oh Edith, why did n't you tell me?"

"What? That Wallie was bad?"

"Yes, yes. It would have been better if you'd told me everything."

"Well, dear, whatever I told you, I could n't have told you that. It would n't have been true."

"He says himself that everything was true."

"Everything probably is true. But then, the point is that you don't know the

whole truth, or even half of it. That's just what he could n't tell you. I should have told you. That's where I bungled it. You know he left it to me; he said I was to tell you?"

"Yes, he told me that. He did n't mean to deceive me."

"No more did I. If my brother had been a bad man, dear, do you suppose for a moment I'd have let him marry my dearest friend?"

"You did n't know. We don't know these things, Edith. That's the terrible part of it."

"Yes, it's the terrible part of it. But I knew all right. He never kept anything from me, not for long."

"But, Edith — how *could* he? How *could* he? When the woman — Lady Cayley — She *was* bad, was n't she?"

"Of course she was bad. Bad as they make them — worse. You know she was divorced?"

"Yes," said Anne, "that's what I do know."

"Well, she was n't divorced on Walter's account, my dear. There were several others — four, five, goodness knows how many. Poor Walter was a mere drop in the ocean."

Anne stared a moment at the expanse presented to her.

"But," said she, "he was in it."

"Oh yes, he was in it. The ocean swallowed him as it swallowed the others. But it could n't keep him. He could n't live in it, like them."

"But how did she get hold of him?"

"She got hold of him by appealing to his chivalry."

(His chivalry — she knew it.)

"It's what happens, over and over again. He thought her a vilely injured woman. He may have thought her good. He certainly thought her pathetic. It was the pathos that did it."

"That — did — it?"

"Yes. Did it. She hurled herself at his head — at his knees — at his feet — till he *had* to lift her. And that's how it happened."

Anne's spirit writhed as she contemplated the happening.

"I know it ought n't to have happened. I know Walter was n't the holy saint he ought to have been. But oh, he was a martyr!" She paused. "And — he was very young."

"Edith, — when was it?"

"Seven years ago."

Anne pondered. The seven years helped to purify him. Every day helped that threw the horror further back in time — separated it from her. If — if he had not been steeped too long in it. She wanted to know *how* long, but she was afraid to ask; afraid lest it should be brought nearer to her than she could bear. Edith saw her fear.

"It lasted two years. It was all my fault."

"Your fault?"

"Yes, my fault. Because of my horrid spine. You see, it kept him from marrying."

"Well, but —"

"Well, but it could n't have happened if he had married. How *could* it? How could it have happened if you had been there? You would have saved him."

She paused on that note, a long illuminating pause. The note itself was a divine inspiration. It rang all golden. It thrilled to the verge of the dominant cord in Anne. It touched her soul, the mother of brooding, mystic harmonies.

"You would have saved him."

Anne saw herself for one moment as his guardian angel, her mission frustrated through a flaw of time. That vision was dashed by another, herself as the ideal, the star he should have looked to before its dawn, herself dishonored by his young haste, his passion, his failure to foresee.

"He should have waited for me."

"Did you wait for him?"

A quick flush pulsed through the whiteness of Anne's face. She looked back seven years to her girlhood in the southern deanery, her home. She had another vision, a vision of a minor canon, whom she had loved with the pure worship of

her youth, a love of which somehow she was now ashamed. Ashamed, though it had then seemed to her so spiritual. Her dead parents had desired the marriage, but neither she nor they had had the power to bring it about.

Edith had never heard of the minor canon. She had drawn a bow at a venture.

"My dear," she said, "why not? It's only the very elect lovers who can say to each other, 'I have never loved any one but you.'"

"At any rate," said Anne, "I have never loved any one else well enough to marry him."

For in her fancy, the minor canon, being withdrawn in time, had ceased to occupy space; he had become that which he was for her girlhood, a disembodied dream. She could not have explained why she was so ashamed of him. What ground of comparison was there between that blameless one and Lady Cayley?

"Edith," she said suddenly, "did you ever see her?"

"Never," said Edith emphatically.

"You don't know what she was like?"

"I don't. I never wanted to. I daresay there are people in Scale who could tell you all about her, only I would n't inquire if I were you."

"Did it happen at Scarby?" She was determined to know the worst.

"I believe so."

"Oh, — why did I ever go there?"

"He did n't want you to. That was why."

"Where is she now?"

"Nobody knows. She might be anywhere."

"Not here?"

"No, not here. My dear, you must n't get her on your nerves."

"I'm afraid of meeting her."

"It is n't likely that you ever will. She is n't the sort one does meet, — now, poor thing."

"Who was she?"

"The wife of Sir Andrew Cayley, a tallow-chandler."

"Oh, how did Walter ever —"

"My dear, one meets all sorts of funny people in Scale. He was a very wealthy tallow-chandler. Besides, it was n't he that Walter did meet, naturally."

"How can you joke about it? It makes me sick to think of it."

"It made me sick enough once, dear. But I don't think of it."

"I can't help thinking of it."

"Well, whenever you do, when it does come over you, — it will, sometimes, — think of what Walter's life was before he knew you. Everything was spoiled for him because of me. He was sent to a place he detested, because of me, put into an office which he loathed, shut up here in this hateful house, because of me. And he was good to me, good and dear. Even at the worst he hardly ever left me if he thought I wanted him, — not even to go to her. But he was young, and it was an awful life for him. It was, you don't know how awful. It would have been bad enough for a woman. It was intolerable for a man. I was worse then than I am now. I was fretful, and I worried him. I think I drove him to her, — I know I did. He had to get away from it sometimes. Won't you think of that?"

"I'll try to think of it."

"And it won't make you not love him?"

"My dear, I loved him first for your sake, then I loved you for his, now I suppose I must love him for yours again."

"No — for his own sake."

"Does it matter which?"

"Not much, so long as you love him. He really is angelic, though you may n't think it."

"I think you are."

Edith was not only angelic, but womanly and full of guile, and she knew with whom she had to do. She had humbled Anne with shrewd shafts that hit her in all her weak places; now she exalted her. Anne had not her likeness in a thousand. She was a woman magnificently planned, of stature not to be diminished by the highest pedestal. A figure fit for a throne, a niche, a shrine. Edith could see

the dear little downy feathers sprouting on Anne's shoulder-blades, and the infant aureole playing in her hair.

"You're a saint," said Edith.

"I am not," said Anne, while her pale cheek glowed with the flattery.

"Of course you are," said Edith, "or you could never have put up with me."

Whereupon Anne kissed her.

"And I may tell Walter what you've said?"

It was thus that she spared Anne's mortal pride. She knew how it would shrink from telling him.

Anne went down to Majendie in the garden and sent him to his sister. They returned to the house by the open window of his study. A bright fire was burning in the room. He looked at her shyly and half in doubt, drew up an armchair to the hearth, and left her there.

His manner brought back to her the days of their engagement, when that room had been their refuge. Not that they had often been alone together. She could count the times on the fingers of one hand, the times when Edith was too ill to be wheeled into her room. It had been nearly always in Edith's room that she had seen him, surrounded by all the feminine devices, the tender trivialities that were part of the moving pathos of the scene. She had so associated him with his sister that it had been hard for her to realize that he had any separate life of his own. She felt that his love for her had simply grown out of his love for Edith, it was the flame, the flower of his tenderness. It was one with his goodness, and she had been glad to have it so. There was no jealousy in Anne.

It came over her now with a fresh shock, how very little, after all, she had known of him. It was through Edith that she really knew him. And yet it was impossible that Edith could have absorbed him utterly. Anne had not counted his business; for it had not interested her, and to say that Walter was a ship-owner did not define him in the very least. What remained over of Walter was a secret that

this room, his study, must partially reveal.

She remembered how she had first come there, and had looked shyly about her for intimations of his inner nature, and how it was his pipe-rack and his boots that had first suggested that he had a life apart and dealings with the outer world. Now she rose and went round the room, searching for its secret, and finding no new impressions, only fresh lights on the old. If the room told anything it told her how little Majendie had used it, how little he had been able to call anything his own. The things in it had no comfortable look of service. He could not have smoked there much, the curtains were too innocent. He could not have sat in that armchair much, the surface was too smooth. He could not have come there much at any time, for, though the carpet was faded, there was no well-worn passage from the threshold to the hearth. As far as she could make out he came there for no earthly purpose but to change his boots before going upstairs to Edith.

The bookcase told the same story. It held histories and standard works inherited from Majendie's father; the works of Dickens and Thackeray and Hardy, read over and over again in the days when he had time for reading; several poets whom, by his own confession, he could not have read in any circumstances. One Meredith, partly uncut, testified to an honest effort and a balked accomplishment. On a shelf apart stood the books that he had loved when he was a boy,—the annuals, the tales of travel and adventure, and one or two school prizes gorgeously bound.

As she looked at them his boyhood rose before her; its dead innocence appealed to her comprehension and compassion.

She knew that he had been disappointed in his ambition. Instead of being sent to Oxford he had been sent into business, that he might early support himself. He had supported himself. And he had stuck to the business that he might the better support Edith.

She could not deny him the virtue of unselfishness.

She remembered one Sunday, three weeks before their wedding-day, when she had stood alone with him in this room at the closing of their happy day. It was then that he had asked her why she cared for him, and she had answered, "Because you are good. You always have been good."

And he had said (how it came back to her!), "And if I had n't always? Would n't you have cared then?"

She had answered, "I would have cared; but I could n't marry you."

And he had turned away from her, and looked out of the window, keeping his back to her, and had stood so without speaking for a moment. She had wondered what had come over him.

Now she knew. He had not been good. And she had married him.

At the recollection the thoughts she had quieted stirred again and stung her, and again she trampled them down.

She faced the question how she was going to build up the wedded life that her knowledge of him had laid low. She told herself that, after all, much remained. She had loved Walter for his unhappiness as well as for his goodness. He had needed her; and she had felt that there was no other woman who could have borne his burden half so well. Edith was too sweet to be thought of as a burden, but it could not be denied she weighed. In marrying Walter she would lift half the weight. Anne was strong, and she gloried in her strength. That was what she was there for.

How much more was she prepared to do? Keeping his house was nothing; Nanna had always kept it well. Caring for Edith was nothing; she could not help but care for her. She had promised Walter that she would be a good wife to him; and she had vowed to herself that she would live her spiritual life apart.

Was that being a good wife to him? To divorce her soul, her best self, from him? If she confined her duty to the

preservation of the mere material tie, what would she make of herself? Of him?

It came to her that his need of her was deeper and more spiritual than that. She argued that there must be something fine in him, or he never would have appreciated *her*. That other woman did n't count; she had thrust herself on him. When it came to choosing, he had chosen a spiritual woman. (Anne never doubted that she was what she aspired to be.) And since all things were divinely ordered, Walter's choice was really God's will. God's hand had led him to her.

It had been a blow to Anne's pride to realize that she had married — spiritually — beneath her. Her pride now recovered wonderfully, seeing in this very inequality its opportunity. She beheld herself once more in a superb rôle, her spiritual opulence supplying Walter's poverty.

Their marriage, in this its new and spiritual consummation, would not be unequal. She would raise Walter. That, of course, was what God had meant her to do all the time. Never again could she look at her husband with eyes of mortal passion. But her love which had died was risen again; it could still turn to him a glorified and spiritual face; it could still know passion, a passion immortal and supreme.

But it was an emotion of which by its very nature she could not bring herself to speak. It would have meant nothing to Walter in his yet unspiritual state. She felt that when he came to her he would insist on some satisfaction, and there was no satisfaction that she could give to the claim he would make. Therefore she awaited his coming with nervous trepidation.

He came in as if nothing had happened. He sank with every symptom of comfortable assurance into the opposite armchair. And he asked no more formidable question than "How's your headache?"

"Better, thank you."

"That's all right."

He did not look at her, but his eyes

were smiling, as if at some agreeable thought or reminiscence. He had apparently assumed that Anne had recovered, not only from her headache, but from its cause. To Anne, tingling with the tension of a nervous crisis, this attitude was disconcerting. It seemed to reduce her and her crisis to insignificance. She had expected him to be tingling too. He had more cause to.

"Do you mind my smoking? Say if you really do."

She really did, but she forebore to say so. Forbearance henceforth was to be part of her discipline.

He smoked contentedly, with half-closed eyes; and when he talked, he talked of the garden and of bulbs.

(To be continued.)

Of bulbs, after what he had discussed with Edith upstairs. She would rather that he had asked his question, forced her to the issue. That at least would have shown some comprehension of her state. But he had taken the issue for granted, refused to face the immensity of it all. She had had her first taste of sacrificial flames, and her spirit was prepared to go through fire to reach him. And he presented himself as already folded and protected, satisfied with some inferior and independent secret of his own.

She felt that a little perturbation would have become him more than that imperceptible peace.

It would make it so difficult to raise him.

JAPAN AND THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

BY JAMES S. LE ROY

I

DISCUSSING "Race Prejudice in the Philippines" in the *Atlantic Monthly* for July, 1902, the writer expressed a belief that met with considerable ridicule in certain quarters as "unduly cheerful optimism." It was that, though the race prejudice displayed by Americans is to-day the chief obstacle to the success of our programme in the Philippines, yet in time the Philippine experience itself will tend to make us broader-minded and more tolerant in matters of race and color, both at home and abroad.

Just now we are receiving frequent reminders that our Pacific coast-line and our presence in the Philippines have brought us face to face with the necessity of revising our all too popular arrogance as to "white supremacy" or else of preparing for difficulties ahead. Once more, the writer may be exposing himself to the

accusation of being a bland and youthful optimist; but he can only regard the disturbance over the Japanese in the San Francisco schools as a tempest in a teapot, and view it as of significance chiefly in an educational way, compelling our own people to face squarely the question of our relations with the Orient and its brown and yellow peoples. We have evaded this question hitherto, practically affronting Chinese sensibilities, but all the while formally protesting that there was nothing of race-feeling in our attitude.

The time has now come, or soon will come, when we can no longer dodge this question. Self-interest, enlightened self-interest surely, plainly indicates the folly of letting ourselves be guided by the prejudice of race, or frightened by the bugaboos which ignorant and malicious selfishness will conjure forth. But were this not so, are we willing to admit that

an appeal to the American people on the broader grounds of human charity and brotherhood will no longer succeed? The writer, for one, is not willing to admit it, any more than he is willing to regard our performance of a troublesome task in the Philippines since 1898 as any indication that the nation has surrendered itself to Imperialism.

We have heard of late, and shall continue to hear, much "jingo" talk about Japan and the Philippine Islands and Japan's monopoly of Oriental trade. The political agitation in California for the exclusion of Japanese laborers, and the more recent diplomatic inquiry as to the exclusion of Japanese pupils from San Francisco schools, are evidence that prejudice and narrow-mindedness (the two are really synonyms) are active among us. Against such forces it is of no use to thunder editorially — even if the pulpits of our periodical press are quite unanimous in pointing out both the wrong and the *loss of profits* involved in shortsighted treatment of the Japanese. Ignorance, prejudice, and narrow-mindedness cannot suffer the contact with facts. What we want to combat them with is information, and information at once accurate and incontestable. The busy prophets of the "yellow peril" should be faced with a demand for facts, not fancies; for proofs, not the fears and suspicions of credulous children.

It is no proof that we of the West should begin to shudder over the "yellow peril" to show that the sense of nationality is growing in China and elsewhere in the Orient. The fact that the Filipinos look forward to being free of American overlordship, and that the people of India are gaining a new assertiveness and independence, is not in itself a sign of unqualified hatred for the Western rulers, nor evidence that these Oriental countries, if they could, would expel all Occidentals and things Occidental. Why should not the West, wherein the sentiment of nationality has been one of the most powerful forces for progress in the

recent centuries, welcome such developments in the Orient? Why assume that fraternity of the East and West, wherein neither dominates, wherein both receive material and spiritual benefit, is an impossible ideal for the future?

Narrowing the question simply to the dollars and cents question, — getting down to the plane of the nervous "vested interests" of our Western trade with the Orient, — has the aggressive, vigorous, individualistic and materialistic Westerner come to such a pass that he must needs tremble at the awful spectre conjured up of future competition at the hands of the passive, dreamy, idealistic Easterner, even with machines and modern transportation facilities in his control? In the lands where the teachings of modern political economists have so freshly been placed on the shelves of every town-library, is the highly paid but still more highly efficient laborer to become panic-stricken over competition from the poorly paid and poorly nourished laborer? Is it not a truism of world-wide experience that cheap labor is always dear?

II

In view of all that has been said about Japan wresting the Philippines from us, it will be of interest to review the relations of Japan with those islands in the past. This is negative evidence, to be sure, as bearing on what Japan's attitude may be in the future; and those who delight in warning us, in lectures, books, and reviews (always in a sort of mysterious "aside" as if they really had information they must not reveal), against "Oriental duplicity," will not pause from their task because of any recitation of past history. But at least it may arouse an apparently dormant sense of humor in some of our bugaboo-manipulators to compare the Spanish "scares" about Japan with some of our own more recent alarms, — so like they are in details.

Even before the Dutch and English had fairly begun to establish themselves

in the Far East, this danger was pointed out by Spanish observers to their home authorities. Exploring Spaniards and Portuguese, especially Jesuit missionaries, were saying before the end of the sixteenth century that the millions of China could not be subjugated by mere force alone, and were reënforcing thus their arguments for a proselyting campaign accompanied by a policy of diplomacy and insinuation, even of alliance with Chinese and Japanese rulers. All through the seventeenth century the Spaniards in Manila lived in dread of an invasion by Chinese, and two bloody massacres of Chinese residents (charged with rebellion and conspiracy) marked that century. Already, in 1574-75, a great Chinese pirate had almost captured Manila and had for a time successfully maintained himself in a position on the west coast of Luzon; and a century later another great Chinese adventurer, who for a time maintained headquarters on the island of Formosa and defied the newly established Manchu dynasty in Peking, again seriously threatened the frail Spanish dominion in the Philippine Islands.

Japan, which had triumphed over Korea, was a yet more imminent source of dread to the Spaniards in Manila during the early part of the seventeenth century, and though no actual invasion of the Philippines was attempted, Japan's haughty shoguns adopted a high tone toward the pretensions of Spain in the Orient, and executed Spanish missionaries and their converts with open threats against the Western nation which had dared to encroach upon their preserves. With the decay of Spanish and Portuguese power in the Orient, and the rise first of the Dutch, then of the English, and later the entry of the Russians into this imperial competition, Japan still remained, as is well known, almost untouched in her insular isolation; and down to the middle of the last century China was accessible — as at the beginning of the European discoveries — only in trading-posts on the fringes of her empire.

To go no farther back than to the victory of the Japanese over the Chinese in 1895, the present talk of a "yellow peril" is, in Europe at least, but a revival of that of 1895-96; it is only intensified by the demonstration of Japan's prowess against a European power, on a much more impressive scale than in her easy victory over China. The United States did not actively, or even passively, share in the discussion of 1895-96, for it had no territorial possessions in the Orient. But Spain, though already out of the rank of those countries commonly implied by the term "powers of Europe," shared with her neighbors all the alarm created by the talk of threatened Japanese aggressiveness.

There is a curious analogy between the Spanish predictions of 1895 and the warnings of certain Americans in 1905 that Japan cherishes unholy designs regarding the Philippine Islands. Moreover, the insistence of the Japanese in taking Formosa (itself once occupied by the Spaniards), Luzon's nearest neighbor to the northward, and the known weakness of Spain's naval power in the Orient, gave more real point to Spanish fears than Japan's greater victories of 1904-05 can reasonably inspire in the United States, toward which country the Japanese profess the greatest friendliness and upon whose institutions they have so largely drawn for help in achieving their recent progress.

Already, in 1891, there had been a flutter of excitement in Madrid over a mere rumor to the effect that the Japanese had taken possession of three islets bordering on the Marianne group, which the Spanish government immediately proclaimed officially as belonging to that group. Early in 1895, before the *dénouements* which led to European interference with Japan in her attempt to grasp the fruits of her sudden victory over China, the *Correo Español* published a letter from a correspondent in Manila, bearing date of January 23 of that year, in which, after recounting the filibustering propaganda

then being secretly conducted among the Filipinos, it was stated:—

“News has been received from Hong-kong that the Japanese expect to come and take possession of these islands. It is certain that a commissioner of the Japanese government was here, dressed as a Jew, afterward reported to be colonel of the General Staff of Japan, that he was entertained in the town of Santa Maria, in Bulakan, and spent money lavishly, without objecting to any price that was asked of him, but that he required of every one a receipt, undoubtedly in order to vouch for his expenses before the authority that commissioned him.

“Now, this subject was entertained in the house of a Christian Japanese residing in that town and married to a native woman, and the supposed colonel made every day lengthy trips on horseback, drew up plans by night, and in the morning sent them to the Japanese consul in Manila, who some time back left here.

“Moreover, in the province of Pangasinan there is a port called Sual, perhaps the safest in these islands, and above all very central and extremely easy to fortify. A short time ago there visited this place a man who was said to be a Chinese bonze, but whom I suspect to have been a Japanese, and who made a plan of the port and then went to Lingayen, the capital of the province, to the house of a *mestizo* who is said to be the owner of a lofty esplanade that dominates the whole port. He showed the latter his plans and asked him to sell that ground. This was not done, because it would have been necessary to get the permission of central authority.”

It is hardly necessary to point out that a secret commissioner of Japan would hardly have shown his plans, supposing him to have made such, to any casual owner of land, nor that the private ownership of this land would scarcely have benefited Japan in seizing possession of the Philippines; moreover, Sual, which the Spaniards opened as a port for foreign commerce for a time in the middle of the

last century, was never improved, and has a bar which forbids the entrance of large ships, being in fact a coast town of no importance. The other rumor might well have been connected with the visit of some Japanese who desired to find out about the extent and value of the iron deposits in the hills of eastern Bulakan, which were, to some extent, worked before the arrival of the Spaniards and which have never been really developed up to date. Santa Maria, an inland town, is of no strategic value.

Later in the year, as European attention became centred on the Far East, talk of this sort became very common in the press of Spain, though rarely based on rumors having even the importance of the above. Of course, there were Spaniards who protested against such indefinite suspicions. Señor Dupuy de Lome, whose name has not been forgotten in the United States, and who, before coming to Washington, had seen some diplomatic service in the Orient, published a book on the situation in the Far East, in which he counseled the cultivation of friendship and the arrangement of a good understanding with Japan, as the rising power of the East. Whatever their views as to Japan's intentions, all Spanish periodicals alike made light of the military power of Japan, and were very free to remark that to conquer a decrepit force like China was a very different thing from combating with Spain. Some of the comments read rather curiously to-day:—

“In default of a real enemy, the Japanese army has only proved itself to be a machine that is a good imitation of the best over here, and that would not play a bad rôle in autumn manoeuvres, or even in those of winter. But there remains the doubt (for him who holds it) about what would happen to this machine if it should meet a resistance like that of St. Privat, in which the Germans lost 6000 or 8000 men in less than half an hour, and conquered nevertheless. Coming nearer home, we do not know if the Oyamas and Yamagatas would have been capable of

making the assaults of Somorrosto, less yet of resisting them. . . . I do not imagine that it has occurred to the imagination of any Japanese, even of the best-varnished [with civilization], to try to expel from Asia and Oceania the whites, who are meat-eaters. However vain they may be, they will compare their campaign with that of the French and English in 1860, and will comprehend the difference there is between race and race, or perhaps between species and species. It is one thing to scratch the coasts of China, and another to invade inland territory where there are Englishmen, Frenchmen, Russians, or Spaniards.”¹

“As for Japan, who doubts that she is in process of regeneration and is making herself worthy of consideration? But we have not yet become convinced in Europe that she is so much a power of the first rank as some declare. There is in Japan’s new dress much that is just fastened up with pins. Besides, her attempts to play a man’s part have been made against a country that is wofully decadent and in no small degree sunk in corruption,—China, not the Yesterday, but the everlasting Day Before Yesterday of History. . . . Let certain precautions be taken in the face of these new neighbors who are going to install themselves in Formosa; let some more battalions of troops from the peninsula and some more boats be sent to our great colony; let our government, by itself and in union with the other powers, address certain precautionary words to Japan. All this is well. But, for the Lord’s sake, don’t let us make a bugaboo, like those which frighten children, out of the Japanese army and navy. Suppose they have routed and so thoroughly trodden upon the Chinese? Don Quixote, too, routed with his lance thousands of sheep. So the victorious Japanese must know that those who have just fought and conquered in Mindanao, against a savage race and in savage jungles, would not let

¹ Jenaro Alas, a well-known Spanish writer on military affairs.

themselves be conquered so easily as the cowardly hordes of Yalu and Wei-Hai-Wei.”²

Nevertheless, the Spanish government did send out several fresh battalions of troops before the Filipino insurrection of 1896 began, troops which were, however, needed in pursuing the campaign under General Blanco against the Lake Lanao Moros. Some new rifles were also sent out, and the long projected work toward the construction of a naval station at Olongapó in Subig Bay was given a fresh, though rather feeble, start. The government at Madrid concluded a treaty with Tokyo defining the limits of the possessions of Spain and Japan in the western Pacific. This treaty was condemned by some of the Japanese newspapers, not on the ground that it pledged Japan against a campaign of aggression toward the Philippines, but on the ground that it tended to restrict the liberty of action of Japan in any contingency which might arise. The *Mainichi Shimbun* suggested that, if Spain wished really to keep her Philippine Islands, she might better ally herself with Japan, which was only looking for peace in the Orient, so as better to guarantee that peace against the powers which were ready to disturb it and eager to grasp more territory in those quarters. Said this paper: “The statesmen of Spain would be employing their time better in the task of reforming the administration of the Philippines, where things are in considerable confusion, and in restoring order in Cuba, where anarchy rules.” The criticisms of the Tokyo press drew from *La Política de España en Filipinas* this spiteful comment:—

“But yesterday Japan was an array of tribes, and to-day, thanks to the war with the Chinese, the Japanese *señores* enter-

² From *La Política de España en Filipinas*, the fortnightly conducted at Madrid for seven years by W. E. Retana, as the organ of the friar and reactionary party in the campaign against the concession of reforms to the Philippines.

tain stupendous pretensions. Civilization has gone to their heads!"

The Japanese bugaboo was revived again in Spain after the Tagalog revolt of 1896. Never, from beginning to end, was anything revealed indicating, in the least degree, that the authorities of Japan gave any ear to the plots of the Tagalog propagandists, or had given the Spanish government the least pretext for protest in their dealings with the Filipinos, or with regard to the Philippine Islands. Yet the Spanish newspapers, and the Spanish books which treated of the insurrection of 1896-97, dwelt with querulousness on the many childish rumors regarding Japanese complicity with the Katipunan plot and the propaganda of more educated Filipinos which preceded it. A story about the officers of a Japanese cruiser having met with the Katipunan leaders in a private room above the Japanese bazar in Manila simmered down, upon investigation, to the fact that certain Filipinos of no consequence one way or the other had looked up some subordinate Japanese officers who were visiting the bazar one day, had exchanged polite phrases with them, and had later on sent out to the cruiser a dozen melons, which the Japanese commander had the courtesy to pronounce very good! The Katipunan leaders spread the tale through all the provinces that Japan was to furnish arms for the uprising. Yokohama had become, during several years preceding 1896, somewhat such a resort for Filipinos who fled in fear of deportation as Hongkong had long been. The Katipunan organ, *Ang Kalayaan* (Liberty), which appeared for but one issue, bore Yokohama on its date-line; but it was in fact printed on a clandestine revolutionary press in Manila. The Filipinos who had escaped to Yokohama, several of them (one being Felipe Agoncillo) bearing considerable funds of money, raised in part by subscriptions among the propagandists of property in the islands, sent back enthusiastic assurances that they had arranged for active intervention by Japan in favor

of the Filipinos, had interviewed or were about to interview the leading statesmen of Tokyo, etc.; but there was no more truth in this talk than there was in the tales which Agoncillo sent from Europe to his brethren who were fighting at home in 1899, to the effect that he had seen the German emperor in person, that a coalition of all the powers of Europe was on the eve of formation for the purpose of ousting the Americans from the Philippines, etc.

The probabilities are that the Filipino revolutionists did not even succeed in buying for cash any rifles in Japan, much less secure the loan of them from the Japanese government, and a cruiser to land them on the coasts of Luzon, as was reported to Governor-General Primo de Rivera and Admiral Montojo. If the government or the responsible men of Japan ever departed in the least from the attitude of strictest correctness toward Spain, no proof to that effect has ever come to light.

The same stories of arms bought in Japan and landed on the east coast of Luzon disturbed the military authorities in Washington and Manila occasionally during the years 1899 to 1901, and had no more foundation than the similar stories which had a few years before excited the Spanish authorities. The Filipinos never obtained more than two (and perhaps only one) small shipments of rifles from abroad, namely, those sent in 1898 from Hongkong; practically all their arms were obtained from the surrendered or captured Spanish troops, and from the Filipino volunteers into whose hands rifles had been given in the early months of 1898, intended for use against the American newcomers.

The same rumors were also circulated as to the intervention of Japan in behalf of the Filipinos and against the United States, as had previously been circulated about Japan's interference with Spain. Probably they had the same origin, namely, the desire of Filipino chieftains in the

field to hearten their followers with stories of speedy assistance from abroad, and also the desire of the Filipinos in Japan to represent themselves as being in confidential contact with Japanese government officials. There was simply, as there had been in the years 1892 to 1898, and as there is still, some social relationship between the small Filipino colonies in Tokyo and Yokohama and certain "anti-foreigner" Japanese, fond of discussing with them the theme "the Orient for Orientals." But such conversations did not carry Japanese rifles to the Philippines, nor imply that the Japanese government ever treated with Filipino emissaries or considered the project of going to war with the United States in behalf of the Filipinos.

In December, 1900, General MacArthur cabled from Manila to Washington that among the captured papers of General Trias (then Aguinaldo's lieutenant-commander for southern Luzon) there had been found a Filipino account of an interview held by Trias a few months before with the Japanese consul in Manila, who had apparently gone to a remote part of Cavite province for the purpose. This consul was represented as advising the Filipinos to seek "voluntary contributions" of arms and other aid in Japan, and as asserting that Japan would find compensation for aiding the Filipinos in some naval stations, etc. Assuming the correctness of this report (and it was probably prepared with a view to circulation among the Filipinos just before the election of 1900, in order to make it appear that foreign assistance was at hand), it is yet to be said that this Japanese in question was merely a clerical employee, though for the time being in charge of the Japanese consulate in Manila. This man would quite certainly not have been authorized by his government to treat of a matter of such seriousness.

Most recently there has been the story cabled from Manila (whence other news of first-class importance fails regularly to reach us by cable) about a Japanese

officer arrested while sketching the Manila "fortifications." Save the mark! If Manila city is meant, the fortifications are not even so formidable as when the walled city lay at the mercy of Dewey's light cruisers; for breaches have been made in the walls to enlarge the gates. They are of interest to antiquarians only, and the whole world, military and civil, knows it. As for the entrance to Manila harbor, we have not yet begun to fortify it, as every one may know who reads the *Congressional Record*, wherein the general plans of fortification have been many times alluded to in the reports of debates. Just why any one should become excited if the whole Japanese General Staff began taking notes and plans in the Philippines is not apparent; there is nothing there to conceal, and no harbor or other navigation data which they could not learn from our public documents without stirring from home.

There is no doubt at all that Japanese consuls and others have, under both Spanish and American rule in the Philippines, studied the resources and topography of the islands, looked over the prospective coal and iron deposits, and otherwise gained information with a view to possible contingencies. But it is not necessary to see anything unnatural or improper in this. Before 1898, the Japanese were certainly shrewd enough to foresee that Spanish dominion in the Orient was rotting of itself; it was perfectly natural that they should look into the question of forestalling Germany or some other European nation in this rich archipelago so nearly neighbor to them. The most casual follower of American politics knows that the permanent rule of the United States in the Philippines is not, and by the very nature of our institutions cannot be, a closed question. Japan, both on territorial and on economic grounds (for the products she needs and the possible outlet for her laboring men), is more vitally interested in the Philippines than the United States can be. What offense,

therefore, need we take from the fact that the Japanese preserve an active interest in those islands?

III

Why need any one suppose that the Japanese are not clever enough to see (and to have seen and understood ever since 1898) that the United States must inevitably be the chief factor in any future determination as to the fate, internationally, of the Philippine Islands? It would seem clear that it is now a cardinal point of Japanese foreign policy to cultivate most assiduously that friendship for themselves which was manifested in the late war: indeed, to endeavor to maintain such an active friendship and informal good understanding between the two peoples as will make the United States a sort of informal ally of theirs in case of future difficulties. Prominent statesmen of Japan have repeatedly given public expression to views which indicate such a policy of cultivating our country as a sort of "third ally," a passive ally, to be sure, but one whose sympathy they hope would be not the less active and potent internationally. A tangible evidence of the stress which is laid by Japanese officialdom upon the cultivation of friendship with America was afforded by the reception given to the "Taft party" last year.

When that party was just leaving the shores of Japan for the Philippines in 1905, the writer asked Secretary Taft if the Japanese officials had discussed with him the future of the Philippines. The reply was that there had been some talk about those islands in an informal way (for no political conferences were held by the Secretary of War in Tokyo, in spite of what has been said to the contrary), and Mr. Taft said without reserve, —

"It can be stated positively that the Japanese do not want the Philippine Islands, nor do they propose to do anything that would interfere with American friendship for them."

There is good reason to suppose that the government of the United States has been given formal assurances of this sort with regard to the Philippine Islands by the government of Japan.

Under another phase, however, the talk of Japan coveting the Philippines has been for six months agitating the Filipinos. Immediately after it was announced that Governor-General Wright would not return to Manila but would go as the first American ambassador to Tokyo, some British reporter in Washington or New York cabled to London the rumor that negotiations were under way for the sale of the Philippines to Japan. This rumor was transmitted to Manila, and had been stirring up Filipino political circles for several days before it was even heard of in the United States. Most American readers first heard it when Governor-General Ide cabled to Secretary Taft that it was greatly disturbing the Filipinos. In spite of the fact that the latter immediately cabled a positive and authoritative denial, and characterized it as not only false but "absurd," it continues to furnish the Filipinos with material for heated discussion. The Filipinos do not understand American political institutions and American government by discussion well enough to know that secret treaties are with us an impossibility, that such a measure would have to be fully threshed out in the forums of public opinion before it could or would be undertaken, and that, to say nothing more, the corps of American newspaper men in Washington would probably get hold of such a piece of news, if there were any foundation for it, at least as early as their British brethren.

The matter is treated as a live topic, an imminent possibility, in the Filipino press, and not a day passes without some reference to it, one Filipino newspaper maintaining in its columns a symposium of opinions upon it. Out in the provinces, provincial and municipal delegations have met and forwarded their protests against the transfer to Japan in lengthy

manifestoes to the government at Manila, requesting that they be cabled immediately to Washington, in order to stop the negotiations. In some degree, of course, the opportunity is merely improved by certain radicals to "agitate" and to create a feeling of resentment against the United States, some of their comments being most bitter.¹ There is no doubt, however, that the matter is taken most seriously in the provinces, and among a good many in Manila. Secretary Taft's vehement denial is utterly disregarded in this connection, or is spoken of as a merely "diplomatic evasion," as a statement which might be literally true when he made it, but which may cover secret designs for a transfer some time in the future.

IV

The significant thing about this agitation in the Philippines is not, however, the fact that the Filipinos are ignorant of the workings of American public affairs and distrustful of American intentions toward them. The real thing of significance that has been brought out by the whole Filipino discussion to date is that the Filipinos prefer American rule to rule by Japan, or probably by any other nation. Some of our American anti-imperialists appear to be much surprised by the turn which the discussion has taken in the Filipino press, and at finding that even the Filipino radicals are bitterly opposed to any such transfer. The anti-imperialists have lately, accepting as authentic all the criticisms of Messrs. Ireland, Willis, and others, denounced the present government in the Philippines as inefficient, burdensome, oppressive, and even tyrannical; and they were apparently sure that the Filipinos would

¹ *El Renacimiento*, Manila, May 18, 1906, has a cartoon wherein Ambassador Wright is represented holding a Filipino in the air, with a hammer in his other hand, auctioning off the Filipino before Japan, Germany, Great Britain, and Russia. Germany and Japan vie in the bidding, while Uncle Sam, swinging a policeman's stick, urges on.

turn to any way out of it as a sovereign remedy. But the Filipinos, even the most unreasonable of their radicals, know in their hearts that they are enjoying to-day a more efficient government, greater personal liberties and political privileges and in every way better opportunity for progress, than ever before. Hence, their protest against a transfer to Japan was immediate and spontaneous.

Of course, the protest of the Filipino radicals against this transfer arises in part from a natural objection to their country and people being disposed of without having a word in the matter. It is precisely in this respect that they mis-judge and wrong the American people; for it is safe to say that public opinion with us would not consent to such a disposition of the Filipinos being made without their having an opportunity to express themselves, or in face of their plain disapprobation. It is also true that the attitude of these Filipinos arises in large part from the desire for early political independence. Even so, their attitude plainly indicates that they think their chance is better under America than under Japan; if they would rather rely upon the American people than upon the Japanese government for their future independence, it is plain that they prefer American rule to Japanese rule, even with a view only to political rights and privileges. And if they knew better Japan's programme in Formosa and Korea, their attitude in this respect would undoubtedly be strengthened.

This episode, moreover, serves as another indication of the fact that the Filipinos are in many respects a people unique in the Orient. The Filipinos do not feel themselves identified with the Orient and with other Orientals. It may strike some as strange, but it is a fact nevertheless, that the Filipinos look down upon the Japanese; nurtured and schooled in the religious feelings and prejudices of the oldest established form of Christian worship and organization, the Filipinos look upon the Japanese as "pagans."

They have, in some degree, a European point of view, because in past centuries their outlook upon people and politics and societies in the world at large was through Spanish and Roman Catholic spectacles.

Of course, there is great admiration on the part of the Filipinos for Japan's achievements,—admiration mixed sometimes with a little awe, and lately, as we have seen, with fear. One catches now and then, too, the note that indicates some feeling of identity with the Japanese, some sense of a special pride in their achievements in the war with Russia, because they were the achievements of other Orientals, other "brown men;" a sense of racial identity, as it were, though still rather vague. And, too, it is an interesting question how far the Europeanized outlook of the educated Filipinos unfits them to be called fairly representative of the ignorant masses of their people,—the question will arise whether, after all, the Christianity of the latter, and the social customs it has brought with it, are more than nominal and superficial, and underneath there remains a really unchanged Oriental. If this be true, the educational opportunities now being extended to the Filipino youth *en masse* will, in the course of time, "let him out," and there will come to light the "real Filipino," just as there will be born the "real Filipino nation," where to-day there is only a sense of identity of aims on the part of the few who can communicate across the breadth of the archipelago, and merely a racial feeling on the part of the many who know nothing beyond their own community.

When that time comes, we may find the Filipinos turning more naturally and cordially toward the Japanese and seeking affiliation with them. But, if this should occur, it would be in no small part because both these peoples were semi-Europeanized, the one under the long-continued tutelage of foreign rule, the other as a voluntary pupil. And who can suppose that the message they would bear

to other Oriental peoples, by precept and example, would be simply that of hatred to Europe? That idea, that feeling, lurk in the minds and hearts of many Orientals without doubt, but the force of events is against them, just as we have seen how the very Filipinos of revolutionary tendencies have just now been rejecting the sentiment of unity with Japan that was expressed by one of their number in the heat of the war against the United States (in a contribution to *Columnas Volantes*, a revolutionary periodical printed at Lipa, Batangas, June 18, 1899): —

"The sun of the genuinely European modern culture is to-day at its zenith; later it will set in the West and to-morrow it will appear again, brilliant and luminous, in the East. Unquestionably the peoples of the East are called upon, as instruments of Providence, to perform in coming centuries the great deeds which are to startle posterity. The Malay race has taken the forefront and the initiative in this great work of the social and political regeneration of peoples apparently buried in the most abject barbarity. Japan, our elder brother, if the phrase be permitted, the representative of this race having most authority and prestige, begins to cause uneasiness because of her eagerness to put herself upon the level in modern culture of the old nations of Europe, who foresee but too early the danger that threatens them. Her navy, which, at the end of three years, when the modern boats she is building are finished, will be as powerful as that of France or that of Germany, and her determination to attract to herself the Chinese Empire and lead it in the same road to regeneration that she herself has begun to travel, indicate plainly her plans for the future: the union and alliance of the two races, Mongolian and Malayan, and for herself the hegemony. The haughty nations of the West tremble at the mere idea of such a union, which will produce a great revolution in the world, a revolution with which the French Revolution, mother of modern liberties, will not compare. The

gigantic volcano of the East will vomit its glowing lava over the fields and plains of the West and destroy it all; and over the ruins of its cities and towns others will rise,—only the memory and the history of the former remaining behind them.

“By the inexorable laws of fate, the other peoples of the Malay and Mongolian race, the other races inhabiting the old, and yet the newest, world will follow the course pointed out to them by the Japanese along the road of civilization. Each people, like each race, has its historic destiny; each empire, like each civilization, has its downfall in history. Providence has reserved for the yellow and colored race the empire of the future.”

Here is the outburst of a young revolutionary enthusiast in the days when hatred of things American, as of things Spanish, was zealously preached. Yet the very diction of it is borrowed from the Spanish, a language so rich and oratorical that it easily degenerates into bombast. More yet are the ideas it expresses those of a political reform, of a social “regeneration,” of a “civilization” itself, simply borrowed from Europe. This is no such turning of the East upon the West, and upon all things Western, as has been preached to us as bound to come. Even the race-feeling expressed is based upon the ignorant supposition that the Malay and Mongolian can be entirely identified,—and they by no means always lie down together in peace and harmony. If the East can indeed take the ideas and the institutions of the West, and blend them with those of the East itself to make a superior product, something better in civil-

ization, in religion and thought and life, than the world has yet seen, then does the East deserve to rise again over the West. But here is an honorable rivalry in which the West may well vie,—incidentally learning, it may be, quite as much from the East as it shall impart.

Our nation has stood for Japanese and Chinese nationality and for the integrity of Chinese territory in the past. Our attitude in the Philippines to-day, in its broader aspect, as looking toward “leading out” the Filipino people as a whole, is one in entire sympathy with Oriental nationality. We shall be wise, merely on selfish grounds,—on which grounds national policy is still supposed to rest,—if we continue to cultivate our traditional position as “best friend” of the Oriental peoples, Filipinos, Japanese, Chinese, or others. If some day, in that future which no man can foresee for the Far East, something like a Japanese protectorate should suit the Filipinos (perhaps they would prefer to call it “alliance”), and Japan should emerge as the leader of a little group of Oriental nations, it is hard to see why, on all grounds of national policy, we ourselves should not be suited with such an outcome of the “Philippine problem.” But that is mere guessing about a problematical future condition of affairs in the Far East. To-day the Filipinos do not want it, certainly not on any terms that would imply Japanese military rule, which is “thorough” in a way they well know American rule is not. Nor does the task we have undertaken in the Philippines permit us, with honor, to drop it in such a way.

TO ONE IMPATIENT OF FORM IN ART

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

I

CHIDE not the poet that he strives for beauty,
If still forthright he chants the thing he would,—

If still he knows, nor can escape, the dire
Necessity and burden of straight speech;

Not his the fault should music haunt the line,
If to the marrow cleaves the lyric knife.

Who poured the violent ocean, and who called
Earthquake and tempest and the crash of doom,

He spread the sea all beautiful at dawn,
And curved the bright bow 'gainst the black, spent storm,—

He framed these late and lovely violets
That under autumn leaves surprise the heart.

Blame not the seeker of beauty if his soul
Seeks it, in reverent and determined quest,

And in the sacred love of loveliness
Which God the all-giver gave — and satisfies;

Fearing lest he match not life's poignant breath
And the keen beauty of the blossoming day.

II

No poet he who knows not the great joy
That pulses in the flow and rush of rhythm

(Rhythm which is the seed and life of life,
And of all art the root, and branch, and bloom),

Knows not the strength that comes when vibrant thought
Beats 'gainst the bounds of fixéd time and space;

For law unto the master is pure freedom,
The prison-house a garden of delight.

So doth the blown breath from the bugle's walls
Issue in most triumphant melody;

So doth the impassioned poet's perfect verse,
Confined in law eterne, outshine the stars.

THE TALL MAN

BY S. CARLETON

THERE were two thoughts in my head as I let the marten out of the trap.

One was that Louis and I must part; the other that God has made his creatures very brave, — that marten had whisked off into the woods as coolly as if he had four good legs. I, who could not go where I wanted to, and was no longer brave, went home to find Louis: I would not go on being defied by him, and that was all there was about it.

Curiously enough, it was the disregard of my law against trapping that rankled in me; not the other — and bigger — order that Louis would not obey. Yet when I came upon him, chopping light-wood behind our camp, the rough words on my tongue stayed there. If I sent off Louis, what would become of me? For the small things I could still see on that November morning cut into me, as the smell of the cooking breakfasts in a careless town might cut into a man going through it to the scaffold: they were not for me any more; I was no longer concerned with them; unless Louis — I would make one more try with Louis before I told him to go where he pleased and let me start on my last journey alone.

While I stood, the yellow sunshine dazzled me — as it would not dazzle me long — where it glinted from the silver stems of the stunted birches, and turned topaz through the stubborn banners of the few last leaves. But if there were beauty abroad it did not warm me. Over the noise of Louis's chopping I spoke angrily. His axe rose and fell as if I did not exist.

I had never seen him sullen before; but I was more sullen myself, and with a better reason. I had prayed all the prayers I knew, to a God who must have known them better than I did, for He said nothing in answer. I did not speak

as I had meant to about the marten: I was in a worse trap myself, and there was not a human soul but Louis to help me out of it. It was that thought which made me ask an unquiet question quietly.

"Louis, why won't you take me through the woods to Caraquet?"

Indian like, he never turned. He said, "Must catch eels for winter. Going out to Spider Lake."

Now my friendship with Louis, as outcasts together, had not had many lies in it; and this one was a lie for a fool. There had been no rain for two months of the driest autumn I ever saw, and the eels were of course in the mud, and uncatchable.

"I never knew you afraid to go anywhere before," I retorted, and it was only a cheap sneer to match his lie; the thought had never entered my head. I was thoroughly astounded when he turned round on me.

"All my brothers are dead excepting me alone," he said violently. "Why should I go over that country?" — he swept his axe eastward. "I have no wish to go — I am not a fool! No white man ever came out of there alive, hardly any Indian. You can go the other way, and I will lead you to the railway. When there is a railway why must you walk? Walk!" — He spat. But it was the way he pitched his axe from him that sobered me. The man was beside himself. He never even looked at me as he flung off into the woods. I heard him long after he was out of sight, and the sound of his going was too like a bull moose in autumn to be pleasant.

"Well!" said I, because the thing was not well at all. Louis and I live farther out in the wilderness than most people, for in this country only the coast is used.

Between Caraquet mines and our camp a whole province runs out to sea sharply and at length. To go down to the sea and follow along the shore by the sparse settlements would mean nearly four hundred miles of walking; the train that Louis was so glib with is an ore train running into Caraquet from the mines; there may be thirty miles of track for it, certainly no more. And Caraquet, straight across the province, lay in round numbers but ninety miles from my own door — without allowing for the possible rise and fall of the country between. And on just that country was my mind set.

It was, of course, unexplored, as all the inland parts are; but that was the only thing I knew against it. I pay no attention to the stories of stray trappers who have to be entertaining in return for whiskey, and the legends of the huge timber wolves that infested the interior were the usual legends; the fable that no Indians could live there had arisen because the narrators had happened on no Indians. I had never heard anything of the country that was really daunting — I did not care two straws for the statement that it was impossible for a white man; while there were only plain rocks and trees and animals, and I had two good legs, it would not be impossible for me — except alone. I could not travel alone, there or anywhere else. I was, even out in the sunlight, nearly blind. And the day before there had reached me a scrawl from Caraquet saying there was an eye doctor at the mines, and that if I came at once there might be my eyesight. There is no sense in trying to tell any one what it meant to a half-blind man to read that letter in a haze and twilight. I had to go; and Louis would not take me except by the coastwise journey that would make me too late. If I was angry with him, you can close your eyes and see for yourself what your life means without them.

I sat down where Louis had left me, since I had nothing to do but sit, and stared in front of me because I should not

have long to stare. It was low down in the Indian willows by the frozen brook that I first thought I saw a shadow. If there had been leaves on the willows it might have been natural; but it was not natural now. I shut my eyes to clear them, and when I looked again the shadow was gone. It was in the birch scrub, and nearer.

I might have thought it the shadow of a man, only there was no rustling as it moved. It was a minute or two before I realized that the gray bar under the trees must be in my eyes — and I could not bear the fright of it. I shut them hard and fast, and began to gabble some of my threadbare prayers again; I felt too old and sick and blind to be looking at shadows, and Louis had gone away. I must have been an abject sight enough if there had been any one watching me, but I had not time to think of that when I heard a man call.

As I looked up I saw him. It was the last time I ever did see him — but I saw him then. He was a tall man, dressed in such leather as I had never laid eyes on, and through the softness of it there showed the easy movement of a man still young. His face was not so young, and it puzzled me. The skin of it was clear and pleasant, the lips sweet, but — he was not an Indian like any Indian I had ever known, let alone the different fashion of his clothes. He was very tall indeed; I saw that as he dropped silently down beside me. I had given him no invitation, but I was too startled to think of manners. Anyhow he had watched me, had stolen on me furtively. I made no attempt to be civil.

"Louis's out," I said, "and I'm nearly blind. What do you want?"

He looked at me. The glance was not repellent, but it repelled me. "I do not want, —" he spoke in the Indian that I had used, but with an astounding finish, — "it was you who wanted! I know the way across that country," he pointed east, towards Caraquet; "I was passing, and you spoke out very loud." ("You

sounded out your desire" was what he said, literally.)

Now I had said nothing to Louis that any stranger could make sense of,—not that morning; this man must have been in our neighborhood for a day past,—but neither of those things came to me then. If there were even the chance of taking a short cut to Caraquet I wanted to hear of it; wanted to light my pipe that I could still see the smoke from, and talk of it at long length, rolling the sudden hope that had come to me as I rolled my tobacco in my palms. My hand shook as I fumbled for a match, yet it was not altogether with my pleasure; there was something peculiar about the man. I do not think I spoke, but I know that he answered me.

"No, my head is right! But I am an outdweller — of the wilderness — and I know the ways of it. Do you wish to go through?"

"I do not see many strangers." I did not mean to apologize, but I did it. "I was — Did you ever know what it was to be helpless? You might have: you don't look young."

"Perhaps not." I do not know whether he answered the question or the assertion. He sat looking quietly in front of him, and I remembered I had once been a man at whose camp every one was welcome.

"Come in," I said, "and talk. Louis's away, but there is dinner on the fire."

"*Welaalin*, I have eaten; but I will take tobacco from you." He spoke as a prince might have spoken, but I was past surprise. I handed him the tobacco.

He took out a queer-looking pipe, wonderfully cut and carved. I should have liked to put out my hand for it, but this was no ordinary Indian. When I gave him a light he took a long draw of smoke, wiped the mouthpiece carefully, and handed the pipe to me. I have no fancy for other men's pipes, and certainly I should never have known my own tobacco; under the flavor of it was an odd taste, flat and cold, like the smell.

"*Kwedumei*, I smoke," I said: it means something like a wish for good health over a drink. But three whiffs were enough for me. I held out the pipe.

"It is a gift!" he said quickly; his dark hand was very clean and delicate as he pushed it back to me. "When are you ready to go with me?"

"To-morrow." I would have started then, but I had some decency. Louis had gone off in a passion; but I could not leave him without a word. "Is your camp far out?"

"Sometimes," the tall man returned indifferently.

His aloofness annoyed me. "You can't care for visitors!"

"The wolf is my brother," he answered, neither simply nor admittingly.

There came to me vaguely that I had once heard talk of an Indian who was called brother to a wolf. I was going to say so; but the man put it out of my head with a sudden question.

"How much of the ground do you know?"

"Very little." There was no sense in saying none at all.

"It is no matter." Once more his eyes were on mine, and once more that queer half-repulsion went through me, though I do not say they were startling eyes. "You can keep straight out to the north for a day's journey, and I will meet you. But to-morrow is too soon: it will not take as long as you think to get to Caraquet. In two days you can start. I will bring food for myself."

"Stay here! We can start together," — and it was not altogether to show Louis that he was not the only man on earth: I wanted to get over a certain feeling about my visitor to which I could not put a name.

He answered something about things to do. I remembered that I did not know who he was, nor the terms on which he was to guide me to Caraquet.

"Who I am? Oh — Martin!" I thought he laughed, but the smoke had stung my eyes and I was not sure. "And

money — you have been kind sometimes to people who could not repay you — that is a thing I have heard! If you come with me I shall get my satisfaction out of it. I am a man very used to the woods. But you are not to bring that servant of yours."

"He would n't go with you." I did not like the order. "I'm only going because I have to. It's bad country."

"And I am a stranger."

It was so point-blank that I touched the knife in his belt, and let my despair come out of me. "It takes longer to go blind," I mumbled.

This time there was no doubt about the man's laughter. He stood up. "Your own food," he said, "and your own knife; it will be handier than a gun, and not so heavy. And in three days I will meet you — one day's journey north."

"But it should be east — to Caraquet!"

"Oh yes, afterwards!" he agreed lightly. He wished me, not *adiou*, but a word of farewell I had never heard. There was no doubt that he was used to the woods, for he never even rustled the frosted leaves as he trod through them, and some live thing that I imagined to be my marten friend of the morning did not move till he was close on it. He was very quick on his feet.

I called after him: "God give you good weather!" but he must have been out of hearing; anyhow, he did not answer. I puzzled my brains as to what I had ever done that he had heard of, and all I could come to was that he must be some relation of Louis's, — there was no one else I had ever been kind to, and assuredly Louis was not paying back anything of that sort for himself.

In the sunshine I peered at the pipe the stranger had given me. It was bone, well carved, — probably an heir-loom; but I would have been driven before I put my good tobacco into it: the after-taste of the smoke from it was in my mouth still. I thought I put it down, but I must have shoved it into my pocket as I got up to shout for Louis. I had an

absurd feeling that I did not want to be alone.

It was a feeling I had time to get used to: sundown, and sunrise and sundown again came, and no Louis. Of course he was only an Indian and not worth caring for; but, as I stood in that quiet camp on the morning of the third day, and put my things together to start due north to meet the tall man, I felt sick and lifeless, and careless even of my eyes.

When I got well out, I realized how very bad they were. Though I kept my direction better than I had thought possible, there was all manner of rough going that Louis could have spared me; Louis, who did not care whether I were blind or dead, — and as I thought it I heard a man running. I never heard a man run like that. Before I could even turn there was a crash in the bushes, and Louis seized me by the shoulder.

"We find the way," he burst out in his English, "we been gone two days, but we find the way! We very much 'fraid when we seen you gone. This very bad country. You go here alone, you die; both of us go, p'raps we die too, — but you good man to me, we go with you past this country. Oh," he let out his breath with a queer laugh, "my heart 'way up on a long pole when we think you go this country alone, and you most blind! You wrong already; this place long way north. We best start east right away."

"We can't! There's Martin."

"Who?"

I told him. I had my hand on his arm for the comfort of it, and I felt the muscle jar under my fingers.

"Small little man?" he asked swiftly.

"No," — I had somehow a difficulty in describing the stranger because of that thing in his eyes that had repelled me. "Tall. Oh, just an Indian!"

"Just one very big liar," said Louis angrily, yet I felt something else under his voice. "That not Martin; some one make laugh of you. North — what for we go north?" he flung it out as though it were another word for damnation.

"Because I said I would! But we'll just meet the man, and I'll tell him I don't want him." I got my stiff eyelids open, and saw that if I had spoken to ease a decent jealousy my pains were wasted. Louis's head was up as though he listened — and not to me.

"Best start," he said quietly, — "must go slow, you know. This hard traveling for you."

I had found that out for myself. The sun hurt, and the dazzle hurt, and the wind was torture. There is no sense in trying to keep back how low I fell; I let Louis tie a string round his waist, and I followed on the end of it like a dog. He did not go what I called slowly; but I got along somehow, with my eyes shut. It was the feel of the afternoon sun on my back that made me stop.

"You're going east!" I said angrily.

He grunted. "Must go round some big rock. We go north all right!"

Perhaps we did, — till sundown. Then I could not see the stars well enough to know which way Louis led me, even if he had not begun to travel as though I were a man who could see. I bawled at him to stop, and he went faster.

"Not yet," he put his hand behind him and jerked at my string; "we make hurry now;" and perhaps we might have, if I had not fallen down for the twentieth time. It must have been then that I lost my knife, but I did not think of it.

"Better camp," I panted, where I sat sick and shaken. "I can't make any time here, Louis!"

"We got to," said Louis rudely. He hauled me to my feet and began to flee through the night again, as if I had been the dog I felt. Some kind of a second wind had come to me when he stopped, so short that I nearly fell over him. "You hear anything?" he whispered.

"No! We have n't come far enough to hear Martin."

"Oh, that man! We don't ever hear that man. We mean a noise!"

At that moment I thought I did. When I said so Louis only hurried me on again.

Presently he said a word which was certainly one of relief, stopped, and lugged me into some sort of shelter. I felt round the place, and it was a shelter helped with hands, if some part of it were natural rock. The back and sides were solid, but the roof was a strong man's roof: I had a sudden knowledge of Louis's doings in that absence he had not explained. I was so full of wonder that I said something foolish about Martin. Louis commented harshly that Martin would not be waiting at all; if he were it did not matter; it was the way men died in this country, going out to meet strangers they did not know where. His voice shook over it, and I was quiet. After all, the tall man was the friend of a day: he might be waiting and he might not. Louis ate in silence. It was the sound of his breathing that made me speak to him.

"What's wrong with this country?"

"It is forbidden," he said unwillingly, in the Indian I had thought so polished till I heard the tall man speak the same tongue. "What you call 'reserved,' by one of former days."

"Do you mean it's haunted?" The word he used meant an Indian of old time, not an Indian dead and gone, and it puzzled me.

"I mean —" he hesitated; chose his words palpably, and said them with a rush. "I am afraid of One who was angry and went away to live here. To come where *he* has forbidden! Well, God is merciful, an Easy Man, supposed to forgive us our mistakes; this one is different! I told you it was not good to cross — his — country, but you would not listen; so I have done what I thought best for you. My brothers crossed before you, and are dead."

"How?"

"How do I know?" — and I was not prepared for the quick stiffening of his lax body. "As for me, I have avenged them," he cried furiously, "and I am a dead man now if I go north. I lied to you to-day. We never went north; we came east, due east! I am a man of low char-

acter, and cunning; those nights I was away from you I found a way to skirt the Country of the Waiting. This camp I make, and another one day's journey on — good camps, safe! And in one day and one night we are clear of — *his* — country. You think it is for my fear I do it, — it is for you. No white man has ever set foot there alive, and why should you? It is not *my* fear! I heard nothing, I saw nothing those days I was away: why should I fear? Besides, for all I know it is a lie that he who waits here never forgives, and that he can bring the dead out of their graves to call you to him. Why do you suppose I trapped and trapped at your camp when you forbade me? It was my vengeance: they say the beasts are all *his* servants, the marten most of all; that it is they who call to you with dead men's voices. But I believe that is a lie, too!" He leaned suddenly over me. "Why do you laugh?" he demanded.

I had not made a sound, but I answered as I saw fit: the man was worn out with his three days' running in my service. I could make no sense of his rigmarole — not then; but there was no doubt that he was afraid; all day I had known that he thought some one followed us. I had heard nothing, but after he slept I listened. I was satisfied that there was no sound anywhere when Louis spoke in his sleep.

"Continually he screams behind me!" he cried in Indian. I heard him move toward the door, and as I clutched him he trembled with the shock of waking. I was sorry to have startled him, but it was no place for a blind man to be alone in; and I took the string that was round his waist and tied it to my waist as it had been tied all day. It was Louis's fingers on the hitch in the cold of morning that woke me. When we started I was stone blind. I asked if it were snowing, for there was a cold dampness on my face.

"Frost fog! Kind of dark," Louis answered absently. I felt him lean forward, look, and listen. But I had never

been in such quiet woods; not a stick cracked nor a branch creaked. Through that silence we moved, the frosty crush of our steps loud on dead bracken, then on stiffened swamp, then on rising ground; and we moved slowly. It went through me that Louis was fumbling, but just as I would have given the world and all to be able to see he spoke confidently: "Almost we miss our trail, but we find it now!" And apparently we did, for we made as good going for some hours as was possible to the blind and the leader of the blind. It was afternoon when Louis checked so sharply that I ran hard against him. "He cries to me in the day-time!" he shrieked.

"Who cries?" I caught his hand, and felt him loosening my string.

"My brother that was younger than I!" I dragged him round to face my blindness. "He's dead," I said brutally. "How could he be here?"

"You ask me. I tell you." He shook under my hand, but that was all he said. Perhaps he was ashamed, for he went on quietly.

The weather had not cleared as the sun arched; it kept thick and chill against my face, and in the thickness I felt Louis alter his direction three times. But it was not till I could not take another step that he owned he was lost. There was nothing to fuss about: either the sun or the stars would show in time, and we had plenty of food; yet I should have been happier if Louis had been troubled. He made a scratch sort of camp just where we happened to be standing, and last night's fear had dropped from him like a garment and left a different Louis bare. He was all ears and waiting, and, being blind, it worried me a little in a silent place where there was nothing to wait for. Besides, he did not eat; and when I asked him how he had missed his second camp he said he had not looked for it, because all he told me the night before was stuff and nonsense; and he untied my string and threw it away. I said roughly that I wished I had stuck

to Martin, but the jealousy had gone out of Louis. He laughed. From somewhere behind the camp came a cold echo, and it took me out into the dark. On my hands and knees I found we were in the gully of a dead river, close under a low cliff, and bare stones, big and little, ran past us like the paving of a road. A small cold wind sighed up the valley of it, and shale dropped now and then from the crumbling sides.

It was not a cheerful place to make camp. I asked Louis if he had crossed it on that survey journey of his, and he said carelessly that he did not know. I was cold and tired and angry; Louis lay down and slept. And if last night had been silent, this night was not. There were sudden whisperings round us, like the rustling in thick underbrush,—and the place was all stones. I got to an uneasy sleep at last, and it may have been midnight when it woke me. I say it, because I have no mind to own what I thought. The darkness did not make the difference to me that it does to people who can see: I caught hold of Louis.

“He walks beside me,” he said very softly; and struck me in the face. He was gone before I could get up off the ground.

I went out after him, calling myself hoarse. There was nothing to hold a track, even if I could have followed one without my eyes. I was afraid to leave the camp, yet when I heard something I went to it. There was not much sense in a blind man choosing a place to die in, and one would be the same as another to me if Louis abandoned me.

“Louis!” I shouted; and a voice too close to me said something. I knew it; and I may as well tell the truth. When I heard the pat of moccasins on those stones I tried to feel relief, and was aware of senseless dread.

“You have been a long time coming,” said the tall man coolly. “I was afraid you had missed the way.”

“We got lost!” I made a step to him,

but he must have receded; I did not touch him. “Why did you run out of my camp just now?”

“It was not I.”

I had known it was not when I asked him, but I answered obstinately, “Louis went out with some one! You must have seen him, even if it were not you.”

“No;” and the voice held no interest whatever.

“He said his brother came into the camp. I mean”—the start the man had given me was natural enough. I began to get hold of myself, the more easily that I could not see his eyes; and I stopped some foolishness that was on my tongue. “Louis says his dead brother has been calling him all day,” I substituted. “I don’t know why, unless he’s crazy. And now he’s left me. Put me in my camp and look for him.”

“You should not have brought him; I said not.” And an uncalled-for comprehension in the answer put me in a rage. “My camp is near; we will go to it. Perhaps he may come there.”

“If I wait here till the last day I will wait *here!*” I did not care if the man were angry or not. “Louis would not go near your camp; he said you were a liar, and your name was not Martin at all. He was afraid of this country, and it is because of me that he strayed into it. He says it is haunted.”

“Haunted?”

“Reserved, was what he said.”

“I live here,” commented the cold voice; in the silence I knew its owner was laughing. And over the laugh, quite close to me, some one screamed. The cry was baffled in the gully, beaten to and fro against the sides of it; but it was Louis’s cry. I thought it would never stop. The ungovernable terror of a soul unbridled, it stiffened the hair on my head. I began to run, and knew I should be too long on the road.

“Go, man; for God’s sake!” I ordered. I felt for my knife and could not find it. “You know this place, and I’m blind. Go!”

"Why? He is a man of low character, and cunning; he is not afraid."

I had to hear Louis call for the help that was not coming, but there was no reason I should listen to mockery. I sprang at the man, and him I did not touch; my hand closed by a miracle on the knife he carried. As he clutched the air for me I was on all fours with it in my hand, crawling to that sound. There was more than a scream now, and it guided me; if it were a death struggle it guided me. I touched suddenly what I knew was Louis, and he lay still; touched, too, something else — and God knows I cut at it, and I cut well; but I was late. The tall man's knife went to the hilt in loose gravel, and something no bigger than a marten scuttered up the falling shale of the gully side. There was, literally and absolutely, nothing else. I said to myself that it was my blindness, and Louis's madness, and the Indian devil in the gully laughing at both of them, that made me afraid; but I knew it was the foolish inadequacy of the marten coming on top of that cry.

"Dead men's voices," said I, "and a marten," — and knew I was clutching at my sanity. I meant to swear at Louis, and instead felt furiously for the life in him; the sweat of panic was on my hands when I heard the quick feet of the tall man beside me. I listened — for reasons of my own — till he stopped to make sure that Louis was dead; but instead he touched me on the shoulder. It was as if virtue came out of him; I can find no other phrase. I know that I dropped his knife.

"So the smoked pipe goes for nothing, with you!" he said softly. The changed voice sucked the murder out of me till I was slack as Louis, who would have been alive if I had not wanted my miserable eyesight. It was some satisfaction to me to stammer out what he had been to me, even if I had to do it in jerks as I tried to rouse him. But the tall man put me suddenly aside.

"You have, several times, given me

back my servants — I can perhaps do as much for you," he said unexpectedly. His laugh was different, just as I knew his eyes were if I could have seen them, and then there dawned on me what I had been a fool not to know from the first. This man was a chief; able to keep up his state in this outlying country; with perhaps twenty captains under him. I did not remember any of his men, I had no hope he would put his hand to squaw's work for Louis, — but I moved aside.

What he did I do not know: I might not even if I had had my sight. But I felt Louis move; I suppose that he opened his eyes; and I know that the strange chief spoke to him in words that I could not understand. All I gathered was that his name was not Martin, who was a small man and a servant, and perhaps known to Louis. But Louis turned on his face and groveled; I could hear his hands claw and scratch on the stones of that place as he answered:

"*Aooledalume, 'Nsakumam!*" He might have been praying, but I knew better, though it was "Lord have mercy on me" that he said.

It was plain that the two knew each other, with bad blood between them; but all I cared for was that the strange chief had chosen to wipe it away. It was none of my business what his real name was; many Indians have several; besides, I was in the darkness of the blind, and I was sick with weariness. It was by no choice of mine that the tall man took my hand and led me all the next day, while Louis, stone silent, walked behind; but I was, quite suddenly, very happy with him. I say he led me; and we talked as friends talk — it was that which made me ask his name.

"It is one I keep silence on," he answered quietly; and once more I was conscious of that aloofness, that domination that had repelled me. "And so will you, O white man I have met in peace!"

I do not know why I could not answer him as he said good-by with that word that lacked the name of God in it. I held

out his knife, but he would not take it. He was gone so abruptly that I staggered for want of his hand.

It was when I could see again, and was still thanking the good God for it, that I found Father Moore looking at the tall man's knife. He was holding it over an old sack of painted leather and Louis was glowering at him when I came in on the pair of them.

"Where did you dig up this stone knife?" cried the priest eagerly. "It's very old — very good!"

I nodded. I had got over my amazement at the stone blade.

"I did n't find it; a man gave —" my glance rested on the painted sack in joyful astonishment. On it were picture after picture of the tall man; his outlandish clothing; his splendid bearing; the unforgotten, once-seen outline of his face. "Why, that's the man —" I began, and the priest cut me off dryly.

"Those are pictures, three hundred years old, of the Indians' demi-god and hero, their Glooscap, who left them because the whites came, and is still alive — or they dare to believe so! They say he will return when his hour comes, but

till then he keeps silence and will have no man pry after him, or kill on his land. It is rank heresy, but I cannot cure them of it, and almost I —" he checked himself hastily, and tapped the picture-writing. "That pipe and knife," he said irritably, "don't you see what a treasure they are? That they are here?"

"Glooscap!" I stood in a whirl of tardy memories — of the tall man's eyes, of Glooscap whose brother was King of the Wolves, whose servant was the Marten — and my mouth opened foolishly. "It could n't have been!" I babbled. "The knife belonged to a man who guided me here. He was a tall man, a — a chief —"

Louis interrupted me smoothly, if I had not seen his face before he smiled at the priest.

"The master has had those things for a long time, ever since I knew him. He was very sick and blind coming here, and talked much to himself. There never was any tall man!"

I looked at the things lying on the table, from the priest to the Indian; and I remembered that word concerning silence. Then:

"I suppose there never was," said I.

THE CRIMINALOID

EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

THE Edda has it that during Thor's visit to the giants he is challenged to lift a certain gray cat. "Our young men think it nothing but play." Thor puts forth his whole strength, but can at most bend the creature's back and lift one foot. On leaving, however, the mortified hero is told the secret of his failure. "The cat — ah! we were terror-stricken when we saw one paw off the floor; for that is the Midgard serpent which, tail in mouth, girds and keeps up the created world."

How often to-day the prosecutor who

tries to lay by the heels some notorious public enemy is baffled by a mysterious resistance! The thews of Justice become as water; her sword turns to lath. Though the machinery of the law is strained askew, the evildoer remains erect, smiling, unscathed. At the end, the mortified champion of the law may be given to understand that like Thor he was contending with the established order; that he had unwittingly laid hold on a pillar of society, and was therefore pitting himself against the reigning or-

ganization in local finance and politics.

The real weakness in the moral position of Americans is not their attitude toward the plain criminal, but their attitude toward the quasi-criminal. The shocking leniency of the public in judging conspicuous persons who have thriven by anti-social practices is not due, as many imagine, to sycophancy. Let a prominent man commit some offense in bad odor and the multitude flings its stones with a right goodwill. The social lynching of the self-made magnate who put away his faded, toil-worn wife for the sake of a soubrette, proves that the props of the old morality have not rotted through. Sex righteousness continues to be thus stiffly upheld simply because man has not been inventing new ways of wronging woman. So long ago were sex sins recognized and branded that the public, feeling sure of itself, lays on with promptness and emphasis. The slowness of this same public in lashing other kinds of transgression betrays, not sycophancy, or unthinking admiration of success, but perplexity. The prosperous evildoers that bask undisturbed in popular favor have been careful to shun — or seem to shun — the familiar types of wickedness. Overlooked in Bible and Prayer-book, their obliquities lack the brimstone smell. Surpass as their misdeeds may in meanness and cruelty, there has not yet been time enough to store up strong emotion about them; and so the sight of them does not let loose the flood of wrath and abhorrence that rushes down upon the long-attainted sins.

The immunity enjoyed by the perpetrator of new sins has brought into being a class for which we may coin the term *criminaloid*.¹ By this we designate such as prosper by flagitious practices which have not yet come under the effective ban of public opinion. Often, indeed, they are guilty in the eyes of the law; but since they are not culpable in the

eyes of the public and in their own eyes, their spiritual attitude is not that of the criminal. The law-maker may make their misdeeds crimes, but, so long as morality stands stock-still in the old tracks, they escape both punishment and ignominy. Unlike their low-browed cousins, they occupy the cabin rather than the steerage of society. Relentless pursuit hems in the criminals, narrows their range of success, denies them influence. The criminaloids, on the other hand, encounter but feeble opposition, and, since their practices are often more lucrative than the authentic crimes, they distance their more scrupulous rivals in business and politics and reap an uncommon worldly prosperity.

Of greater moment is the fact that the criminaloids lower the tone of the community. The criminal slinks in the shadow, menacing our purses but not our ideals; the criminaloid, however, does not belong to the half-world. Fortified by his connections with "legitimate business," "the regular party organization," perhaps with orthodoxy and the *bon ton*, he may even bestride his community like a Colossus. In his sight and in their own sight the old-style, square-dealing sort are as grasshoppers. Do we not hail him as "a man who does things," make him director of our banks and railroads, trustee of our hospitals and libraries? When Prince Henry visits us, do we not put him on the reception committee? He has far more initial weight in the community than has the arraigning clergyman, editor, or prosecutor. From his example and his excuses spreads a noxious influence that tarnishes the ideals of ingenuous youth on the threshold of active life. To put the soul of this pagan through a Bertillon system and set forth its marks of easy identification is, therefore, a sanitary measure demanded in the interest of public health.

The key to the criminaloid is not evil impulse but moral insensibility.

The director who speculates in the

¹ Like *asteroid*, *crystalloid*, *anthropoid*, etc. "Criminaloid" is Latin-Greek, to be sure, but so is "sociology."

securities of his corporation, the banker who lends his depositors' money to himself under divers corporate aliases, the railroad official who grants a secret rebate for his private graft, the builder who hires walking delegates to harass his rivals with causeless strikes, the labor leader who instigates a strike in order to be paid for calling it off, the publisher who bribes his textbooks into the schools, these reveal in their faces nothing of wolf or vulture. Nature has not foredoomed them to evil by a double dose of lust, cruelty, malice, greed, or jealousy. They are not degenerates tormented by monstrous cravings. They want nothing more than we all want,—money, power, consideration,—in a word, success; but they are in a hurry and they are not particular as to the means.

The criminaloid prefers to prey on the anonymous public. He is touchy about the individual victim, and if faced down, will even make him reparation out of the plunder gathered at longer range. Too squeamish and too prudent to practice treachery, brutality, and violence himself, he takes care to work through middlemen. Conscious of the antipodal difference between doing wrong and getting it done, he places out his dirty work. With a string of intermediaries between himself and the toughs who slug voters at the polls, or the gang of navvies who break other navvies' heads with shovels on behalf of his electric line, he is able to keep his hands sweet and his boots clean. Thus he becomes a consumer of custom-made crime, a client of criminals, oftener a maker of criminals by persuading or requiring his subordinates to break law. Of course he must have "responsible" agents as valves to check the return flow of guilt from such proceedings. He shows them the goal, provides the money, insists on "results," but vehemently declines to know the foul methods by which alone his understrappers can get these "results." Not to bribe, but to employ and finance the briber; not to lie, but to admit to your editorial columns "pay-

ing matter;" not to commit perjury, but to hire men to homestead and make over to you claims they have sworn were entered in good faith and without collusion; not to cheat, but to promise a "rake-off" to a mysterious go-between in case your just assessment is cut down; not to rob on the highway, but to make the carrier pay you a rebate on your rival's shipments; not to shed innocent blood, but to bribe inspectors to overlook your neglect to install safety appliances: such are the ways of the criminaloid. He is a buyer rather than a practitioner of sin, and his middlemen spare him unpleasant details.

Secure in his quilted armor of lawyer-spun sophistries, the criminaloid promulgates an ethics which the public hails as a disinterested contribution to the philosophy of conduct. He invokes a pseudo-Darwinism to sanction the revival of outlawed and by-gone tactics of struggle. Ideals of fellowship and peace are "unscientific." To win the game with the aid of a sleeveful of aces proves one's fitness to survive. A sack of spoil is Nature's patent of nobility. A fortune is a personal attribute, as truly creditable as a straight back or a symmetrical face. Poverty, like the misshapen ear of the degenerate, proves inferiority. The wholesale fleecer of trusting, workaday people is a "Napoleon," a "superman." Labor defending its daily bread must, of course, obey the law; but "business," especially the "big proposition," may free itself of such trammels in the name of a "higher law." The censurers of the criminaloid are "pin-headed disturbers" who would imitate him if they had the chance or the brains.

The criminaloid is not anti-social by nature.

Nation-wide is the zone of devastation of the adulterator, the rebater, the commercial free-booter, the fraud promoter, the humbug healer, the law-defying monopolist. State-wide is the burnt district of the corrupt legislator, the cor-

poration-owned judge, the venal inspector, the bought bank-examiner, the mercenary editor. But draw near the sinner and he whitens. If his fellowmen are wronged clear to his doorstep he is criminal, not criminaloid. For the latter loses his sinister look, even takes on a benign aspect, as you come close. Within his home town, his ward, his circle, he is perhaps a good man, if judged by the simple old-time tests. Very likely he keeps his marriage vows, pays his debts, "mixes" well, stands by his friends, and has a contracted kind of public spirit. He is ready enough to rescue imperiled babies, protect maidens, or help poor widows. He is unevenly moral: oak in the family and clan virtues, but basswood in commercial and civic ethics. In some relations he is more sympathetic and generous than his critics; and he resents with genuine feeling the scorn of men who happen to have specialized in other virtues than those that appeal to him. Perhaps his point of honor is to give bribes but not to take them; perhaps it is to "stay bought," or not to sell out to both sides at once.

The type is exemplified by the St. Louis boodler, who, after accepting \$25,000 to vote against a certain franchise, was offered a larger sum to vote for it. He did so, but returned the first bribe. He was asked on the witness-stand why he had returned it. "Because it was n't mine!" he exclaimed, flushing with anger. "I had n't earned it."

Seeing that the conventional sins are mostly close-range inflictions, whereas the long-range sins, being recent in type, have not yet been branded, the criminaloid receives from his community the credit of the close-in good he does, but not the shame of the remote evil he works.

Sometimes it is *time* instead of *space* that divides him from his victims. It is to-morrow's morrow that will suffer from the patent soothing-syrup, the factory toil of infants, the grabbing of public lands, the butchery of forests, and the smuggling in of coolies. In such

a case the short-sighted many exonerate him; only the far-sighted few mark him for what he is. Or it may be a social interval that leaves him his illusion of innocence. Like Robin Hood, the criminaloid spares his own sort and finds his quarry on another social plane. The labor grafta, the political "striker," and the blackmailing society editor prey upward; the franchise grabber, the fiduciary thief, and the frenzied financier prey downward. In either case the sinner moves in an atmosphere of friendly approval and can still any smart of conscience with the balm of adulation.

It is above all the political criminaloid who is social. We are assured that the king of the St. Louis boodlers is "a good fellow, — by nature, at first, then by profession." "Everywhere big Ed went, there went a smile also and encouragement for your weakness, no matter what it was." The head of the Minneapolis ring was "a good fellow—a genial, generous reprobate," "the best-loved man in the community," "especially good to the poor." "Stars-and-Stripes Sam" was the nickname of a notorious looter of Philadelphia, who amassed influence by making "a practise of going to lodges, associations, brotherhoods, Sunday-schools and all sorts of public and private meetings, joining some, but making at all speeches patriotic and sentimental." The corrupt boss of another plundered city is reported to be "a charming character," possessing "goodness of heart and personal charm," and loved for his "genial, hearty kindness." He shrank from robbing anybody; was equal, however, to robbing everybody. Of this type was Tweed, who had a "good heart," donated \$50,000 to the poor of New York, and was sincerely loved by his clan.

It is now clear why hot controversy rages about the unmasked criminaloid. His home town, political clan, or social class, insists that he is a good man maligned, that his detractors are purblind or jealous. The criminaloid is really a

borderer between the camps of good and evil, and this is why he is so interesting. To run him to earth and brand him, as long ago pirate and traitor were branded, is the crying need of our time. For this Anak among malefactors, working unchecked in the rich field of sinister opportunities opened up by latter-day conditions, is society's most dangerous foe, more redoubtable by far than the plain criminal, because he sports the livery of virtue and operates on a Titanic scale. Every year that sees him pursue in insolent triumph his nefarious career raises up a host of imitators and hurries society toward moral bankruptcy.

The criminaloid practises a protective mimicry of the good.

Because so many good men are pious, the criminaloid covets a high seat in the synagogue as a valuable private asset. Accordingly he is often to be found in the assemblies of the faithful, zealously exhorting and bearing witness. Onward thought he must leave to honest men; his line is strict orthodoxy. The upright may fall slack in devout observances, but he cannot afford to neglect his church connection. He needs it in his business. Such simulation is easier because the godly are slow to drive out the open-handed sinner who eschews the conventional sins. Many deprecate prying into the methods of any brother "having money or goods ostensibly his own or under a title not disapproved by the proper tribunals." They have, indeed, much warrant for insisting that the saving of souls rather than the salvation of society is the true mission of the church.

The old Hebrew prophets, to be sure, were intensely alive to the social effect of sin. They clamor against "making the ephah small and the shekel great," falsifying the balances, "treading upon the poor" "Sensational," almost "demagogic," is their outcry against those who "turn aside the stranger in his right," "take a bribe," "judge not the cause of the fatherless," "oppress the hireling in

his wages," "take increase," "withhold the pledge," "turn aside the poor in the gate from their right," "take away the righteousness of the righteous from him." No doubt, their stubborn insistence that God wants "mercy and not sacrifice," despises feast days, delights not in burnt offerings, will not hear the melody of viols, but desires judgment to "run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream," struck their contemporaries as extreme. Over against their antiquated outlook may be set the larger view that our concern should be for the sinner rather than the sinned against. He is in peril of hell fire, whereas the latter risks nothing more serious than loss, misery, and death. After all, sin's overshadowing effect is the pollution of the sinner's soul; and so it may be more Christian not to scourge forth the traffickers from the Temple, but to leave them undisturbed where good seed may perchance fall upon their souls.

Likewise the criminaloid counterfeits the good citizen. He takes care to meet all the conventional tests, — flag worship, old-soldier sentiment, observance of all the national holidays, perfervid patriotism, party regularity and support. Full well he knows that the giving of a fountain or a park, the establishing of a college chair on the Neolithic drama or the elegiac poetry of the Chaldeans, will more than outweigh the dodging of taxes, the grabbing of streets, and the corrupting of city councils. Let him have his way about charters and franchises, and he zealously supports that "good government" which consists in sweeping the streets, holding down the "lid," and keeping taxes low. Nor will he fail in that scrupulous correctness of private and domestic life which confers respectability. In politics, to be sure, it is often necessary to play the "good fellow;" but in business and finance a studious conformity to the *conveniences* is of the highest importance. The criminaloid must perform seem sober and chaste, "a good husband and a kind father." If in this

respect he offend, his hour of need will find him without support, and some callow reporter or district attorney will bowl him over like any vulgar criminal.

The criminaloid therefore puts on the whole armor of the good. He stands having his loins girt about with religiosity and having on the breastplate of respectability. His feet are shod with ostentatious philanthropy, his head is encased in the helmet of spread-eagle patriotism. Holding in his left hand the buckler of worldly success, and in his right the sword of "influence," he is "able to withstand in the evil day and having done all, to stand."

The criminaloid plays the support of his local or special group against the larger society.

The plain criminal can do himself no good by appealing to his "Mollies," "Larrikins," or "Mafiosi," for they have no social standing. The criminaloid, however, identifies himself with some legitimate group, and when arraigned he calls upon his group to protect its own. The politically influential Western land thieves stir up the slumbering local feeling against the "impertinent meddlers" of the forestry service and the land office. Safe behind the judicial dictum that "bribery is merely a conventional crime," the boodlers denounce their indicter as "blackening the fair fame" of his state, and cry, "Stand up for the grand, old commonwealth of Nemaha!" The city boss harps artfully on the chord of local spirit and summons his baliwick to rebuke the up-state reformers who would unhorse him. The law-breaking saloon-keeper rallies merchants with the cry that enforcement of the liquor laws "hurts business." The labor graftor represents his exposure as a capitalist plot and calls upon all Truss Riveters to "stand pat" and "vindicate" him with a reëlection. When a pious buccaneer is brought to bay, the Reverend Simon Magus thus sounds the denominational bugle:—"Brother Barabbas is a loyal Newlight

and a generous supporter of the Newlight Church. This vicious attack upon him is, therefore, a covert thrust at the Newlight body and ought to be resented by all the brethren." High finance, springing to the help of self-confessed thieves, meets an avenging public in this wise: "The integrity trust not only seeks with diabolical skill a reputation to blast, but, once blasted, it sinks into it wolfish fangs and gloats over the result of its fiendish act;" — and adds, "This is not the true American spirit"

Here twangs the ultimate chord! For in criminaloid philosophy it is "un-American" to wrench patronage from the hands of spoilsmen, "un-American" to deal Federal justice to rascals of state importance, "un-American" to pry into arrangements between shipper and carrier, "un-American" to fry the truth out of reluctant magnates.

The claims of the wider community have no foe so formidable as the scared criminaloid. He is the champion of the tribal order as against the civil order. By constantly stirring up on his own behalf some sort of clannishness — local, sectional, partisan, sectarian, or professional clannishness — he rekindles dying jealousies and checks the rise of the civic spirit. It is in line with this clannishness that he wants citizens to act together on a personal basis. He does not know what it is to rally around a principle. Fellow-partisans are "friends." To scratch or to bolt is to "go back on your friends." The criminaloid understands sympathy and antipathy as springs of conduct, but justice strikes him as hardly human. The law is a club to rescue your friends from and to smite your enemies with, but it has no claim of its own. He expects his victims to "come back" at him if they can, but he cannot see why everything may not be "arranged," "settled out of court." Those inflexible prosecutors who hew to the line and cannot be "squared" impress him as fanatical and unearthly, as monsters who find their pleasure in making trouble for others. For to his

barbarian eyes society is all a matter of "stand in."

So long as the public conscience is torpid, the criminaloid has no sense of turpitude. In the dusk and the silence the magic of clan opinion converts his misdeeds into something rich and strange. For the clan lexicon tells him that a bribe is a "retaining fee," a railroad pass is a "courtesy," probing is "scandal-mongering," the investigator is an "officious busybody," a protest is a "howl," critics are "foul harpies of slander," public opinion is "unreasoning clamor," regulation is "meddling," any inconvenient law is a "blue" law. As rebate-giver he is sustained by the assurance that "in Rome you must do as the Romans do." As disburser of corruption funds he learns that he is but "asserting the higher law which great enterprises have the right to command." Blessed phrases these! What a lint for dressing wounds to self-respect! Often the reminiscent criminaloid, upon comparing his misdeeds with what his clansmen stood ready to justify him in doing, is fain to exclaim with Lord Clive, "By God, sir, at this moment I stand amazed at my own moderation!" When the revealing flash comes and the storm breaks, his difficulty in getting the public's point of view is really pathetic. Indeed, he may persist to the end in regarding himself as a martyr to "politics," or "yellow journalism," or the "unctuous rectitude" of personal foes, or "class envy" in the guise of a moral wave.

The criminaloid flourishes until the growth of morality overtakes the growth of opportunities to prey.

It is of little use to bring law abreast of the time if morality lags. In a swiftly

changing society the law inevitably tarries behind need, but public opinion tarries behind need even more. Where, as with us, the statute has little force of its own, the backwardness of public opinion nullifies the work of the legislator. Every added relation among men makes new chances for the sons of Belial. Wider interdependencies breed new treacheries. Fresh opportunities for illicit gain are continually appearing, and these are eagerly seized by the unscrupulous. The years between the advent of these new sins and the general recognition of their heinousness are few or many according to the alertness of the social mind. By the time they have been branded, the onward movement of society has created a fresh lot of opportunities, which are, in their turn, exploited with impunity. It is in this gap that the criminaloid disports himself. The narrowing of this gap depends chiefly on the faithfulness of the vedettes that guard the march of humanity. If the editor, writer, educator, clergyman, or public man, is zealous to reconnoitre and instant to cry aloud the dangers that present themselves in our tumultuous social advance, a regulative opinion quickly forms and the new sins soon become odious.

Now, it is the concern of the criminaloids to delay this growth of conscience by silencing the alert vedettes. To intimidate the moulders of opinion so as to confine the editor to the "news," the preacher to the "simple Gospel," the public man to the "party issues," the judge to his precedents, the teacher to his text-books, and the writer to the classic themes — such are the tactics of the criminaloids. Let them but have their way, and the prophet's message, the sage's lesson, the scholar's quest, and the poet's dream would be sacrificed to the God of Things as They Were.

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE

BY FRANCIS C. LOWELL

IN the discussion of this subject, which has lately attracted so much attention, there is danger that popular interest will be concentrated upon the wrong-doing of individuals, without regard to the defects inherent in the existing system of mutual life insurance. The detection of crime, and the punishment of individual criminals, is a good thing; so is the recovery from guilty directors of the money which they have taken from their corporations; even more desirable is an improved moral sentiment concerning any important kind of business. We gravely mistake, however, if we think that the scandals in mutual life insurance companies are altogether the result of the individual wickedness of the men who manage them. Some of the evils are found in some large enterprises of every sort; other evils are due to the nature of the business, and can neither be understood nor be cured until the nature of that business is carefully considered, both by itself and in comparison with other enterprises. The importance of life insurance makes such consideration worth while. Mr. Brandeis has shown that these companies collect from the public \$500,000,000 a year, and have assets of \$2,500,000,000. What are the functions of a mutual life insurance company? How does it differ from other corporations generally, and how does it resemble them? What is the relation of its operations to those of a stock fire insurance company, for example?

A mutual life insurance company is a very large aggregate of property. In this respect it resembles some railroad companies and the steel trust; but its property is not used in carrying on its own business. It is free capital, which can be employed in any enterprise, now in one

way and now in another. In so far as the policies written are mutual, this property belongs to the policy-holders. It is made up of the premiums which they have paid in, as increased by investment. If the policy entitles the holder to participate in the earnings, they are proportionally his. If the company is a mutual company, no one shares the earnings with him except other policy-holders. His rights may be concealed by the fiction of a small stock company which issues mutual policies, or by varied, unintelligible, and fantastic forms of policy, which purport to give him varying rights in the company's property. Notwithstanding these complications, where the policies issued are mutual, the property of the company belongs to the policy-holders. That the company—representing them all—has promised to pay any one of them a given sum of money on his death, affects his rights as against his companions, but does not deprive the policy-holders, taken together, of the ownership of the corporate property as a whole. They own it as the stockholders own a railroad.

Unlike a railroad company, a mutual life insurance company is not governed by those to whom the property belongs. In a railroad company, the control of the owners, or stockholders, is imperfect, indeed, but it is made considerably effectual through the knowledge and effort of a few large owners. These persons, indeed, sometimes abuse the power given them by their holdings. Sometimes they do not deal fairly with the smaller stockholders; but in general they have time and interest to concern themselves with the affairs of the railroad, and they allow the smaller stockholders, by grouping around them, to have an appreciable

share in the management. That the policy-holders do not control the management of a mutual life insurance company is abundantly clear, and that they cannot, a little reflection makes equally evident. Real control implies a real choice of acts or agents. The choice may be wise or foolish; but if the electors do not choose with some understanding of the alternatives before them, their control is nominal only, and not real. The ordinary policy-holder has not this understanding. No one has an interest in the property comparable to that of some large stockholders in every railroad and manufacturing corporation. And in a railroad or in the steel trust, the control of the stockholders would also be nominal, were it not for the large stockholdings of a few.

A bank resembles a mutual life insurance company in that most of its funds belong to persons who do not manage it or elect its directors; but, as the depositors can and do withdraw their money at pleasure, they largely control the corporate property, and can at any time, without considerable loss, separate themselves and their money from the corporation in which they have deposited it. The holder of a policy of life insurance, on the other hand, can withdraw only by a surrender of his policy. Surrender may forfeit the claim to dividends and accumulations. Reinsurance may be difficult. The immense property, larger in some cases than that of any bank in existence, must remain in the company's control for a long time. A mutual life insurance company, therefore, involves a very large amount of free capital, necessarily controlled by those who do not own it, which the real owners, depositors, or policy-holders, find it hard to withdraw or to realize upon.

It may be answered that there is nothing noteworthy in the fact that a mutual life insurance company is not a railroad or a bank. It deals with insurance, quite a different subject. How does it compare with a fire insurance company? A policy of fire insurance is a contract

wherein, upon consideration of a small sum, the company agrees to pay a large sum on the happening of an unlikely event. The consideration or premium is paid wholly in advance for a term of years, not more than five. Here the transaction commonly ends, and nothing more is done on either side until the term runs out, when new insurance is purchased, in the same company or in another, at the choice of the insured. In the unlikely event of a fire, the loss is made good. Moreover, the surrender value attached to a fire insurance policy ordinarily enables the holder to cease his connection with one company and to insure with another at any time, and at trifling cost. Even if, through the embarrassment of the company, or for other cause, he is unable to obtain proper surrender value, nevertheless he can take out new insurance in a company satisfactory to him, losing at the most only the unearned premium on his old policy, unless his building has been destroyed before the new insurance is effected. His property at risk in the management of the fire insurance company is considerable indeed, but small, even though the policy be a mutual one, as compared with his property invested in a policy of mutual life insurance.

In the latter case, he commonly pays a large annual premium to obtain a large payment in the future. This future payment is as certain as death; the amount payable is a fixed sum, to be increased by dividends; the time of payment is in doubt. The total amount payable should equal the earnings of the premiums paid during an average life. In a life policy, the premium is large. In a fire policy, the premium is small, and, though the amount payable may be stated somewhat as it has been stated for a life policy, yet the resemblance is in word rather than in reality. A man will die; the building probably will not burn. In a life policy, the sum risked by the insured in the management of the insurance company equals the sum of all premiums and interest thereon, somewhat increased or

diminished by the time at which death occurs. Until a fire has actually happened, the sum risked by the insured in the management of a fire insurance company is only the unearned part of the premium last paid, usually a small sum. In a life policy, surrender ordinarily involves considerable loss; the insured cannot ordinarily reinsure himself on the same terms; the annual premium payable on the policy he surrenders has been uniform, and, upon reinsurance, he will find that premium considerably increased by reason of his increased age. In the case of a fire policy, on the other hand, surrender ordinarily involves no considerable loss, and reinsurance is a simple matter.

Mutual life insurance, then, is a joint enterprise, wherein a great number of people deposit large sums of money for investment, which sums, with their accumulations, are to be paid out again to them, not altogether in proportion to the amount of their individual deposits, but in part, so that the longer lived get less for their money than do those who die first. The enormous accumulated deposits of these policy-holders are managed by persons who have no interest in the property by way of ownership. That a few of the managers may happen to be policy-holders is unimportant. Their proportionate ownership is insignificant.

Some of these managers are paid large salaries. The salaries are not deemed commissions upon property managed, but are without certain basis of computation, and are fixed by the recipients. By various devices, such as the fictions of corporate existence and of corporate stock, the fictitious resemblance of life insurance to other kinds of insurance, and the confusion caused by the variety of policies issued, these managers have come to be looked upon as the owners of the depositors' property. In truth, they are but the agents of the policy-holding owners in its management. Much of the confusion has arisen from an imperfect use of terms, and from a failure to perceive the true relations of the parties

involved. In some cases, the founders of mutual life insurance companies have shown great skill in inducing people to invest their savings in the manner described. This fact does not entitle their relatives and connections to large salaries for all future generations; and yet, without interest in the property managed, the founders of an insurance company choose their successors, and thus perpetuate the control in their family and friends for generations.

Not all those who are concerned in the company's management receive salaries. Most of the directors receive no salaries, as such, for their fees gained by punctual attendance at directors' meetings may be neglected, they are so small. Some directors have used their position, which involves the control of great sums of money, to obtain financial favors for themselves as individuals; to get into syndicates, for example, to borrow from their corporation in aid of their private speculation. True, they repay what they have thus borrowed, but they are on both sides of the dealing with their company, and this position tries unduly a man's impartiality. When speculating with their company on joint account, they have occasionally skimmed the cream for themselves.

Let us look at the matter for a moment from the director's point of view. He is a man of financial importance and skill. He has no considerable pecuniary interest in the company. If he is to make no profit from his directorship, why should he give to it his valuable time? The director of a railroad gives time and thought to its management because he owns a considerable part of the property managed. The time which he gives is given to the management of his own property, and so, in effect, he is paid; but it has been shown that the director of a mutual life insurance company does not, and cannot, own the property which he manages, and so he is without that means of payment for time spent which an ordinary corporate director pos-

seses. If the insurance director makes nothing out of his position, he gives of his charity to an enormously rich corporation.

But the loss to the policy-holders caused by payment of excessive salaries and by the pickings of directors has been small compared to other losses almost neglected by the newspapers. In the large concerns with which we are dealing, the excessive salaries of a few people do not impose a very heavy burden upon the large property involved, and the clerks and subordinate employees of insurance companies are not generally overpaid. Most of the directors have been men of generally good intentions, working for the company's profit as well as for their own, more or less misled by the same fictions which have misled the public. The risks which they have taken in syndicate investments and the like have usually been profitable. These have broadened the basis of corporate investment, and, upon the whole, have very likely increased the percentage of return on the money invested, though this cannot be proved. The direct cause of the policy-holders' chief loss is not here.

The situation is this: On the one hand are the executive officers and directors. They are interested in the gross amount of business done, of deposits received. The more money on deposit in the company, the larger will be the president's salary, the greater a director's financial influence. The amount of insurance written is regarded as almost the only test of corporate success. No other test is obvious, such as the dividends of other corporations. There is no effectual competition in rates. As has been said, the method of writing the policies and of making returns obscures the result of corporate operations, and bewilders the policy-holder, generally a man of not much experience or capacity. The notion that the business is chiefly one of insurance, rather than of the investment of savings with an insurance feature

added, obscures the true nature of the enterprise. Mere size is aimed at by everybody, and the policy-holder thinks himself the gainer.

On the other hand is the insurance agent, whose livelihood, often scanty, depends upon the gross insurance written. So long as men can be induced to buy life insurance, he has no interest in the price paid for it, unless perhaps that the price be high on which his commission is based. Officers, directors, and agents alike are thus interested in the insurance written, the premiums paid, the gross deposits, and in nothing else. The agent cares nothing for corporate economy, so long as he gets his commission. The management cares nothing about the size of his commission if the gross business is increased. What interest has the policy-holder, property-owner, or depositor in the matter? It is to be borne in mind that the property in the company's hands at any time belongs to those who are policy-holders at that time, not to those who may take out policies in the future. And the policy-holders or depositors at a given time have no more interest in an increase of the deposits than have the depositors in a savings-bank. If the insurance company be well established, they have no interest whatsoever. Let us come to particulars:

The John Hancock Insurance Company, of moderate size, believed to be managed with honesty, holds about \$37,000,000, conservatively invested. There is no evidence of excessive salaries, or of directors' misconduct. This company, with pride, and by way of advertisement, sets out its operations of 1905 as follows:

Premiums received	\$15,031,141.56
Interest, rents, etc.	\$ 1,504,397.97

Total receipts	\$16,535,539.53
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Of this sum, it paid to policy-holders \$5,786,362.52; for expenses, including agents' commissions, \$5,696,827.52; and it carried to surplus \$5,052,349.49. Thir-ty-five per cent of the annual receipts,

about fourteen per cent on the assets permanently invested, was thus spent in the management of the property, and three fourths of this sum, four and a quarter million dollars, was paid to agents, apart from other kinds of advertising.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, with a moral record not as good as that of the John Hancock, in nearly forty years of existence (through 1904) received in premiums \$418,729,463, and from other income \$33,551,623. Total \$452,281,086. It paid to policy-holders \$149,330,965, and had left as assets \$128,094,315, while it spent \$178,843,319. The methods of this company may be illustrated by an argument it made before the Armstrong Committee. It gravely contended that its policies which lapsed in the first year of their existence, policies on which the insured paid considerable premiums and got absolutely nothing in return, were yet a source of loss to the company by reason of the commissions paid to its agents. Though the insured got nothing in return for the premiums he paid, yet, in order to receive these premiums, the company disbursed nearly three times their amount. The insured lost his deposit, and yet the company also lost by the operation. The company paid its agents for extracting money from the insured, and the insured paid the agents for extracting money from the company. What would be thought of a savings-bank which allowed its agent to keep all deposits of a certain class, and in addition paid him two dollars for every dollar so kept. Waste can no farther go. On the lapsed policies of that year, the premiums received amounted to \$417,435. For this payment the insured got nothing, yet the company, by reason of its payments to its agents, figured that it lost over \$1,000,000 besides.

The Prudential Company in less than thirty years (through 1904) received

from premiums	\$290,091,973
from other sources	\$ 20,789,916
in all	<u>\$310,881,889</u>

In the same time it paid its policy-holders \$92,989,397. It had on hand assets of \$88,511,935, and had expended \$133,464,841, — over forty-one per cent of its receipts, more than six times its income from investments.

It will be answered that the insurance companies above mentioned are industrial companies, and that the cost of managing an industrial company is necessarily large. Its agents are paid, not only for getting new business, but also for collecting weekly premiums upon policies in force. The ordinary mutual life insurance company, such as the New York, the Mutual, or the Equitable, does not show this condition of affairs. There is some force in the answer, but it remains true that, if an industrial insurance company sold its insurance at cost to those persons who applied for it and who were ready without solicitation to keep up their premium payments, the cost of the insurance so provided would be not more than two thirds of what it has actually been. The waste can be shown in another form of statement. The management of property is generally recompensed by a percentage of the income. These two companies received over \$700,000,000 of deposits, on which there accrued over \$50,000,000 of income, — a very small return. All the income was spent in cost of management, and over \$250,000,000 of principal besides. Industrial insurance is the insurance of the poor, who thus paid in these two companies alone over \$300,000,000 for the care of their savings. The economic waste is almost inconceivable, yet most of the recipients of the \$300,000,000 got little more than a living wage.¹ The vice of the system is illustrated by the practice of one of these same companies, which paid its president a percentage on new business. This is as if the owner of property should pay his agent a com-

¹ In *Collier's Weekly* for September 15, Mr. Brandeis has made a detailed statement of the operations of the industrial companies, with full comparison of figures.

mission upon money thrown away by the latter.

Let us next consider the case of the ordinary mutual life insurance company, not industrial. A summary of the operations of thirty-two of the principal companies in the United States for the year 1904 was prepared for the Armstrong Committee. Some of these companies are managed with scrupulous honesty, and with economy so far as the business permits. From this summary it appears that \$50,000,000 was spent in getting new business, most of which, though not the whole, was spent on mutual insurance. What benefit, if any, accrued to the policy-holders or property-owners from this expenditure? We have seen that the property of a mutual insurance company at any time belongs to the existing policy-holders, and in it those persons who thereafter may desire to take out insurance have no interest. It follows, speaking generally, that this expenditure of \$50,000,000 was without benefit to the owners of the corporate property. An increase in the corporate business is commonly of no benefit to the existing policy-holders. Doubtless it costs a larger percentage of the income to manage and invest \$10,000 than it does to manage and invest \$100,000, and the cost of managing \$100,000 is proportionately greater than is the cost of managing \$1,000,000. After several million dollars are in hand, however, the proportionate diminution in the cost of management is insignificant. If a mutual life insurance company could be supposed to cease altogether the writing of new policies, no appreciable loss to existing policy-holders would be involved.

The amount paid for new business did not profit the prior depositors. It may be said that in so far as the new business thus obtained paid the agents' commissions, the prior depositors did not suffer; and, if subsequent depositors like to pay agents for insuring them, they may have their way. The argument is without much force. Some of the new

depositors had no conscious preference for wasting their money. A man who wishes to put his savings into economical life insurance should not be compelled to pay the cost of wheedling his unwilling neighbor to do likewise. The man so persuaded may lose or gain from the agency system; the man who is ready to buy his insurance over the counter is bound to lose. Why should not the person who desires insurance, and knows what he wants, be allowed to deal with the company direct, to pay his premium out of his own pocket, and thus escape from paying his share of the enormous cost of advertising which is needed only for an increase of business in no way profitable to him?

But the new business and the new depositors paid less than half the cost of coaxing them into insurance. Of the \$50,000,000 spent to get new business, over \$30,000,000 was paid, not by those who were induced in this way to take out insurance, but by those who had already taken it out and could under no circumstances be interested in the new business.

In order to put life insurance upon a proper economic basis, the elimination of the insurance agent is the great reform needed. All other reforms are relatively unimportant. A mutual life insurance company as at present administered, although its managers be honest, frugal, and public-spirited, poorly paid and scrupulous, and although its agents be of the same character, yet, by reason of the system itself, is a concern which annually wastes millions of its depositors' money. The Armstrong Committee estimated the economies resulting from the reformed organization of the Mutual Company of New York at upwards of \$1,000,000 a year. How much of this sum was saved in the salaries and commissions of agents is not stated; but it is to be observed that the company took from its depositors, in order to obtain new business, \$7,000,000 a year. Until that leak is stopped talk of retrenchment is idle.

What then is the true nature of mutual life insurance as economically administered? What other kind of company does a mutual life insurance company most resemble? Plainly a savings-bank. From the point of view of the corporations, the business is almost exactly the same. Both have received money on deposit which they invest and return to the depositors. The only considerable difference is found in the method of keeping accounts. In a mutual life insurance company the amount due and payable to a given depositor is not, as in a savings-bank, his individual deposit and interest thereon, but a share of the fund based in part upon other conditions. These conditions of death and survivorship are deemed advantageous by the depositors, and are agreed to by them. They are simple, and the insurance company has only to carry them out. Their calculation depends upon but two elements, — the expectation of life and the rate of interest. If these elements are known, only an arithmetical computation is needed. The expectation of life is fixed by the mortality tables, which are approximately accurate, and only approximation is needed. To determine what will be the rate of interest twenty or thirty years hence is a more difficult matter, but in a mutual company an excessive original estimate of the premium needed may be corrected by subsequent dividends to the policy-holders. If the dividends are payable with reasonable frequency, no great harm will be done. A mutual life insurance company is essentially a corporation for the management of property deposited with it, having characteristic, but comparatively unimportant peculiarities related to insurance.

If this be recognized, the reform needed is easier to discover. Throughout this country the management of savings-banks has been successful. Here and there have been both failure and abuse, but upon the whole, the administration has been honest and economical.

It is probable, therefore, that reform in life insurance will be brought about most surely by the adoption of savings-bank methods.

Thus far, the Armstrong Committee is the body which has most seriously considered the problem. Let us look at some of its recommendations.

1. Control of the property by the policy-holders. This, as has been shown, is not so much unwise as impossible; at most it will be a mere pretense. Except perhaps in some long advertised crisis, the policy-holders are too numerous and too widely scattered to have any real capacity to elect their officers. From disingenuous pretenses life insurance has already suffered too much. But a nominal control by the policy-holders is worse than a necessarily disingenuous pretense. Few policy-holders can ordinarily take part in an election. A violent change of management will thus be within the power of a small body of men, if they can conceal their scheme until the moment of election. What would the deposits in our savings-banks be worth if the depositors elected the directors? To avoid a sudden raid, the management would be compelled to keep proxies on hand, and to existing evils would be added the constant risk of an unintelligent struggle for the control of enormous property. The struggle would necessarily be decided by the vote of those ignorant of business affairs, without the ballast afforded in other corporations by the interest and knowledge of large stockholders. A vote of small owners by proxy or by postal ballot is not to be trusted, as experience has shown. The management of the Mutual Life, a company in which the policy-holders go through the form of electing the directors, is not better than that of companies otherwise organized. Of half a million electors about two hundred vote, and the management has 20,000 proxies on hand for use in an emergency.

Yet the present form of management is bad, and some change must be made.

The analogy of savings-banks affords a safe suggestion. For each company a small body of disinterested persons must be formed, charged with the duty of choosing directors. The names of these corporate members will be published and known; their tenure will be permanent; their vacancies will be filled by themselves,—or here some voice may be allowed the policy-holders by way of nomination, as vacancies occur from time to time. Above all, no one of these persons should receive any compensation whatsoever. The directors whom they choose will also serve without salary. will elect the executive officers, and will fix their salaries. Even so, these salaried officers will considerably control the corporate management; but independent and unpaid directors and corporate members will afford a real check.

More important than statutory reform is the reform of reason and moral sentiment. We must come to consider unpaid officers who, without pecuniary interest, give their time to the management of great affairs, as persons making a charitable contribution to the welfare of the community. The corporate members and the directors of an insurance company, like the corporate members and directors of a savings-bank, must consider themselves, and must be considered by others, to be engaged in a work of public charity. A savings-bank, indeed, is supposed to receive the savings of the poor, though the supposition is not always true; while a life insurance company receives the savings of some persons well-to-do, or even rich. Charitable or public service, however, may be rendered, even where some beneficiaries are able to pay for the service. Where the well-being of the community, or of many of its members, requires great service rendered alike to rich and poor, those fitted to render it may be asked to give their labor without pay, if, for any reason, that is more convenient. This is the rule with colleges and libraries,

art museums and hospitals. Directors of the right sort will not serve, and cannot be expected to serve, if their continuance in office is at the mercy of a group of policy-holders, assembled by chance or design. A self-respecting man, engaged in charity, will not ordinarily fight for his place.

2. The Armstrong Committee recommended that companies called mutual should be made really mutual, that the form of the policy written should correspond to the reality. This is to be desired. No fiction of corporate stock should be permitted. A stock insurance company selling non-participating policies may be allowed, if the community thinks the business a beneficial one. In that case, the stockholders take the risk, and are entitled to such profits as they can make; but confusion is so easy that the law should limit a given company either to mutual policies, or to those wherein the holders are barred from all participation in the earnings. The form of policy should be simple. Half a dozen sorts will suffice, in place of the hundreds now in vogue. A standardization of the form of policy is a reform more far-reaching than at first appears.

3. The Armstrong Committee proposed to limit the kind of investments allowed to insurance companies, as in the case of savings-banks. Such a limitation will tend to honesty by removing temptation from the corporate managers, and will prevent some loss which would otherwise occur. Notwithstanding these considerations, a limitation of investments may so lower the rate of interest on the investments permitted that the direct result of the restriction will be a loss of income by the policy-holders. The profit on purchase of stocks has often been large. A limitation to bonds and mortgages, and a prohibition of investment in stocks, has sometimes led trustees to buy insecure bonds and mortgages rather than the safest stocks. Nevertheless, some reform like that proposed is needed. The risks of the exist-

ing system are moral as well as financial, and they are probably too great. But the change should be cautiously made. A careful tabulation shows that only about six per cent of the property held by insurance companies is now invested in stocks, and this fact indicates that the disarrangement caused by the proposed limitation would not be dangerous. Some syndicate operations and the like are, however, probably concealed in the above-mentioned table.

4. The Armstrong Committee declared that the corporations are now too large, and this is undoubtedly the case. To limit directly corporate size is difficult, but if mutual life insurance companies are managed like savings-banks, and are prevented from paying commissions to agents, and from other expense in advertising their wares, a limitation of size will naturally occur, and the matter will probably take care of itself. The corporations will tend to become more local, and this is distinctly desirable, as it will bring greater publicity. That which goes on near home is better known than that which happens abroad. A fire insurance company must be extended. The risk of a local catastrophe, as experience has shown, can be met only by insurance in distant companies. But a serious catastrophe for the business of life insurance is out of the question, and a local company, not too small or too narrowly confined, will do business more safely and more economically than a large and extended company writing risks in many countries.

5. Political contributions and the employment of lobbyists have been the occasion of much scandal. By reason of this expenditure the policy-holders have lost little money directly. The political contributions have been of insignificant sums, and the amount paid for lobbying has not been large. If these proceedings are to be forbidden, the prohibition will be imposed in the interest of the community rather than in the interest of the policy-holders. The higher moral ideals

which are now sought in public life require that political contributions by corporations, once unobjectionable, should cease. As to the employment of lobbyists, a mutual life insurance company stands like a railroad or an industrial corporation. Legislatures are what they are. Dishonest members will levy blackmail upon those who are willing to pay it. If the victim always chose death rather than ransom, the trade of a brigand would nowhere flourish; but the counsel of self-sacrifice may bear hardly upon the individual held for ransom. On the other hand, there is no doubt that the employment of lobbyists to escape from real brigandage passes over by imperceptible degrees into the employment of lobbyists to obtain unfair advantage.

6. Expenses must be reduced. This was seen by the Armstrong Committee, though it failed to point out clearly the root of the evil. Commissions paid to agents cause most of the loss suffered by policy-holders, probably at least four-fifths of it, though the proportion cannot be stated accurately. This loss must be stopped. The safety of the policy holder is to limit or to forbid advertising. A savings-bank which spent appreciable sums in advertising would be in disgrace. A savings-bank paying a commission on deposits is almost inconceivable. A savings-bank which refused to receive deposits except upon payment of a commission to a middleman would be an institution impossible to characterize adequately. Even if some commission is still to be allowed an agent for wheedling a man, otherwise unwilling, into taking out a policy, the compensation must be derived wholly from the person so wheedled, and his more intelligent neighbor must have full opportunity to obtain a policy from the company without the payment of any commission whatsoever. This, which should be the right of every depositor, has hitherto been allowed only as an unjust favor to some corporate officers. The adoption of

a plan like this would probably soon put an end to the commission agency, would limit the size and somewhat restrict the locality of the corporate operations, and would tend to cure nearly all evils.

7. A closer supervision and inspection by authority of the state or the nation is recommended. That some supervision is necessary every one knows. Some supervision exists to-day. Whether it should be exercised by state or by national authority is a matter which I do not propose to discuss at this time; but no inspection or supervision is of any particular value until the end sought thereby is made pretty clear. If inspection is directed to prevent political contributions and excessive payment to lobbyists,

for example, it will save little money for the policy-holders.

In conclusion, the community will gain by making the business of life insurance an honest one, carried on in the face of the public, and without discrimination in favor of anybody. The community is interested in securing this honesty in every kind of business. As members of the community, the policy-holders also are interested in this same honesty, but, while their money is wasted, however honestly, in the payment of agents' commissions, no change of officers and no elaboration of inspection will give much relief to their pockets. Their pecuniary safety lies in a complete change of system.

LOUISE:
AN EPISODE IN LONDON CHAMBERS
BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

I AM beginning to think, since Louise came to our chambers, that not even in a circulating library are there greater possibilities of romance than in one's kitchen. Not that I engaged her to supply me with romance. On the contrary, the one service I asked of her was to attend to my household work, and, as a rule, the more that is kept to plain prose, the better I am pleased.

Her coming at all was the merest chance. For the third time since we had moved into chambers, I happened to be servantless. My first experiment, with a young Englishwoman, had, in a month, very nearly finished in the police court; my second, with an elderly Englishwoman, had sent her in four years, poor soul! to the grave; and now I could not summon up courage to face for the third time the scorn which the simple request for a "general" meets in the English Registry Office. That was what sent me to try my

luck at a French *Bureau* in Soho where, I was given to understand, it was possible to inquire for, and actually obtain, a good *bonne à tout faire* and escape without insult. The result was Louise.

She was announced one dull November morning, a few days later. I found her waiting for me in our little hall, — a woman of about forty, short, plump, with black eyes and blacker hair and a smile that was a recommendation in itself. But after my experience with the young English "general," the powder on her face, the sham diamonds in her ears, seemed to hang out danger signals, and my first impulse was to show her the door. It was something familiar in the face under the powder, above all in the voice when she spoke, that made me hesitate. "Provençale?" I asked. "Yes, from Marseille," she answered, and I showed her instead into my room.

I had often been "down there" where

the sun shines and skies are blue, and her Provençal accent came like a breath from the south through the gloom of the London fog, bringing it all back to me, — the blinding white roads, the gray hills sweet with thyme and lavender, the towns with their "antiquities," the little shining white villages, — M. Bernard's at Martigues, and his dining-room, and the Marseillais who crowded it on a Sunday morning, and the gayety and the laughter, and Désiré in his white apron, and the great bowls of Bouillabaisse. . . . It was she who recalled me to the business of the moment. Her name was Louise Sorel, she said; she could clean, wash, play the lady's maid, sew, market, cook — but cook! *Té — au mouins*, she would show Madame, and, as she said it, her smile was enchanting. I have never seen such perfect teeth in woman or child; you knew at a glance that she must have been a radiant beauty in her youth. A Provençal accent, an enchanting smile, and the remains of beauty, however, are not precisely what you engage a servant for, and, with a sudden access of common sense, I asked for references. Surely, Madame would not ask the impossible, she said reproachfully. She had but arrived in London, she had never gone as *bonne* anywhere; how then could she give references? She needed the work and was willing to do it: was not that sufficient? I got out of it meanly by telling her I would think it over. At that she smiled again, — really, her smile on a November day almost warranted the risk. I meant to take her; she knew: Madame was kind.

I did think it over, — while I interviewed frowsy English "generals" and stray Italian children, dropped upon me from Heaven knows where, while I darned the family stockings, while I ate the charwoman's chops. I thought it over indeed, far more than I wanted to, until, in despair, I returned to the Soho *Bureau* to complain that I was still without a servant of any kind. The first person I saw was Louise, disconsolate,

on a chair in the corner. She sprang up when she recognized me. "Had she not said Madame was kind?" she cried. "Madame had come for her." I had done nothing of the sort. But there she was, this charming creature from the south; at home was the charwoman, dingy and dreary as the November skies. To look back now is to wonder why I did not jump at the chance of having her. As it was, I did take her, — no references, powder, sham diamonds, and all. But I compromised. It was to be for a week. After that, we should see. An hour later she was in my kitchen.

A wonderful week followed. From the start we could not resist her charm, though to be on such terms with one's servant as to know that she has charm, is no doubt the worst possible kind of bad form. Even William Penn, the fastidious, was her slave at first sight, — and it would have been rank ingratitude if he had not been, for, from the ordinary London tabby average people saw in him, he was at once transformed into the most superb, the most magnificent of cats! And we were all superb, we were all magnificent, down to the snuffy, tattered old Irish charwoman who came to make us untidy three times a week, and whom we had not the heart to turn out because we knew that if we did, there could be no one else foolish enough to take her in again.

And Louise, though her southern imagination did such great things for us, had not overrated herself. She might be always laughing at everything, as they always do laugh "down there," — at the English she could n't understand, at "Mizé Boum," the nearest she came to the charwoman's name, at the fog she must have hated, at the dirt left for her to clean. But she worked harder than any servant I have ever had, and to better purpose. She adored the cleanliness and the order, it seemed, and was appalled at the dirt and slovenliness of the English, as every Frenchwoman is when she comes to the land that has not ceased to

brag of its cleanliness since its own astonished discovery of the morning tub. Before Louise, the London blacks disappeared as if by magic. Our wardrobes were overhauled and set to rights. The linen was mended and put in place. And she could cook! Such *risotto*! —she had been in Italy—Such *macaroni*! Such *bouillebaisse*! Throughout that wonderful week, our chambers smelt as strong of *ail* as a Provençal kitchen.

In the face of all this, I do not see how I brought myself to find any fault. To do myself justice, I never did when it was a question of the usual domestic conventions. Louise was better than all the conventions — all the prim English maids in prim white caps — in the world. Just to hear her talk, just to have her call that disreputable old “*Mizé Boum*” *ma belle*, just to have her announce as *La Dame de la Bouillebaisse* a friend of ours who had been to Provence and had come to feast on her masterpiece and praised her for it, — just each and every one of her charming southern ways made up for the worst domestic crime she could have committed. I admit to a spasm of dismay when, for the first meal she served, she appeared in her petticoat, a dishcloth for apron, and her sleeves rolled up above her elbows. But I forgot it with her delightful laugh at herself when I explained that, absurdly it might be, we preferred a skirt, an apron, and sleeves fastened at the wrist. It seemed she adored the economy too, and she had wished to protect her dress and even her apron.

These things would horrify the model housewife; but then I am not a model housewife, and they amused me, especially as she was so quick to meet me, not only half, but the whole way. When, however, she took to running out at intervals on mysterious errands, I felt that I must object. Her first excuse was *les affaires*; her next, a friend; and, when neither of these would serve, she owned up to a husband who, apparently, spent his time waiting for her at the street-corner; he was so lonely, *le pauvre*! I

suggested that he should come and see her in the kitchen. She laughed outright. Why, he was of a shyness Madame could not figure to herself. He never would dare to mount the stairs and ring the front doorbell.

In the course of this wonderful week, there was sent to me, from the Soho *Bureau*, a paragon of a Swiss girl with as many references as a Colonial Dame has grandfathers. Even so, and despite the inconvenient husband, I might not have dismissed Louise, — it was so pleasant to live in an atmosphere of superlatives and *ail*. It was she who settled the matter with some vague story of a partnership in a restaurant and work waiting for her there. Perhaps we should have parted with an affection of indifference had not J. unexpectedly interfered. Husbands have a trick of pretending superiority to details of housekeeping until you have had all the bother, and then upsetting everything by their interference. She had given us the sort of time we had n’t had since the old days in Provence, he argued; her smile alone was worth double the money agreed upon; therefore double the money was the least I could, in decency, offer her. His logic was irreproachable, but housekeeping on such principles would end in domestic bankruptcy. However, Louise got the money, and my reward was her face when she thanked me — she made giving sheer self-indulgence — and the *risotto* which, in the shock of gratitude, she insisted upon coming the next day to cook for us.

But, in the end, J.’s indiscretion cost me dear. As Louise was determined to magnify all our geese not only into swans, but into the most superb, the most magnificent swans, the few extra shillings had multiplied so miraculously, by the time their fame reached the *Quartier*, that Madame of the *Bureau* saw in me a special Providence appointed to relieve her financial difficulties, and hurried to claim an immediate loan. Then, her claim being disregarded, she wrote to call my attention to the passing of the days and the

miserable pettiness of the sum demanded, and to assure me of her consideration the most perfect. She got to be an intolerable nuisance before I saw the last of her.

We had not realized the delight of having Louise to take care of us, until she was replaced by the paragon — an industrious, sober, well-trained woman, with all the Swiss stolidity and Swiss surliness, and as colorless as a self-respecting servant ought to be. I was immensely relieved when, after a fortnight, she found the work too much for her. It was just as she was on the point of going that Louise reappeared, her face still white with powder, the sham diamonds still glittering in her ears, but somehow changed, — I could not quite make out how. She had come, she explained, to present me with a ring of pearls and opals and of surpassing beauty, at the moment pawned for a mere trifle — here was the ticket; I had but to pay, add a smaller trifle for interest and commission, and it was mine. As I never have worn rings, much though I should have liked to oblige Louise, I did not care to begin the habit by gambling in pawn tickets. Her emotion when I refused seemed so out of proportion, and yet was so unmistakably genuine, that it bewildered me.

But she pulled herself together almost at once and began to talk of the restaurant which, I learned, was marching in a simply marvelous manner. It was only when, in answer to her question, I told her the *Demoiselle Suisse* was marching not at all and was about to leave me, that the truth came out. There was no restaurant, there never had been — except in the country of Tartarin's lions; it was her delicate invention to spare me any self-reproach I might have felt for turning her adrift at the end of her week's engagement. She had found no work since. She and her husband had pawned everything. *Tiens*, — and she emptied before me a pocketful of pawn tickets. They were without a sou. They had had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours. That

was the change. I began to understand, — she was starving, literally starving, in the cold and gloom and damp of the London winter, she who was used to the warmth and sunshine, to the clear blue skies of Provence. If the aliens who drift to England, as to the Promised Land, could but know what awaited them!

Of course, I took her back. She might have added rouge to the powder, she might have glittered all over with diamonds, sham or real, and I would not have minded. J. welcomed her with joy. William Penn hung rapturously at her heels. We had a *risotto*, golden as the sun of the *Midi*, fragrant as its kitchens, for our dinner.

There was no question of a week now, — no question of time at all. It did not seem as if we ever could manage again, as if we ever could have managed, without Louise. And she, on her side, took possession of our chambers and, for a ridiculously small sum a week, worked her miracles for us. We positively shone with cleanliness, London grime no longer lurked, the skeleton in our cupboards. We never ate dinners and breakfasts more to our liking, never had I been so free from housekeeping, never had my weekly bills been so small. Eventually, she charged herself with the marketing, though she could not, and never could, learn to speak a word of English; but not even the London tradesman was proof against her smile. She kept the weekly accounts, though she could neither read nor write, — in her intelligence, an eloquent witness to the folly of general education. She was, in a word, the most capable and intelligent woman I have ever met, so that it was the more astounding she should also be the most charming.

Most astounding of all was the way, entirely, typically Provençale as she was, she could adapt herself to London and its life and people. Though she wore in the street an ordinary felt hat, and in the house the English apron, you could see that her hair was made for the pretty

Provençal ribbon, and her broad shoulders for the Provençal fichu. *Té, Vé*, and *au mouins* were as constantly in her mouth as in Tartarin's. Provençal proverbs forever hovered on her lips. She sang Provençal songs at her work. She had ready a Provençal story for every occasion. Her very adjectives were Mistral's, her very exaggerations Daudet's. And yet she did everything as if she had been a "general" in London chambers all her life. Nothing came amiss to her. After her first startling appearance as waitress, it was no time before she was serving at table as if she had been born to it, and with such a grace of her own that every dish she offered seemed a personal tribute. Even people who had never seen her before would smile back involuntarily as they helped themselves. It was the same no matter what she did. She was always gay, however heavy her task. To her even London, with its fogs, was a *galéjado*, as they say "down there." And she was so appreciative. We would make excuses to give her things for the pleasure of watching the warm glow spread over her face and the light leap to her eyes. We would send her to the theatre for the delight of having her come back and tell us about it. All the world, on and off the stage, was exalted and transfigured as she saw it.

But frank as she was in her admiration of all the world, she remained curiously reticent about herself. "As my poor grandmother used to say, you must turn your tongue seven times in your mouth before speaking," she observed to me once; and I used to fancy she gave hers a few extra twists when it came to talking of her own affairs. Some few facts I gathered, — that she had been, at one time, an *ouvreuse* in a Marseille theatre; at another, a tailoress, — how accomplished, the smart appearance of her husband in J's old coats and trousers was to show us; and that, always, off and on, she had made a business of buying at the periodical sales of the *Mont de Piété* and selling at private sales of her own. I gath-

ered also that they all knew her in Marseille; it was Louise here, Louise there, as she passed through the market, and everybody must *h'we* a word and a laugh with her. No wonder! You could n't have a word and a laugh once with Louise and not long to repeat the experience. But to her life when the hours of work were over, she offered next to no clue.

Only two or three figures flitted, pale shadows, through her rare reminiscence. One was the old grandmother whose sayings were full of wisdom, but who seemed to have done little for her save give her, fortunately, no schooling at all, and a religious education that bore the most surprising fruit. Louise had made her first communion, she had walked in processions on feast days. *J'adorais ça*, she would tell me, as she recalled her long white veil and the taper in her hand. But she adored every bit as much going to the Salvation Army meetings, — the lassies would invite her in, and lend her a hymn-book, and she would sing as hard as ever she could, was her account. Her ideas on the subject of the Scriptures and the relations of the Holy Family left me gasping. But her creed had the merit of simplicity. The *Boun Diou* was intelligent, she maintained; *il aime les gens honnêtes*. He would not ask her to hurry off to church and leave all in disorder at home, and waste her time. If she needed to pray, she knelt down where and as she was, and *le Boun Diou* was as well pleased. He was a man like us, was n't he? Well then, He understood.

There was also a sister. She occupied a modest apartment in Marseille when she first dawned upon our horizon, but so rapidly did it expand into a palatial house in town and a palatial villa by the sea, both with cellars of rare and exquisite vintages and stables full of horses and carriages, that we looked confidently to the fast-approaching day when we should find her installed in the Elysée at Paris. Only in one respect did she never vary by a hair's breadth: this was her hatred of Louise's husband.

Here, at all events, was a member of the family about whom we learned more than we cared to know. For if he did not show himself at first, that did not mean his willingness to let us ignore him. He persisted in wanting Louise to meet him at the corner, sometimes just when I most wanted her in the kitchen. He would have her come back to him at night; and to see her, after her day's hard work, start out in the black sodden streets, seldom earlier than ten, often as late as midnight; to realize that she must start back long before the sun would have thought of coming up, if the sun ever did come up on a London winter morning, made us too uncomfortable. It was a question not of her physical well-being, but of our peace of mind. The husband, however, was not to be moved by our messages, — he was too shy to grant an interview; he would n't hear of doing without her; he would rather starve; he could n't get along without her. We did not blame him: we could n't either. That was why, after several weeks of discomfort to all concerned, it occurred to us that we might invite him to make our home his; and we were charmed by his condescension when, at last, conquering his shyness, he accepted our invitation. The threatened deadlock was thus settled, and M. Auguste, as he introduced himself, came to us as a guest for as long as he chose to stay. There were friends — there always are — to warn us that what we were doing was sheer madness. What did we know about him, anyway? Precious little, it was a fact, — that he was the husband of Louise, neither more nor less. We did not even know that, it was hinted. But if Louise had not asked for our marriage certificate, could we insist upon her producing hers?

It may have been mad, but it worked excellently. M. Auguste as a guest was the pattern of discretion. I had never had so much as a glimpse of him until he came to visit us. Then I found him a good-looking man, evidently a few years younger than Louise, well-built, rather taller than

VOL. 99 - NO. 1

the average Frenchman. Beyond this, it was weeks before I knew anything of him except the astonishing adroitness with which he kept out of our way in our small chambers. He quickly learned our hours and arranged his accordingly. After we had begun work in the morning, he would saunter down to the kitchen and have his coffee, the one person of leisure in the establishment. After that, and again in the afternoon, he would stroll out to attend to what I take were the not too arduous duties of a horse-dealer with neither horses nor capital, — for as a horse-dealer he described himself when he had got so far as to describe himself at all. At noon, and at dinner time, he would return from Tattersall's, or wherever his not too exhausting business had called him, with a small paper parcel supposed to contain his breakfast or his dinner, our agreement being that he was to supply his own food. The evenings he spent with Louise. I could discover no vice in him except the, to us, disturbing excess of his devotion to her. You read of this sort of devotion in French novels and do not believe in it. But M. Auguste, in his exacting dependence on Louise, left the French novel far behind. As for Louise, — though she was no longer young, and beauty fades early in the south, I have never met, in or out of books, a woman who made me understand so well the reason of the selfishness some men call love.

M. Auguste's manners to us were irreproachable. We could only admire the consideration he showed in so persistently effacing himself. J. never would have seen him, if on feast days — Christmas, New Year's, the 14th of July — M. Auguste had not, with great ceremony, entered the dining-room at the hour of morning coffee, to shake hands and wish J. the compliments of the season. With me, his relations grew less formal, for he was not slow to discover that we had one pleasant weakness in common. Though the modest proportions of that brown paper parcel might not suggest it, M. Auguste knew and liked what was

good to eat; so did I. Almost before I realized it, he had fallen into the habit of preparing some special dish for me, or of making my coffee, when I chanced to be alone for lunch or for dinner. I can still see the gleam in his eyes as he brought me in my cup and assured me that he, not Louise, was the artist, and that it was something of extra — but of extra! — as it always was. Nor was it long before he was installed *chef* in our kitchen on the occasion of any little breakfast or dinner we might be giving. The first time I caught him in shirtsleeves, with Louise's apron flapping about his legs and the bib drawn over his waistcoat, he was inclined to be apologetic. But he soon gave up apology. It was evident there were few things he enjoyed more than cooking a good dinner. — unless it was eating it, — and his apron was put on early in the day. In the end, I never asked any one to breakfast or dinner without consulting him, and his *menus* strengthened the friendliness of our relations.

After a while he ran my errands and helped Louise to market. I found that he spoke and wrote very good English, and was a man of some education. I have preserved his daily accounts, written in an unusually neat handwriting, always beginning "Mussy: 1 penny;" and this reminds me that not least in his favor was his success in ingratiating himself with William Penn, — or "Mussy" in Louise's one heroic attempt to cope with the English. M. Auguste, moreover, was quiet and reserved to a degree that would not have discredited the traditional Englishman. Only now and then did the *Midi* show itself in him, — in the gleam of his eye over his gastronomic masterpieces; in his pose as horse-dealer and the scale on which the business he never did was schemed, — Mademoiselle, the French dressmaker from Versailles, who counted in tens and thought herself rich, was dazzled by the way M. Auguste reckoned by thousands, — and once, luckily only once, in a frenzied outbreak of passion.

He was called to Paris, I never under-

stood why. When the day came he was seized with such despair as I had never seen before, as I trust I may never have to see again. He could not leave Louise, he would not. No! No! No! He raved, he swore, he wept. I was terrified, but Louise, when I called her aside to consult her, shrugged her shoulders. "We play the comedy in the kitchen," she laughed, but I noticed that her laughter was low. I fancy when you played the comedy with M. Auguste, tragedy was only just round the corner. With the help of Mademoiselle she got him to the station; he had wanted to throw himself from the train as it started, was her report. And in three days, not a penny the richer for the journey, he had returned to his life of ease in our chambers.

Thus we came to know M. Auguste's virtues and something of his temper, but never M. Auguste himself. The months passed, and we were still conscious of mystery. I did not inspire him with the healthy fear he entertained for J., but I cannot say he ever took me into his confidence. What he was when not in our chambers; what he had been before he moved into them; what turn of Fate had stranded him, penniless, in London with Louise, to make us the richer for his coming; why he, a man of education, was married to a woman of none; why he was M. Auguste while Louise was Louise Sorel — I knew as little the day he left us as the day he arrived. J. instinctively distrusted him, convinced that he had committed some monstrous crime and was in hiding. This was also the opinion of the French Quarter, as I learned afterwards. It seems the *Quartier* held its breath when it heard he was our guest, and waited for the worst, only uncertain what form that worst would take, — whether we should be assassinated in our beds, or a bonfire made of our chambers. M. Auguste, however, spared us and disappointed the *Quartier*. His crime, to the end, remained as baffling as the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask, or the secret of Kaspar Hauser.

That he was honest, I would wager my own reputation for honesty, even if it was curious, the way his fingers gradually covered themselves with rings, a watch-chain dangled from his waistcoat pocket, a pin was stuck jauntily in his necktie. Her last purchases at the *Mont de Piété*, pawned during those first weeks of starving in London, and gradually redeemed, was Louise's explanation; and why should we have suspected M. Auguste of coming by them unlawfully when he never attempted to rob us, though we gave him every opportunity? He knew where I kept my money and my keys. He was alone with Louise in our chambers, not only many a day and evening, but once for a long summer.

We had to cycle down into Italy, and William Penn could not be left to care for himself, nor could we board him out without risking the individuality of a cat who had never seen the world except from the top of a four-story house. Louise and M. Auguste, therefore, were retained to look after him, which, I should add, they did in a manner as satisfactory to William as to ourselves. Every week I received a report of his health and appetite from M. Auguste, in whom I discovered a new and delightful talent as correspondent. "Depuis votre départ," said the first, "cette pauvre bête a miaulé après vous tous les jours, et il est constamment à la porte pour voir si vous ne venez pas. Il ne commence vraiment à en prendre son parti que depuis hier. Mais tous ces soucis de chat [for that charming phrase what would one not have forgiven M. Auguste?] mais tous ces soucis de chat ne l'empêchent pas de bien boire son lait le matin et manger sa viande deux fois par jour." Nor was it all color of rose to be in charge of William. "Figurez-vous," the next report ran, "que Mussy a dévoré et abîmé complètement une paire de bas tout neufs que Louise s'était achetée hier. C'est un vrai petit diable, mais il est si gentil qu'on ne peut vraiment pas le gronder pour cela." It was consoling to hear eventually that

William had returned to normal pursuits. "Mussy est bien sage, il a attrapé une souris hier dans la cuisine — je crois bien que Madame ne trouvera jamais un aussi gentil Mussy." And so the journal of William's movements was continued throughout our absence. When, leaving J. in Italy, I returned to London, — met at midnight at the station by M. Auguste with flattering enthusiasm, — Mussy's condition and behavior corroborated the weekly bulletins. And not only this. Our chambers were as clean as the proverbial new pin; everything was in its place; not so much as a scrap of paper was missing. The only thing that had disappeared was the sprinkling of gray in Louise's hair, and for this M. Auguste had volubly prepared me during our walk from the station: she had dyed it with almost unforeseen success, he told me, so triumphantly that I put down the bottle of dye to his extravagance.

If I know M. Auguste was not a thief, I do not think he was a murderer. How could I see blood on the hands of the man who presided so joyously over my pots and pans? If he were a forger, my trust in him never led to abuse of my cheque book; if a deserter, how came he to be possessed of his *livret militaire*, duly signed, as my own eyes are the witness; how could he venture back to France, as I know he did, for I received from him letters with the Paris postmark? An anarchist, J. was inclined to believe. But I could not imagine him dabbling in bombs and fuses. To be a horse-dealer, without horses or money, was much more in his line.

Only of one thing were we sure: however hideous or horrible the evil M. Auguste had worked "down there," under the hot sun of Provence, Louise had no part in it. She knew, — it was the reason of her curious reticences, of her sacrifice of herself to him. That he loved her was inevitable. Who could help loving her? She was so intelligent, so capable, so graceful, so gay. But that she should love M. Auguste would have been in-

comprehensible, were it not in the nature of woman to love the man who is most selfish in his dependence upon her. She did all the work, and he had all the pleasure of it. He was always decently dressed, there was always money in his pocket, though she, who earned it, never had a penny to spend on herself. No matter how busy and hurried she might be, she had always the leisure to talk to him, to amuse him when he came in, always the courage to laugh, like the little Fleurance in the story. What would you? She was made like that. She had always laughed, when she was sad as when she was gay. And while she was making life delightful for him, she was doing for us what three Englishwomen combined could not have done so well, and with a charm that all the Englishwomen in the world could not have mustered among them.

She had been with us about a year when I began to notice that, at moments, her face was clouded and her smile less ready. At first, I put it down to her endless comedy with M. Auguste. But, after a bit, it looked as if the trouble were more serious even than his histrionics. It was nothing, she laughed when I spoke to her; it would pass. And she went on amusing and providing for M. Auguste and working for us. But by the time the dark days of November set in, we were more worried about her than ever. The crisis came with Christmas.

On Christmas Day, friends were to dine with us, and we invited Mademoiselle, the French dressmaker, to eat her Christmas dinner with Louise and M. Auguste. We were very staid in the dining-room, — it turned out rather a dull affair. But in the kitchen, it was an uproarious feast. Though she lived some distance away, though on Christmas night London omnibuses are few and far between, Mademoiselle could hardly be persuaded to go home, so much was she enjoying herself. Louise was all laughter. "You have been amused?" I asked, when Mademoiselle, finally and reluc-

tantly, had been bundled off by J. in a hansom.

"Mais oui, mais oui," M. Auguste cried, pleasure in his voice. "Cette pauvre Mademoiselle! Her life, it is so sad, she is so alone. It is good for her to be amused. We have told her many stories, — et des histoires un tout petit peu salées, n'est-ce pas? pour égayer cette pauvre Mademoiselle?"

It was the day after the feast that Louise had to give in. She confessed she had been in torture while she served our dinner and Mademoiselle was there. She could hardly eat or drink. But why make it sad for all the world because she was in pain? and she had laughed, she had laughed!

We scolded her first. Then we sent her to a good doctor. It was worse than we feared. The trouble was grave, there must be an operation without delay. The big tears rolled down her cheeks as she said it. She looked old and broken. Why, she moaned, should this sorrow come to her? She had never done any harm to any one: why should she have to suffer? — Why indeed? Her mistake had been to do too little harm, too much good to others, — to think too little of herself. Now, she had to pay up for it as one almost always does pay up for one's good deeds. She worried far less over the pain she must bear than over the inconvenience to M. Auguste when she could no longer earn money for him.

We wanted her to go into one of the London hospitals. We offered to take a room for her where she could stay after the operation until she got back her strength. But — we must not think her ungrateful — the mere idea of hospital made her desperate. And what would she do in a room *avec un homme comme ça?* Besides, there was the sister in Marseille, — and, in the hour of her distress, her sister's horses and carriages multiplied like the miraculous loaves and fishes, the vintages in the cellar doubled in age and strength. And she was going to die; it was queer, but one knew those

things; and she longed to die *là-bas*, where there was a sun and the sky was blue, — where she was at home. We knew she had not a penny for the journey. M. Auguste had seen to that. Naturally, J. gave her the money. He would not have had a moment's comfort if he had not, — the drain upon your own emotions is part of the penalty you pay for having a human being and not a machine to work for you, — and he added a little more to keep her from want on her arrival in Marseille, in case the sister had vanished or the sister's fortunes had dwindled to their original proportions. He exacted but one condition: M. Auguste was not to know there was more than enough for the journey.

Louise's last days with us were passed in tears, — poor Louise! who until now had laughed at Fate. It was at this juncture that M. Auguste came out strong. I could not have believed he had it in him. He no longer spent his time dodging J. and dealing in visionary horses. He took Louise's place boldly. He made the beds, cooked all our meals, waited on us, dusted, opened the door, while Louise sat, melancholy and forlorn, in front of the kitchen fire. On the last day of all — she was not to start until the afternoon Continental train — she drew me mysteriously into the dining-room, she shut the door with every precaution, she showed me where she had sewed the extra sovereigns in her stays. M. Auguste should never know. "Je pars pour mon long voyage," she repeated. "J'ai mes pressentiments." And she was going to ask them to let her wear a black skirt I had given her, and an old coat of J.'s she had turned into a bodice, when the time came to lay her in her coffin. Thus something of ours would go with her on the long journey. How could she forget us? How could we forget her? she might better have asked. I made a thousand excuses to leave her; Louise playing "the comedy" had never been so tragic as Louise in tears. But she would have me back again and again,

and again, to tell me how happy she had been with us.

"Why, I was at home," she said, her surprise not yet out-worn. "J'étais chez moi et j'étais si tranquille. I went. I came. Monsieur entered. He called me. 'Louise.' — 'Oui, monsieur.' — 'Voulez-vous faire ceci ou cela?' — 'Mais oui, monsieur, de suite;' and I would do it and Monsieur would say, 'Merci, Louise,' and he would go off. — And me, I would run quick to the kitchen or upstairs to finish my work. J'étais si tranquille!" The simplicity of the memories she treasured made her story of them pitiful as I listened. How little peace had fallen to her lot that she should prize the quiet and homeliness of her duties in our chambers.

At last it was time to go. She kissed me on both cheeks. She gave J. one look, — then she flung herself into his arms and kissed him too on both cheeks. She almost strangled William Penn. She sobbed so, she could n't speak. She clutched and kissed us again. She ran out of the door and we heard her sobbing down the three flights of stairs into the street. J. hurried into his work-room. I went back to my desk. I don't think we could have spoken either.

Two days afterwards, a letter from M. Auguste came to our chambers so empty and forlorn without Louise. They were in Paris. They had had a dreadful crossing, — he hardly thought Louise would arrive at Boulogne alive. She was better, but must rest a day or two before starting for the *Midi*. She begged us to see that Mussy ate his meals *bien régulièrement*, and that he "made the dead" from time to time, as she had taught him; and, would we write? The address was "Mr. August, Horse-dealer, Hôtel du Cheval-Blanc, Rue Chat qui pêche à la Ligne, Paris."

Horse-dealer! Louise might be at death's door, but M. Auguste had his position to maintain. Then, after ten long days, came a post-card, also from Paris: Louise was in Marseille, he was on the

point of going, once there he would write. Then — nothing. Had he gone? Could he go?

If I were writing a romance, it would, with dramatic fitness, end here. But if I keep to facts, I must add that, in about eight months, Louise and M. Auguste reappeared, that both were in the best of health and spirits, M. Auguste a mass of jewelry; that all the sunshine of Provence seemed let loose in the warmth of their greeting; that horse-dealing for the moment prospered too splendidly for Louise to want to return to us, — or was this a new invention, I have always wondered, because she found in her place another Frenchwoman who wept at the prospect of being dismissed to make room for her?

Well, anyway for a while, things, according to Louise, continued to prosper. She would pay me friendly visits and ask for sewing, — her afternoons were so long, — and tell me of M. Auguste's success, and of Provence, though little enough of her recent visit there; there were the old reticences. By degrees, a shadow fell over the gayety. I fancied that "the comedy" was being played faster than ever in the Soho lodgings. And, of a sudden, the fabric of prosperity collapsed like a house of cards. She was ill again, and again an operation was necessary.

There was not a penny in her pockets nor in M. Auguste's. What happened? Louise had only to smile, and we were her slaves. But this time, for us at least, the end had really come. We heard nothing more from either of them. No letters reached us from Paris, no postcards. Did she use the money to go back to Marseille? Did she ever leave London? Did M. Auguste's fate overtake him when they crossed the Channel? Were the Soho lodgings the scene of some tremendous *crime passionel*? For weeks I searched the police reports in my morning paper. But neither then nor to this day have I had a trace of the woman who, for over a year, gave to life in our chambers the comfort and the charm of her presence there. She vanished.

I am certain, though, that wherever she may be, she is mothering M. Auguste, squandering upon him all the wealth of her industry, her gayety, her unselfishness. She could n't help herself, she was made that way. And the worst, the real tragedy of it, is that she would rather endure every possible wrong with M. Auguste than, without him, enjoy all the rights women not made that way would give her if they could. She has convinced me of the truth I already more than suspected: — it is upon the M. Augustes of the world that the Woman Question will eventually be wrecked.

THE TYRANT

BY CHARLOTTE WILSON

I MADE a covenant with Time. He spake:
"O braggard brain, presumptuous heart of dust,
Brief energy, dost fret at moth and rust?
Think'st thou to mend the laggard pace I take?
Behold, the hills — the baubles that I make —
Bow down before me: verily thou must!
Then grudge not, stint not, brave the world's distrust,
Wait and stand steadfast while I make and break; —
Then see how generous old Time can be!
Then rest, and be his darling! Ho, the sheaves
These hasty folk snatch from my granary,
Then, startled at my shadow, drop like thieves!
I chuckle as I lay them by for thee,
Mellow as sunlight in autumnal eves!"

THE NUDE IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY W. A. GILL

I HEARD the other day from a friend, who was very much excited over the news, that a certain great author, now engaged in writing his own life, has decided to reject the usual concealments and pretenses of autobiographers and to tell the whole naked truth about himself.

My friend is one of those metaphysically-minded men who feel lonely because it is so hard to get to know people, even in the closest relationships of life, with an absolute and complete knowledge. He is sure that the open part in his acquaintances (of which he seldom takes much advantage) is nothing compared with the unexplored "hinterlands;" and though chary of landing on the accessible coast, he is forever longing to penetrate into the interior, where he imagines sweet oases or romantic

horrors. The report about the great author had set him thinking of St. Augustine, Cellini, Rousseau, and the rest of that heroic little band who have stripped off all their protections against social chills and presented an unflinching buff. He was even hoping — rather inconsiderately, I thought — that the new member with his modern advantages would beat the band and achieve an unparalleled self-exposure. Dazzled by the prospect, he exclaimed enthusiastically that here was a chance of really getting to know some one.

In expecting this much of candid — not candied — autobiography, my friend is apparently not peculiar. The thing is rare, and a rare value is attached to it. In the ordinary peacock memoirs it is common enough for a man to tell the whole truth about his noble side, and

perhaps a trifle more. But how if we meet with a brave exception, who dares reveal the other side also? What limit to intimacy will there be if an autobiographer discloses all those facts of his life which people generally hide through interest or shame, and which may by analogy be called "the nude"?

This is the question I wish to glance at here. It may have some pertinence in "this autobiographical age of ours," for though Carlyle's age is past, his phrase still receives support from publishers' catalogues, especially if we count in the modern essayist who makes his mark by telling us more about himself than about his subject. Even though there be no very widespread danger of autobiographers turning "the other side" to us, there is some danger of our demanding it of them and feeling cheated if they do not give it. "Let us have all the facts," Mr. John Morley exclaims in reference to an autobiography,—"the pathological as well as the others; for they are the first thing, and the second, and the third also." There may even be a danger of a sensitive-souled self-portraitist here and there feeling false and cowardly for withholding the other side. But, if his aim be to create as true an impression of himself as possible, does the fulfillment of that aim really demand of him, does it even permit, the revelation of the nude?

By way of illustration I will take Rousseau's *Confessions*, which, if it is a fair example, should suggest some common and perhaps necessary characteristics of such self-exposures. First, then, a word as to the fairness of this example.

Rousseau's introduction of the nude is, by general consent, daring and thorough, and also sincere in purpose. Here are opinions on these points from two critics, different in temperament and representing two important classes of readers, — Lord Brougham, who takes a black view of Rousseau, and Mr. Morley, who can see more than one shade. Mr. Morley has written the most

judicious and careful account of Rousseau and his opinions published in any language; and though Lord Brougham's contribution is slight in form, it is noteworthy because it reflects a frequent estimate, and because it comes from one who had a thorough knowledge of Rousseau's times, and who, as a learned jurist and a statesman, may be expected to have weighed his words.

Mr. Morley says, "To write memoirs of one's own life was a fashion of the times, but like all else it became in Rousseau's hand something more far-reaching and sincere than a passing fashion. Others gave descriptions of their outer lives amply colored with romantic decorations. Rousseau, with unquailing veracity, plunged into the inmost depths, hiding nothing which might make him either hateful or ridiculous."

Lord Brougham says, "The manifest truth and sincerity of the narrative are attested at every step by the fullness of the humiliating confessions."

As further evidence of sincerity it may be noted that Rousseau's boldness was not confined to paper. As he wrote, so he always acted, without minding what was thought of him. His adoption of the Armenian costume — for hygienic reasons; his sitting at his street-door making lace, — to relax himself from other work without being idle, — are trifles indicating the current. When his *Narcisse*, produced anonymously at the Théâtre Français, fell flat, he went across to the Café de Procope, where the critics were assembled, and declared himself the author of the play, — reminding one of M. de Blowitz's brag about his adoption of French citizenship at the end of the Franco-Prussian war: "Je me suis naturalisé vaincu." When his gay operetta, *Le Devin du Village*, had triumphed, and a considerable prince asked him if he might pay him a compliment on it, "Yes, if it be short," replied Rousseau. When this Swiss upstart had made his way into fashionable society in Paris, become a courted author *à la mode*, and

so on, he threw up a well-paid post, turned his back on social consideration and more lucrative prospects, and set out to earn a scanty living as a copyist of music, in order to preserve his integrity and independence as a thinker and writer.

But, however bold and sincere, a man might still fail to show much of himself in a memoir, unless he was otherwise fitted for the task by his disposition and turn of mind. Seeley makes this remark in noting Stein's failure in autobiography, which he puts down to his lack of interest in himself and his doings. Rousseau certainly did not suffer from any such lack. He was a great, though not mean, egotist, and as truly "his own dear protagonist" as Pepys himself.

Rousseau had another valuable quality for our present purpose; he was incredibly open — not only on paper, but in life — in displaying his feelings, which he partly explains by saying that he did not lose his natural child-confidence in people till after forty. The trait was so marked in him that Lord Brougham, puzzled to explain the warm friendships that he inspired in people of undoubted worth, supposes that his "infantine openness" must have touched their pity.

And then, of course, he had the artistic power to give effect to these qualities. He combined the gifts of concrete imagery and philosophical generalization to an extent unequaled in modern times by any one but Goethe. Some critics place it first among his distinctions that he was a great describer. He had at least enough of that faculty to start a powerful stream in literature.

Altogether, it does not appear that any other aspirant to the public confessional has been better fitted for the place than Rousseau.

There is nothing indirect in his manner of approaching his task. The *Confessions* begin with these words: "I am undertaking a work which is without precedent and which will have no imitators. I intend to show my fellow-mortals a man

in all the completeness of nature, and that man shall be myself." And afterwards he often assumes that he is showing himself thus completely. At the end of the fourth book, for instance, he speaks of "telling the reader simply *all* that has befallen me, — all that I have done, thought or felt."

Nor was Rousseau uncertain as to the chief difference between the ordinary autobiographer and himself. He definitely puts forward his introduction of the nude as the distinguishing trait of his work. In the alternative commencement of the *Confessions* found in the Neuchâtel library he writes, "When a man writes his life, he generally makes a defense of it. The most truthful are truthful only in what they tell, while they lie by their reticences. In telling only a part of the truth they tell nothing, so intimately affected by the part suppressed is that revealed. I put Montaigne at the head of these falsely-sincere people, who try to deceive by telling the truth. He shows himself with faults, but they are all amiable. There is no man who has not hateful faults. He paints himself merely in profile. How might our idea of him be altered, could we see the blemish on the averted cheek!" It is because he has broken through these "reticences," and shown the "hateful faults," — "the blemish on the averted cheek," — that Rousseau claims to have produced "a book precious to philosophers; an illustrative study of the human heart, and the only one which exists."

Rousseau assumes then that, unlike other autobiographers, who only give part, he has completed the circle by adding that ordinarily-missing segment, the nude. Hence the great emphasis he lays on this disclosure; it enables him, he supposes, to show the whole of himself.

If that were so, the insertion of the nude would be obligatory on every honest autobiographer. But even with this addition, is Rousseau really giving us the whole of himself? How can he be

telling us "all that has happened to me — all that I have done, thought or felt?" Though he had begun writing his *Confessions* as soon as he could spell, instead of when he was past fifty, and never stopped till a probably premature death overtook him, how could he have included more than an infinitesimal part of his experience? Enough happens in any hour of consciousness to fill a volume.

This objection is so obvious that it may seem unimportant. But Rousseau assumes that he is giving the entire contents of his life for a definite reason. Here is the reason: "In thus telling the reader everything, I cannot mislead him. It is not for me to estimate the importance of the facts; I must give them all. It is the reader's province to select from them, to put the elements together and decide what kind of being they compose. The judgment must be his. Were I to do this work and say: 'Such is my character,' he might think I was deceiving him, or at all events that I was deceiving myself." He makes the assumption in order to escape the charge of self-judgment. If he does not give all, but merely chooses out a set of specimens, he sees that he might be suspected of having chosen a set from which only one inference could be drawn.

I am far from thinking that Rousseau, though he does give only a set of specimens, has tried to deceive his readers thereby. But that point does not greatly concern us now. It is enough to note that he does not present the whole of himself, and that therefore the special importance he attributes to the nude, as the completing element, must be disallowed. The nude must take a lower place. Indeed, when once it is recognized that we are dealing with a mere selection out of a vast material, the question changes its aspect.

"In Nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read."

The question is how we can best secure that little. Will the autobiographer show

more, or less, of himself by including in his selection this or that element? In answering this, it must be remembered that the introduction of any one element will displace something else, the selection being limited, and will also alter the "values" of the rest, as happens in the juxtaposition of colors.

If the selection is to be representative of the whole from which it is taken, it is evident that it must repeat among its elements the *proportions* existing in the whole. How else can the autobiographer by means of a few specimens give a faithful idea of "all the completeness of his nature"? Now, the nude has a peculiar and perhaps incalculable faculty of destroying proportion. Because it is usually concealed, it leaps forward very boldly when for once it is let out. It "thumps," as painters say of a too glaring light. Even when it is not intrinsically shocking, the revelation of it is shocking. Few readers distinguish one shock from the other, and when the two are conjoined, the effect may be stunning.

An autobiographer is not well-placed for studying the proportions of his subject. How can he stand back from himself to get the necessary general view? The artist who paints his own likeness has an objective model in a mirror. But where is the autobiographer's mirror? Yet, if he does not reproduce the proportions of the whole, his selection must be false. Let him bring the nude in, with its innate protrusiveness, and the difficulty will be immeasurably increased.

This is well illustrated in Rousseau. No one perhaps has been better qualified than he was to succeed in autobiography, and yet in the event we find that he has produced as obscure and confused a portrait as was ever executed. Something of its confusion may be inferred from the readiness of some critics to regard it as the work of a madman. Mr. Morley justly protests against this no-explanation of insanity; but his own far less superficial estimate only bears stronger testimony to the obscurity.

"In no other instance," he says, "is the common eagerness to condense all predication about a character into a single, unqualified proposition so fatally inadequate. If it is indispensable that we should be forever describing, naming, classifying, at least it is well, in speaking of such a nature as his, to enlarge the vocabulary beyond the pedantic formulas of unreal ethics, and to be as sure as we know how to make ourselves that each of the sympathies and faculties which together compose our power of spiritual observation is in a condition of free and patient energy. Any less open and liberal method . . . leaves [him] . . . in a cloud of blank incomprehensibility."

This insistence on the need of a very special method of approach, if we are to find in the picture anything except "a cloud of blank incomprehensibility," is certainly right. But Mr. Morley's remarks require one comment. He does not seem to have studied Rousseau's work from the point of view of its technical composition. He has never apparently looked at the *Confessions* as a work of art involving certain laws of proportion and perspective, any violation of which must necessarily result in some distorted effect. Rousseau himself of course did not look at his work in that light. He thought he was not giving a portrait at all, but merely raw material—"all the facts"—for Mr. Morley and others to construct a portrait out of. But he was mistaken. His book is, in fact, an artificial composition; and as such it evidently transgresses some of the laws proper to its kind. In short, Mr. Morley does not sufficiently recognize, in dealing with the entanglements of Rousseau's character, how much of the confusion belongs, not to the character itself, but to the presentation of it.

How large the nude parts of the *Confessions* bulk in our general idea of that work! Yet, chronologically, they are not so very extensive. The *Confessions* cover some sixty years. The nude falls

chiefly within the first twenty; it is almost entirely restricted to the first twenty-five. This fraction preoccupies some critics so that they are hardly able to see the rest of the picture for it. And there is some excuse for this preoccupation, for if the first half is to be taken literally, on its "face value," the rest of the book, as portraiture, must, to a large extent, be rejected as contradictory.

For instance, Rousseau up to twenty-one appears as an "almost sordid" miser, a liar and a thief; while the mature Rousseau was distinguished by an extremely rare disregard for money, and by what Mr. Morley calls "a minute financial probity." Allusion has been made to his resigning a well-paid post and lucrative prospects. The same spirit appears in his strict rule to accept no presents, which he pushed so far on one occasion as to refuse a small gift of game from the Prince de Conti, causing his wise and close friend, Madame de Boufflers, to warn him against laying himself open to any charge of affectation, which might obscure "the real brightness" of his virtue. But Rousseau did not refuse trifles only. The offer of a house and garden, with his "small necessities," from Frederick the Great was rejected just as firmly. We find him making a loan to a begging adventurer, with the gratuitous information: "I never exact nor count on repayment." When Malesherbes suggested a republication of one of his works for the author's benefit, Rousseau refused to assent, on the ground that it might prejudice the interests of his original publisher.

The idea is consecrated that the youth should commit errors, and the man reform and show no sign of them. But there must be limits to this discord, if the boy is to be father of the man. "When we hear of a man being cured of some glaring defect," says Hazlitt, "we may conclude that he never had it." That is fairly applicable to this case, — either that, or else Rousseau's subsequent virtue was unreal. But there would be too many of these unrealities. "Rousseau never showed

the substantial quality of his mind — and without this quality he could never have written as he did — more surely and unmistakably than in controversy. He had such gravity, such austere self-command, such closeness of grip." "We feel the ever-inspiring breath of seriousness and sincerity. This was because Rousseau's ideas lived in him, and were truly rooted in him. He did not merely say that he craved reality in human relationships. These ideas were actually his mind."

These appreciations of Mr. Morley's are undoubtedly true. Contrast them, and all they imply, with the other picture of the mean, deceitful poltroon. The contradiction is irreconcilable within the limits of human nature.

In truth, however, this flat contradiction is an optical delusion. It does not reside in the character itself, but in the portrait. It is a case of false perspective. Rousseau had these infirmities, as every one else has them, in a way, but not in the proportions suggested by the picture. And this falsity of suggestion is due to the "thumping" power of the nude.

For it is to be observed that the nude does not only "thump" the reader's mind, — it thumps the author's as well. In disclosing it he will be self-conscious, and the higher his character is, the baser such flaws will seem to him, and the blacker he will paint them. So that, in this instance, the better a man is, the worse he will appear. Compare St. Augustine's *Confessions* with Casanova's *Mémoires*. What is a mote to the latter is a mountain to the saint. These are extreme cases, and we may be ready to discount the self-accusations of a St. Augustine. But let the haloless beware of too humble a candor! Even the few who perceive your exaggerations may refrain from pointing them out to the vulgar through fear of condoning evil or of being suspected of like infirmities themselves. Such has been Rousseau's fate. He continually exaggerates against himself, but very few critics allow for this.

Lord Brougham admits the general tendency in a paltry and dubious instance: Rousseau says he never had a thorough knowledge of Latin; wherens, cries Lord Brougham, he made an excellent translation of Tacitus's *Histories*! The inference is very disputable. But when it comes to moral shortcomings, Lord Brougham forgets his general admission that Rousseau magnifies his defects as much as his qualities. Worse than that, when Rousseau himself tries, as he sometimes does, to modify his own exaggerations, Lord Brougham sternly rules the modifications out. And in this attitude he is probably typical of nine readers out of ten. Confess a crime, and you will be believed. Palliate your share in it, and your plea, though true, will be rejected. Thereby again the nude is likely to mislead.

Rousseau, in fact, puts in the charges against himself in the heaviest type. His "self-slanders," as Lord Brougham inconsistently calls them, are massed in damning patches. He shouts his confessions to make sure of our hearing, and to reassure himself that he is not afraid to tell. Such modifications as he has to offer he whispers afterwards. He sifts them in scatteringly, after the mass has chained the eye. Many readers overlook them, or at all events do not trouble to collect them and see "what kind of being they compose." Thus, to return to the illustration given above, his "almost sordid avarice" proves on closer scrutiny to have been merely a prudent attention to expenditure. "Abhoring dependence above all things, and money being the instrument of independence, I was careful of what I had, though not coveting more." "I consider money as so valueless that, when I have none, I never seek to get any, and when I have some, let a convenient opportunity arise, and I empty my purse with the utmost freedom." By his own choice he seldom had more than was necessary for bare subsistence. But avarice does not begin till the subsistence-line has been passed.

His thievishness, again, so alarmingly asserted, must be regarded in the light of the following modifications: (1) "My thefts were confined to trifles which it was easier to take than to ask for;" (2) "I never remember having robbed any one of a coin in my life;" (3) "I do not recollect ever casting a wishful glance at any money or valuables within my reach."

And how distorting are his disclosures on the score of gallantry! Here the falsification arises not so much through the author exaggerating, as through the reader's sensibilities being "thumped." In these matters one touch of nude makes the whole world shocked, and Rousseau's account of, for instance, his freedom from licentiousness in Venice has done his reputation far more harm than a discreet suggestion of the opposite has done in some other men's cases. He was an affluent talker of sentiment and disagreeably vain as a philanderer. When that has been said, the foundation (excepting one other matter) of his notoriety on this side has been indicated. He passes in popular esteem for a Don Juan. Never was a vainer legend! He is included in disreputable "Galleries of Celebrated Lovers." He might as well be included in a gallery of celebrated misers. In his central relation towards the other sex, his union with Thérèse Le Vasseur, he behaved well. And this is how he comments — self-defensively, be it remarked — on one of his sporadic courtships: "Those who read this will not fail to laugh at my gallantries, and to observe that after the most promising preliminaries my most forward adventures ended with a kiss on the hand. But be not deceived, O reader, in your estimate of my enjoyments! I have perhaps tasted more real pleasure in my affairs which ended thus, than you will ever do in yours which at least begin there." The fashion of the times almost requiring a man to cut some figure in this direction, Rousseau has to apologize more than once, not for having been so gallant, but for not having been more so. If we keep to

his acts, and bear in mind the difference between French and Anglo-Saxon standards and between those days and these, we shall find no closer resemblance in him to a Don Juan than to a Saint Anthony.

The matter excepted above is this: Rousseau gives some physiological details about himself, which are perhaps as "thumping" as anything in his book. The insertion of them has been praised by Mr. Morley on the grounds that we want all the facts, and that an autobiography should be a history of a body as well as of a mind. Doubtless, an autobiography which presented a full, scientific history of a body parallel to that of a mind, and demonstrated the correlation between the two at every step, would be of supreme utility. But how far from such an ideal are a few mentions of physical phenomena, observed on himself by an amateur in pathology, with what exactness may be imagined, and which neither he nor any one else can correlate definitely with his moral life! It may elucidate a man's character for us to know that he was consumptive; but further details of the disease would not increase our insight into his qualities. The comprehension of psycho-physical contacts has not yet reached that stage of minuteness; far from it. All we can say of such details at present is that they are very apt to mislead us, as they have surely done in Rousseau's case.

Well then, what compensation is there to offset the risk, attendant on the introduction of the nude, of distorting the total effect of the picture? Will these disclosures really throw much light on particular portions of it?

It is natural of course to expect a great deal from such unusual openness. But there may be something delusive about the expectation. Because a thing is only exceptionally revealed, it does not follow that it is exceptionally significant. The parts of the body usually covered are not the most significant, but the face, which is bare. And hidden things are not

necessarily unknown. There are "secrets de Polichinelle." The general form of the draped part of one's body is familiar to everyone, and even of its details people can guess far more than they could of the face's, were that veiled and the rest revealed. The bodily analogy may be pertinent in another way. Where our human nature approaches our animal side, individuality diminishes rapidly. Rousseau has been praised as one "who did not dissemble his kinship with the four-footed." In fact, some of his "nudes" carry us away from the individual to the *species*, and beyond that to the *genus*, informing us about man as animal, but not at all about Jean Jacques as Jean Jacques.

But, apart from this, do even the more personal "nudes" yield very much information as to Jean Jacques? Less than might be expected, perhaps, for the following reason. Legally there are abstract actions, but not morally. If a man tells me, "I have committed murder," the bare statement will not enable me to estimate his character. All men are, or should be, capable of killing in some conditions. I must know the concrete circumstances,—the motive, provocation, and so on. But when these data are supplied by the agent, they are subject to doubt. In matters involving their own interest or shame the sincerest cannot be trusted to judge accurately. Involuntary delusions interfere. So, if the agent himself speaks, we shall be uncertain; and if he says nothing, what does the abstract deed tell us? It may be said, we shall interpret it for ourselves by the rest of his character. But is this really practicable in detail, where the case is at all complex? Let me take an illustration from Rousseau.

One of his most celebrated "nudes" is the false charge he made when, as a wandering lad, he was a domestic servant at Turin. His mistress died, and in the confusion attending the break-up of the household he took a "little, old piece of pink-and-silver ribbon," which pleased

his fancy, and, thinking no harm of the act, did not try to conceal it. The ribbon belonged to a person who probably had sentimental associations with it and therefore raised a hue and cry. The culprit was quickly detected. Asked before a crowd of people how he came by it, he said it had been given him by a fellow-servant, Marion, a young innocent girl. Brought to confront him, Marion denied the charge, but Rousseau stuck to it. At last, the person questioning them, too busy to reach the bottom of the matter, sent the pair off without deciding which was guilty.

Rousseau says he does not know what became of Marion, and it is not certain that she suffered any material damage through his lie. But he very properly vituperates himself violently for this ugly deed. He even says that it was largely the desire of relieving his conscience in some measure of this burden which prompted him to write his autobiography. These penitential floods forty years after the event tell us nothing about Rousseau at sixteen. At last, however, he adds some account of his contemporary state of mind. "When I accused the unhappy girl, it is strange but strictly true that my friendship for her was the cause of it. She was present to my thoughts, and I took my excuse from the first idea which occurred to me. I accused her of doing what I meant to have done. Having meant to give her the ribbon, I said she had given it to me. Then I was in an agony, but the presence of so many people kept me from recanting. I did not fear punishment; but I dreaded the shame of exposure worse than death. . . . Had I been taken aside by myself, I am convinced I should have told the truth in a moment."

This explanation has produced reams of comment, mostly unfavorable to Rousseau. It is not inconsistent with the rest of his character as given in his book. Yet Lord Brougham, while accepting the sin of course, rejects the explanation as "refined, false and absurd," and ad-

vances another of his own, contradicting it flatly in its two main points. Rousseau pleads that he did not accuse the girl deliberately, but by a lapse of thought, and that it was not fear of punishment, but dread of shame before so many people, which kept him from correcting the lapse. Lord Brougham says that he did accuse her deliberately, and that it was physical cowardice which prompted him. What ground has Lord Brougham for this charge? Rousseau's general character is certainly against it on the first point at least. The fact is, Lord Brougham is palpably "thumped" by the nude all through the *Confessions*. Such revelations shock him, apart from the intrinsic shockingness of the things revealed, and his judgment succumbs to the blows. When he wrote his own autobiography he was careful to exclude anything of the kind from it. To say the least, we cannot accept his interpretation as certain; nor yet Rousseau's, nor any other. And yet the uninterpreted deed has no definite significance.

Then is it worth while introducing these "nudes," if they cause so much confusion and, on the other hand, yield so little compensating information? Sainte Beuve remarks on Rousseau's feat—"singular perhaps but not useful." It

can hardly be doubted that, if the nude were altogether omitted from the *Confessions*, our idea of the author would be far clearer and truer than it is now.

These objections imply, no doubt, something further — a distrust of autobiography altogether as a means of revealing a personality. In life we do not get our clearest insight into a man when he is telling us about himself, but when we see him acting without any thought of us. More can be learned in this kind by overhearing than by hearing. When Rousseau is writing about other people, he throws a light on his personality, which is turned off when he is writing about himself. Dryden's epigram is almost true about the autobiographer: "Every word a man says about himself is a word too much." And it is hardly a paradox to say that he who is least autobiographical will be most so.

Believers in direct self-revelation seem to imagine a man's personality as a well from which he alone can draw up the contents in a confessional bucket. A truer simile might be that of a blind man holding a biased bowl. No one else can handle it; he alone can feel it; surely he must be the best judge of its bias? No, that will be seen by others, not by him, as soon as he acts and sends the bowl careering along the turf.

THE QUIET WOMAN

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

THE dusk was wiping out the colors of the world, spreading over the tender greens and pale pinks an indefinite nameless color more beautiful than any we know. The apple-trees loomed up, great masses of bloom, and their sweetness drifted to Katherine mingled with the smell of young leaves and spring,—it was as if all the souls of the myriad growing things had breathed themselves forth into the night.

The dusk deepened and then grew blonder; the moon was coming up. One could see again that the trees were green, one could see the small flowers in the lawn. The white trees cast deep shadows on the young grass. Everything was very still; Katherine thought that the beating of her own heart was too loud for the miracle of the night. Everything—the trees and sky and hills—gave her the sense that something wonderful was about to happen; surely they were only the setting for some greater miracle. Then there came over her an appalling sense of desolation. It was terrible that on this most lovely night she must be so alone; that there should be no kind hand anywhere to meet hers. Katherine's need of companionship grew more poignant; the beauty of the night weighed on her as too great a burden to be borne alone; but she listened in vain for the sound of a human voice mingled with the voices of the night. The neighboring houses turned blank, unlighted faces to her; Katherine was as solitary as if she had been adrift on some unknown sea.

Then, in the garden on the slope of the hill below a white shadow moved; it flitted about, unsubstantial, unreal, now stopping as if to look at the night, now moving on slowly, then lost to sight

80

among the flower-laden shrubs. At last it stood out in a little open space, attentive, even reverent, in its attitude. Without realizing what she did, Katherine trailed through the wet grass toward the motionless figure, her shawl hanging loose around her; it was as if one white spirit went forth to meet another like itself. She made her way through the loosely planted shrubbery which divided one garden from the other, and was near the other woman before she turned her head toward Katherine. She greeted Katherine quietly as if she had been waiting for her. They stood a moment in silence, then the woman said:

"I could not have stayed out here alone—" she stopped shyly and turned toward Katherine to see if she were understood, and Katherine wondered if here was some one as terribly alone as herself, as in need as she of sympathy. They looked at the night together, as silent as old friends who do not need to talk to one another; they did not know each other's names, and yet already they had ceased to be strangers; the fellowship of spring had brought them together.

A voice called from somewhere beyond a screen of white apple-trees, a man's voice, gay, mocking, jovial:

"Mother! mother! Where are you? Mother, you'll be *moonstruck*."

The woman turned gravely to Katherine.

"My son is calling me," she told her. "Good-night, I am glad you came." Then she added wistfully, "This is the first time in many years that I have had a friend by me as I looked at the night."

With the sound of the man's voice and his gay, chaffing "Mother, you'll be *moonstruck*," the mirage of the night had vanished; the frail, subtle tie that a mo-

ment before seemed to bind the two women into friendship had snapped. They hurried their several ways a little ashamed of themselves, — for what, they did n't know exactly.

Next morning, when Katherine came out, there was a woman working in the garden below. Katherine made no doubt that it was her friend of the moonlight and made her way towards her.

"I am your new neighbor, Katherine Paine," she said.

The older woman smiled at her, greeting her in silence; but it was a silence with a more enfolding welcome than any words Katherine had ever heard, and she knew that they had gone on with their friendship begun so oddly the night before, for all they ignored their first meeting as something too apart from the ordinary events of life to be discussed in broad daylight.

They walked several paces through the lovely garden before the older woman said, "I don't know whether you know my name or not — it's Eunice Gaunt." Her voice had none of the New England aggressiveness; it was indeed singularly sweet; it had a shy little note of hesitation very charming to listen to; and she chatted away about her garden as if to an old friend.

From the house there came the same jovial voice of the night before: "Mother, mother! Oh, there you are!" and a man swung down the path. He stared at Katherine in a way that was just short of disconcerting. It was almost as if he had said, "Yes, on the whole, I think you're a very pretty girl." He looked bold, stubborn, domineering; but one forgave him all that, — there was a large gayety about him that went to one's heart. As he put his hand on his mother's shoulder with an air of assured ownership, it flashed over Katherine that all the same this dark bold man was an odd sort of son for the delicate, sweet little lady to have mothered.

She was saying, "This is our new neighbor, Miss Paine —"

"Mr. Gaunt?" Katherine murmured in acknowledgment of his formal greeting.

"His name is Wetherill," Eunice Gaunt corrected tranquilly.

"Why in the world did you think my name was Gaunt?" he demanded. The stand-and-deliver tone of his question and the little lurking amusement in his voice embarrassed Katherine; before she could answer, his mother explained:

"I told her my name was Eunice Gaunt — and so of course —"

He burst out into loud, gay laughter. "Could n't you," he asked, "for respectability's sake, add a 'Wetherill'?"

Mrs. Wetherill smiled gently at him. She seemed to have abstracted herself from the scene; it was as if she had actually walked away from them and left them together alone, as she replied, —

"I think of myself, I suppose, as 'Eunice Gaunt.'"

"She's only had forty years to get used to 'Wetherill,' Miss Paine." He turned a humorous eye on his mother, who kneeled down to examine a plant; she had ceased to have any connection with them.

"Well," said Wetherill, "I must go. I'm delighted to have met you, Miss Paine; it's nice you're our near neighbor, — I'm especially glad that you and my mother have made friends so soon. Good-by. Good-by 'Eunice Gaunt.' Please don't work too hard." He bent over her and drew her toward him. "Promise me you won't work too hard. — She does a man's work in this garden every day, Miss Paine. — You'll go in and lie down like a good girl. — Yes? and you'll call Ezra if you've anything heavy to lift. — Yes?" He kissed his mother, and with a pleasant nod to Katherine, was off.

"Come," Mrs. Wetherill said, "I want you to see my daffodil border under the hedge;" she took up the conversation where her son had broken it, quite as if he had not been there at all. "Do

you mind my asking you," she continued, "what wind blew you here?"

"I always took care of my mother," Katherine answered; "she had been ailing for years. She died not long ago,— and I wanted a quiet place to rest."

Katherine had told the whole story of her uneventful life. It had left her at twenty-six with the eyes of a young girl.

For a moment Mrs. Wetherill looked at Katherine kindly, sweetly, as a sister might. Then, as if brooding over what she read in the girl's face, "How we eat up one another's lives!" she said.

Katherine had gone out that morning with an empty heart, and she came back with it filled. "Eunice Gaunt" had some way taken her in, opened the door of her heart to her; and Katherine wondered how she had passed by all the boundaries of reserve. She wondered again, as she had the night before, if her friend was perhaps as lonely as she; if, like herself, she needed so greatly the touch of a friendly hand; then she put that from her as absurd; there was a spiritual quality about the older woman, a sweet content that made the idea of her needing anything impossible, and companionship least of all.

Katherine had rented the house for the summer from an old friend of her mother's; so during the first few weeks of her stay a procession of ladies came to call, as they had evidently been asked to do by the owner of the house.

Mrs. Carling was the first to put the inevitable question, "How do you like Thornton?"

"Very much," Katherine answered, and added that she found her neighbor charming.

"Your neighbor?" Mrs. Carling wondered.

"Mrs. Wetherill," Katherine explained.

"Why, has *she* been up here?" asked the other.

"She 'runs in,'" said Katherine; "I think I 'ran in' first;" and Mrs. Carling gave forth an astonished,

"Well, well!" To Katherine's look of inquiry, she explained, "She's a very quiet woman and rarely goes anywhere, and when she does,— never a word out of her! Not a bit like her son. Henry's sociable enough."

She went away, leaving Katherine with the impression that Mrs. Wetherill's "running in" on her, which she had so taken as a matter of course, was for Mrs. Wetherill something very much out of the common. The other ladies of the village, as they called one after another, made this certain. The news of Mrs. Wetherill's neighborliness had gone forth,— had been discussed, it was evident; and Katherine became very well acquainted with two people whom she amused herself by calling Mrs. Wetherill and Eunice Gaunt. One she knew only by hearsay. She was a silent woman, but so kindly that in the hard little New England village she was well beloved. Though she was no recluse and attended club meeting, doing her share of work in the village, she seldom opened her lips; and as for strangers,— why, Mrs. Wetherill never went to see *them*. Of Mrs. Wetherill, Katherine was sure that she had never had so much as a glimpse; she could n't in the least identify her with Eunice Gaunt. Eunice Gaunt for all her shy, hesitating manner had plenty to say — to Katherine anyway; companionship with her had a significance far beyond any companionship Katherine ever had. There was a certain freshness to all her words, as if her very silence had kept her mind young. Her thoughts came out clear and shining, minted quite fresh. How different the two, the Mrs. Wetherill of Thornton and her friend Eunice Gaunt were, Katherine could gauge by the curiosity their friendship excited. How alone Eunice Gaunt had been, she saw only too plainly by the subdued, almost tremulous eagerness with which she gave Katherine her friendship.

She could n't help wondering why her friend was shut so closely in the house of

herself,—Eunice Gaunt could n't indeed have been more separated from the world around her had there been question of locks and keys.

"The house of herself," was Eunice Gaunt's own word.

"We all of us keep the real 'me' locked up in the house of ourself," she had said once to Katherine. "Sometimes it is self-consciousness that turns the key, and sometimes shyness, and more often circumstances." Then she added wistfully, "Some happy people come in and out at will." They walked side by side toward the little wood. Then Eunice Gaunt put her hand on the younger woman's with an indescribable gesture of tenderness. "You open the door for me, my dear," she said.

They stood face to face, silent in the contentment of perfect understanding, and Katherine went home, to wonder again why this loving, lovable woman should live so aloof from her fellows. How aloof this was, she found out the first time they went out together; it was a party at Mrs. Carling's, and not only, as Mrs. Carling said, was there "not a word out of Mrs. Wetherill," but no promise of words or anything else. A diffident, smiling little old lady was all she seemed, who, as Mrs. Carling had put it, "would n't say 'Boh' to a goose;" one would as soon have expected treasures of companionship and understanding from the tufted chair on which she was sitting. As they left the house Henry Wetherill joined them.

"Well, mother," he chaffed, "did you tell them how to raise strawberries as good as yours?" — and without waiting for an answer, "Mother, you know," he explained, "is forever telling people how to raise things like hers; but *I* always have thought she was like the housekeepers who leave out the important thing when they give away their receipts."

There was a little edge of patronizing sarcasm in his tone, a mere suggestion only, so imperceptible that Katherine thought she must be mistaken. Mrs.

Wetherill had n't noticed it. She smiled absently at her son, and absently she left on Katherine the burden of keeping up a conversation,— which she did not unwillingly. She liked Henry Wetherill, even if his abrupt way of asking questions disconcerted her to dumbness.

Mrs. Wetherill turned in at her own gate, saying good-by to Katherine with the same gentle formality she had shown in taking leave of the other ladies.

"I'll walk over with Miss Paine," Henry announced; and Mrs. Wetherill replied with a smiling, aloof, "Very well, dear," and "Good-by, Katherine."

Once at Katherine's gate, "I think I'll come up and sit on your piazza," he said, — "if you'll let me, I mean." He might have been asking permission smilingly of a child of twelve. He arranged himself comfortably in a big piazza chair, and from his attitude a passer-by would have gathered that he was a daily visitor, so much at home he seemed.

He stared at Katherine in his embarrassing way; and when she felt herself flushing and caught a twinkle of a smile in his eyes, she had an unreasoning impulse to run away and lock the door in the face of this man, who stared one into self-consciousness and then smiled tolerantly over one's confusion.

There was, however, no hint of the smile in his voice as he said, "You don't know how glad I am that you and mother are such friends. I'm like my father, — I hate a gadding, gossiping woman; but I think mother goes too far the other way."

Katherine warmed to him over his concern for his mother, and for a while they chatted together. To Katherine's shy invitation to come again, — "As often as you like," he answered warmly.

When he left, Katherine felt that her house was empty, his large radiant personality had so filled it. This was not to be the last she saw of him that day. Later, as she made her way through the shrubbery in search of his mother, she heard Wetherill's voice saying, "Why don't

you put them where Mrs. Wetherill told you to?"

His voice was not raised beyond his usual tone, but it cut like a knife. One could n't call it bullying; it was a finer and more wounding way of getting what one wanted. "Why"—he continued in exactly the same pitch—"don't you answer me?"

Katherine knew he could continue indefinitely on the same insulting key. Through the bushes she could see the old gardener grubbing away at a flower-bed, Wetherill standing over him. While the old man did not answer or pause in his work, every outline of his old, bent figure expressed indignant protest. Mrs. Wetherill stood a few paces distant, trowel in hand; she was gazing off at the distant horizon, calm-browed, apparently unconscious of everything around her.

"Why did n't you put them where you were told? You think you know everything about a garden,—but you're here, are n't you, to do what Mrs. Wetherill says?"

Katherine had gained the open lawn and was only a few steps away from her friends.

"Why—" Henry began again.

The old man jumped to his feet, his brown face red under the tan.

"I be doin' what she told me" he cried angrily. Then, appealing to Mrs. Wetherill, "Ain't I settin' them plants where you said?"

It seemed to Katherine that Mrs. Wetherill brought herself back as from a distance, and that it was an effort for her to realize what was going on.

"Why of course you are, Ezra," she answered, "why not?" She looked with surprise at the angry faces of the two men; then she saw Katherine. "Why, my dear child," she cried joyously, and stopped herself abruptly.

"Do you mind telling me," Henry asked his mother politely, "why in the world you let me sail into Ezra as I've been doing on your behalf, when after all he was doing what you said?"

She looked at him mildly. "I did n't hear what you were saying, Henry," she replied. Henry threw out his hands despairingly.

"Did you ever see such a pair, Miss Paine? I was perfectly sure Ezra was planting those roses where I heard mother tell him not to. I go for him loud enough to be heard across the street, and there she stands and, perfectly unruffled, lets me maul him. Actually she has n't heard a word!"

He turned to his mother. "Where were you anyway? I never saw such an absent-minded woman! I talk and talk to her and I might as well be at the other side of a plate-glass window. Ezra, you old fool, why did n't you tell me sooner?"

Henry was entirely restored to good-humor now, and his question to Ezra was almost an apology; but the old man did not answer or take any notice of him beyond hunching an offish shoulder.

"Look at them, Miss Paine," Henry exclaimed. "They never speak! Sometimes I think I'll buy a parrot for company!" He had put a large arm around his mother's neck and lifted her face up toward him like a child's. "Why don't you listen when I talk to you?" he demanded with savage affection.

"You're so like your father, dear," she replied irrelevantly.

Henry Wetherill hastened to fulfill his promise of coming often to see Katherine. Indeed he formed a pleasant habit of "dropping in" for a few moments' chat, and while he was there he would not take his eyes from her. She resented this at first; in the end she liked it, in much the fearsome way she liked Henry Wetherill. She was filled with a sense of excitement when she was with him. Conversation with him was an adventure. She could never tell when he would swoop down on her and extinguish her. What he did to give her this impression she could not for the life of her have told; but with him she felt she had to fight for her life or cease to be; the irritating part

of it was that he was largely and serenely unaware of the effect he produced, and it is a humiliating thing to be fighting for life with a force which does n't even realize that there is a fight.

So, between her companionship with the mother and her friendship with the son,—for that, in spite of everything, was what it was coming to be,—Katherine found her life very full. She turned her face resolutely from that blank time when she would have to go away,—after her tenancy had finished there was really no good excuse to keep her in a snowbound New England village,—and when one day Henry Wetherill abruptly asked her what her plans for the winter were, she told him promptly,—

"Oh, I'll go South, I suppose."

At that moment Mrs. Carling came in, and when, in a few minutes, Henry Wetherill left, Mrs. Carling hardly waited for his broad shoulders to be turned before she raised significant eyebrows at Katherine, and followed it up with a surprised, "Well, you *have* done it — to be sure!"

"Done it!" Katherine wondered.

"Mother and son both! Well I declare," her visitor pursued with relish.

Evenly, but with inward annoyance, Katherine turned the subject. Mrs. Carling, however, had given her a clue to something that had mystified her. For the past few weeks Henry's mother, in some indescribable fashion, had seemed to slip away from her. There had been nothing one could put one's finger on; one could only say in the good old phrase that "things were different." There had been a mute appeal in her friend's eyes that Katherine now thought she understood.

"I must stop his coming here so much," Katherine decided; but in the bottom of her heart she knew how powerless she was to stop Henry Wetherill in anything that he wanted to do.

As he came up the path next day Katherine noticed that his brows were drawn in a sombre line. But as he saw her on

the piazza waiting for him, he smiled at her brilliantly, and Katherine felt as if the sun had come out in the midst of a thunderstorm.

"Do you know," he began without preamble his eyes looking directly into hers, "what I was thinking about when I came up the walk? I was wondering what would become of us all when you went. You don't know, I suppose, what you mean to me—I'm as lonely in a way as mother. Until you came I didn't know there was any other way to be—" He faltered a moment; and there was something very appealing in his hesitation: after all, he needed companionship and affection as do the weaker people of the world, and this touched Katherine to the quick. They stood facing each other, troubled and embarrassed, Katherine's heart beating fast. Now she knew: yesterday's absurdity had become the reality of to-day.

"You see how it is,—you can't go away; you must n't. I've *got* to have you." Then, as Katherine would have spoken,—for it seemed to her that for all his tone of eager pleading she was being swept down the swift-flowing stream of his desire, and she wanted very much to tell him the truth, which was that she did n't love him in the very least,—he stopped her.

"I know what you want to say. You want to tell me you don't care for me. I know that. But you don't hate me—you like me even, and after we're married I'd be a poor sort of a fellow if I couldn't make you care."

He cared; that was the principal thing after all, his manner seemed to say.

"It's all so right, don't you see," he pleaded eagerly. "You so belong to us."

The "It's all so right" was what won her. What if she did n't love him? It *was* all so right. The "us" touched her too. His constant thought for his mother was one of the things that drew her most to him.

"How would your mother feel about it?" Katherine asked shyly.

His mother's attitude in the matter had evidently never occurred to him. He looked at her blankly. "Why should n't she like it?" he demanded with a touch of anger. It was as if he had said, "Let her not like it and she'll see what she'll get;" and the little vague terror that he had given her from the first came over her; but it vanished as he laughed his loud boyish laugh.

"What an idea!" he shouted; "why, I can't remember mother's not liking anything I've done since I was grown up. She likes *everything* I do," he repeated with serene assurance. "What made you think she would n't like it, — my marrying you?" he persisted.

"Why, it's seemed to me that the more I saw of you the less I saw of her; the better I got to know you the more she withdrew herself," Katherine faltered.

He looked at her, a tender glow in his eyes. "Don't worry about that," he assured her lightly. "Mother's only part there most of the time; she's the most absent-minded woman in the world — always in the clouds."

And Katherine forbore telling him how much "Eunice Gaunt" was "there" when her son was n't. He evidently was not aware of her curious smiling aloofness. Katherine longed to ask him if he never got behind it, never saw the other side; but she only insisted, "I don't think she'll like it."

"What a funny girl you are," he said, smiling. "We'll find mother and ask her, and then —"

"And then," Katherine interrupted, "if she does n't like it — I love her so dearly I could n't for the world —"

"You'll see," Henry Wetherill repeated. There was not a shadow of doubt in him; if there was anything he was sure of, it was his mother.

They found Mrs. Wetherill in the garden. "Mother," he called to her joyously, "this foolish girl thinks you would n't like me to marry her." His tone was gay, happy, assured. There was a certain finality in it also, as if she already

belonged to him, as he added, "Tell her you think she'll be a good wife to me."

For a fraction of a second, Mrs. Wetherill stared at them wide-eyed. Then, "She would make the best wife in the world for any one," she cried warmly, and kissed Katherine.

"You see," Henry triumphed, and Katherine wondered if he actually had not noticed that his mother had turned white at his words; if he could not see how her hands trembled as she smiled her little vague smile at him.

"I'll leave you to talk things over," he told them. Mrs. Wetherill stood watching him until he disappeared beyond the tawny lilies into the house.

"Now tell me the truth," Katherine said gently, taking both her friend's hands in her own.

Mrs. Wetherill raised her troubled, sombre face to hers; her mouth quivered pitifully; slow tears gathered in her eyes.

"You don't need to say anything," Katherine went on still more tenderly. "I can understand. He's your only son —"

But as Henry Wetherill's mother whispered under her breath, "Oh, I can't live it all over again," Katherine understood that here was more than a mother who finds it hard to give up her dear son.

"You're so near me," Mrs. Wetherill went on, so low that it was as if she were afraid to hear her own words, "that I can't let you suffer what you would have to. You're so near me that you seem to me like my own child —"

In this moment they passed beyond the door of friendship. They stood for the moment closer than it is often possible for one human being to come to another. They were at the very threshold of Eunice Gaunt's hidden life. For Katherine's sake she had opened a door that such women keep closed even against themselves.

"I hoped," she went on, "that you would see for yourself, — you see so many things other people don't —"

"You don't think I'd be happy with Henry," Katherine suggested gently. She was beginning to read the riddle of her friend's life, — her curious relation with her son; her attitude toward the world began to have a new meaning.

"Men like Henry don't know how they hurt women like us," Henry's mother said gently. It was an apology, not an accusation. "Henry's like his father," she went on in the same gentle tone. "All the Wetherill men are alike. They crush the weaker people around them out of existence; they don't mean to, — they don't even know they do it." While she told what her son was, she had to cry out in the same breath, "It's not his fault." With a gesture of unfathomable motherliness, as if Katherine were really her daughter, she put her hand on the girl's head and gazed long into her eyes.

"My dear," she asked, "do you *love* Henry? Your face is the face of a little girl, as it was when I first saw you" —

"He said," Katherine faltered, "that it did n't matter, — that he would make me like him."

"Poor Henry," said his mother; "if you had loved him — there would n't have been anything to say. I should have lived over through you all that has been hard in my life. It would have been like having my own at war with my own. I should have had to know that no day of yours went by without its humiliation, without its bruise. I should have known that it was my son's fault. He could n't help doing it, — and you could n't help him. You would try and try, and then you would see that neither patience nor submission nor love could change him."

All the things Katherine had failed to understand fitted in together like parts of a puzzle. Now she knew why her friend was as she was. Henry's father and Henry had shut her into the "house of herself" with their noisy wounding anger, with their wounding laughter. She had a sharp vision of Henry's bullying tenderness, of his mocking laugh, of the glimpse she had had of his insatiable

irritation; and a fear of him came over her, the fear of the weaker animal for the stronger. She meditated over what she saw, and Eunice brooded over her own past; at last she cried out, — it was her only moment of bitterness, —

"They are the men with no woman in them. They are the ones who first created our meannesses and weaknesses and then laughed and scolded and sneered at us for being as they made us." Her voice softened. "They can't help themselves for their unconscious abuse of power," she said.

This was her final judgment of the two men who had made up her life — her husband and her son. It was her only revolt, her only outward sign of discontent. Now she stood upright, as immovable as a figure of justice, and in her Katherine saw more than a woman telling the long tragedy of her life. It was as if through the voice of her friend she heard the immemorial cry of all the weaker creatures who have suffered through the strong. Without passion or anger she put in words woman's world-old quarrel with man. Bits of it would come to Katherine long afterwards.

"They are the sort of men who make cowards and liars of women," was one.

"I understood the meannesses of women when I had been married a few years."

"Often I have seen on a woman's face a look of anger or fear or cunning, and I knew that here was another of me. There are more of us than you think, and we use in self-defense guile, or flattery, or affection, or submission, according to our natures."

"There are few women who have n't been sneered at and reproached for being women."

She told her story, a few sentences at a time; and unconsciously she showed Katherine her final victory, her acceptance of life as it was, the conquest of her own inward peace. She told how she had borne their unconscious brutality, first with tears, then with smiling aloof-

ness; her road to escape had been a withdrawal from them and from every one, for she had left no point where they could hurt her.

"How did you bear it all?" Katherine asked at last.

Her friend looked at her in gentle surprise. "I loved both of them dearly always," she said. "And I knew they loved me even more dearly. Love goes deeper than understanding. We've lived our lives, Henry and Henry's father and I, talking different languages; but I have always been upheld by their love for me and, curiously enough, by their dependence on me. If you — had cared —" she did not finish, but smiled at Katherine, all tenderness in her eyes. Then Katherine knew that the secret of her inner content was more than self-mastery; she had always had them, whatever else had been lacking; mysteriously they had made up to her for all the pain they had all unconsciously given her.

She had no time to answer, for Henry was bearing down on them, gay and confident. At the two women's serious aspect, "Well?" he asked, raising his eye-brows in question.

"I have been telling Katherine not to marry you," his mother said steadily.

He stared aghast. "You have been telling her *what?*" he repeated; his tone was low, there was in every word the concentration of anger. "What does she mean?" he demanded of Katherine. "Answer me."

"There's no use asking her," Mrs. Wetherill told him simply. "I'm sorry, Henry, I had to do it. You could never have made Katherine happy."

She had told him everything he could understand.

"Let her speak for herself," Wetherill commanded sternly. "Katherine, will you marry me?" The entreaty in his voice, his anger, his very lack of understanding, went to Katherine's heart. She was nearer loving him that moment than she had ever been. Had they been alone she realized that she must have promised

whatever he wished, — and then run away. With her friend's protecting arm around her she managed to falter forth, "No, oh no!"

He turned on his mother.

"You've made mischief between us!" Anger vibrated in his low voice. "You've dared, *you, you*, to judge whether I could make her happy! You know whether this means anything to me! You know whether I've ever cared for any one else. — The first woman I care for — Oh!" — he was white with the rage and despair of it. The creature on earth he loved most had turned on him, treacherously. His world had gone to pieces under his feet, and he raged at it. It was the man's side of it, old as time; and like the first man betrayed by his faithful servant, he raged against the faithlessness of women.

There was nothing mean in his anger; it did n't occur to him to try and control it because of Katherine; such as he was he showed himself. He resorted to no trick of gentleness to win her. Like his kind he had got everything through the brute force of his will, as his ancestors had got everything by might of arm. If all the protest of women from all time against the unconscious abuse of power had been his mother's story, all man's rancor against woman was in his denunciation. As his anger spent itself, he stood before the two women in very despair at his impotence. He did n't understand them; he did n't understand anything. There was not one of the many questions he put himself that he could answer. His own had turned on him. Why? He could n't tell. The woman he loved had all but given herself to him, and then turned from him. Why? He did n't know. All he knew was the common knowledge of the men of his kind, that women were the enemies of men, creatures one could n't understand, moved by irrational impulse, untrustworthy and fickle. And as his mother watched him she understood, she trembled for him in a very anguish of pity.

He stood before them, a tragic, lonely figure, suffering as a child suffers without knowing why; then he turned from them abruptly and left them. Katherine threw her arms around her friend.

"You shan't stand it," she cried. "Come away with me. You must n't live with him any longer."

But Eunice Gaunt did not hear her. She watched Henry out of sight while slow tears gathered in her eyes. She breathed so low that Katherine barely heard her, —

"Oh, my poor son!" and again "My poor son!" and then, — "Oh, how could I hurt you so much?"

THE COUNTRY EDITOR OF TO-DAY

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

EULOGIES and laudatory paragraphs, alternating with sneers, ridicule, and deprecations, long have been the lot of the country editor. Pictured in the comic papers as an egotistic clown, exalted by the politicians as a mighty "moulder of public opinion," occasionally chastised by angry patrons, and sometimes remembered by delighted subscribers, he has put his errors where they could be read of all men and has modestly sought a fair credit for his merits.

At times he has rebelled — not at treatment from his constituency but at patronizing remarks of the city journalist who sits at a mahogany desk and dictates able articles for the eighteen-page daily, instead of writing local items at a pine table in the office of a four-page weekly. Thus did one voice his protest: "When you consider that the country weekly is owned by its editor and that the man who writes the funny things about country papers in the city journals is owned by the corporation for which he writes, it does n't seem so sad. When you see an item in the city papers poking fun at the country editor for printing news about John Jones' new barn, you laugh and laugh, — for you know that on one of the pages of that same city daily is a two-column story in regard to the trimmings on the gowns of the Duchess of Wheelbarrow. And it is all the more amusing

because you know the duchess does not even know of the existence of the aforesaid city paper, while John Jones and many of his neighbors take and pay for the paper which mentioned his new barn. Don't waste your pity on the country newspaper worker. He will get along."

Little money is needed to start a country paper. There be those who claim that it does not require any money, — that it can be done on nerve alone, — and they produce evidence to support the statement. True, some of the editors who have the least money and the poorest plants are most successful in their efforts to live up to the conception developed by the professional humorist; but it is not fair to judge the country editor by these — any more than it would be fair to judge the workers on the great city dailies by the publishers of back-street fake sheets that exist merely to rob advertisers; or to judge the editors of reputable magazines by the promoters of nauseous monthlies whose stock in trade is a weird and sickening collection of mail-order bargains and quack medicine advertisements.

The country editor of to-day is far removed from his prototype of two or three decades ago. It would be strange if an age that gives to the farmer his improved self-binder, to the physician his

X-ray machine, and to the merchant his loose-leaf ledger, had done nothing for the town's best medium of publicity. The perfection of stereotype plate manufacture by which a page of telegraph news may be delivered ready for printing at a cost of approximately twenty cents a column, and the elaboration of the "ready print," or "patent inside," by which half the paper is printed before delivery, yet at practically no expense over the unprinted sheets, have been the two great labor-savers for the country editor. Thereby he is relieved, if he desire, of the tedious and expensive task of setting much type in order to give the world's general news, and the miscellaneous matter that "fills up" the paper. His energies then may be devoted to reporting the happenings of his locality and to giving his opinions on public affairs. By his doing of these, and by his relations toward the public interests, is he to be judged.

After all, no one man in the community has so large an opportunity to assist the town in advancement as the editor. It is not because he is smarter than others, not because he is wealthy,—but because he is the spokesman to the outside world.

He is eager to print all the news in his own paper. Does he do it? Hardly. "This would be a very newsy paper," explained a frank country editor to his subscribers, "were it not for the fact that each of the four men who work on it has many friends. By the time all the items that might injure some of their friends are omitted, very little is left."

"I wish you would print a piece about our schoolteacher," said a farmer's wife to me one afternoon. "Say that she is the best teacher in the county."

"But I can't do that — two hundred other teachers would be angry. You write the piece, sign it, and I'll print it."

"What are you running a newspaper for if you can't please your subscribers?" she demanded — and canceled her subscription.

So the country editor leaves out cer-

tain good things and certain bad things for the very simple reason that the persons most interested are close at hand and can find the individual responsible for the statements. He becomes wise in his generation and avoids chastisements and libel suits. He finds that there is no lasting regard in a sneer, no satisfaction in gratifying the impulse to say things that bring tears to women's eyes, nothing to gloat over in opening a wound in a man's heart. If he does not learn this as he grows older in the service, he is a poor country editor.

His relations to his subscribers are intimate. There is little mystery possible about the making of the paper; it is as if he stood in the market-place and told his story. Of course, the demands upon him are many and some of them preposterous. Men with grafts seek to use the paper, people with schemes ask free publicity. The country editor is criticised for charging for certain items that no city paper prints free. The churches and lodges want free notices of entertainments by which they hope to make money; semi-public entertainments prepared under the management of a traveling promoter ask free advertising "for the good of the cause." Usually they get it, and when the promoter passes on, the editor is found to be the only one in town who received nothing for his labor.

It is characteristic of the country town to engage in community quarrels. These absorb the attention of the citizens, and feeling becomes bitter. The cause may be trifling: the location of a schoolhouse, the building of a bridge, the selection of a justice of the peace, or some similar matter, is enough. To the newspaper office hurry the partisans, asking for *ex parte* reports of the conditions. One leader is, perhaps, a liberal advertiser; to offend him means loss of business. Another is a personal friend; to anger him means the loss of friendship. The editor of the only paper in the town must be a diplomat if he is to guide safely through the channel. In former

times he tried to please both sides and succeeded in making enemies of every one interested. Now the well-equipped editor takes the position that he is a business man like the others, that he has rights as do they, and he states the facts as he sees them, regardless of partisanship, letting the public do the rest. If there be another paper in town, the problem is easy, for the other faction also has an "organ."

Out of the public's disagreement may come a newspaper quarrel — though this is a much rarer thing than formerly. The old-time country newspaper abuse of "our loathed but esteemed contemporary" is passing away, it being understood that such a quarrel, with personalities entangled in the recriminations, is both undignified and ungentlemanly. "But people will read it," says the man who by gossip encourages these attacks. So will people listen to a coarse street controversy carried on in a loud and angry tone, — but little is their respect for the principals engaged. Country editors of the better class now treat other editors as gentlemen, and the paper that stoops to personal attacks is seldom found. Many a town has gone for years without other than kindly mention in any paper of the editors of the other papers, and in such towns you will generally find peace and courtesy among the citizens.

Of course, there are politics and political arguments, but few are the editors so lacking in the instincts of a gentleman as to bring into these the opposing editor's personal and family affairs. It has come to be understood that such action is a reflection on the one who does it, not on the object of his attack. This is another way of saying that more real gentlemen are running country newspapers to-day than ever before. This broadening of character has broadened influence. The country paper is effecting greater things in legislation than are the county conventions.

"The power of the country press in

Washington surprises me," said a middle West congressman last winter. "During my two terms I have been impressed with it constantly. I doubt if there is a single calm utterance in any paper in the United States that does not carry some weight in Washington among the members of Congress. You might think that what some little country editor says does not amount to anything, but it means a great deal more than most people realize. When the country editor, who is looking after nothing but the county printing, gives expression to some rational idea about a national question, the man off here in Congress knows that it comes from the grass-roots. The lobby, the big railroad lawyers, and that class of people, realize the power of the press, but they hate it. I have heard them talk about it and shake their heads and say, 'Too much power there!' The press is more powerful than money."

This was not said in flattery, but because he had seen on congressmen's desks the heaps of country weeklies, and he knew how closely they were read. The smallest editorial paragraph tells the politician of the condition in that paper's community, for he knows that it is put there because the editor has gathered the idea from some one whom he trusts as a leader, — and the politician knows approximately who that leader is. So the country editor often exerts a power of which he knows little.

But politics is only a part of the country editor's life. The social affairs of the community are nearest to him. The proud father who brings in a cigar with a notice of the seventh baby's arrival (why cigars and babies should be associated in men's minds I never understood), the fruit farmer who presents some fine Ben Davis apples in the expectation that he will get a notice, are but types. The editor may have some doubts concerning the need of a seventh child in the family of the proud father, and he may not be particularly fond

of Ben Davis apples; but he gives generous notices because he knows that the gifts were prompted by kind hearts and that the givers are his friends.

When joy comes to the household, it is but the working of the heart's best impulses to desire that all should share it. The news that the princess of the family has, after many years of waiting, wedded a prosperous merchant of the neighboring county, brings the family into prominence in the home paper. Seldom in these busy times does the editor get a piece of wedding-cake, but nevertheless he fails not to say that the bride is "one of our loveliest young ladies and the groom is worthy of the prize he has won." The city paper does not do that. Here and there a country editor tries to put on city airs and give the bare facts of "social functions," without a personal touch to the lines. But unfrequently does he succeed in reaching the hearts of his readers, and somehow he finds that his contemporary across the street, badly printed, sprinkled with typographical errors and halting in its grammar, but profuse in its laudations, is getting an unusual number of new subscribers. Even you, though you may pretend to be unmindful, are not displeased when on the day after your party you read that the guests "went home feeling that a good time had been had."

The time has not yet come for the country paper to assume city airs; nor is it likely to arrive for many years. The reason is a psychological one. The city journal is the paper of the masses; the country weekly or small daily is the paper of the neighborhood. One is general and impersonal; the other, direct and intimate. One is the market-place; the other, the home. The distinction is not soon to be wiped out.

And when sorrow comes! Into the home of a city friend of mine death entered, taking the wife and mother. The family had been prominent in social circles, and columns were printed in the city papers, columns of cold, biographical

facts — born, married, died. But the news went back to the small country town where in their early married life the husband and wife had spent many happy years, and in the little country weekly was quite another sort of story. It told how much her friends loved her, how saddened they were by her passing away, how sweet and womanly had been her character. The husband did not send the city papers to distant acquaintances; he sent copy after copy of the little country weekly, the only place where, despite his prominence in the world, appeared a sympathetic relation of the loss that had come to him.

Week after week the country paper does this. From issue after issue clippings are stowed away in bureau drawers or pasted in family Bibles, because they picture the loved one gone. It may not be a very high mission; but no part of the country editor's work has in it more of satisfaction and recompense.

After the funeral comes the real test of the editor's good-nature. Long resolutions adopted by lodges and church organizations are handed in for publication, each bristling with the forms of ritual or creed, and each signed with the names of the committee members upon whom devolved the task of composition. A few country editors are brave enough to demand payment at advertising rates for these publications; generally they are printed without charge.

Nor is there a halt at this step in the proceeding. One day a sad-faced farmer, with a heavy band of crape around his battered soft hat, accompanied by a woman whose heavy veil and black dress are sufficient insignia of woe, comes to the office.

"We would like to put in a 'card of thanks,'" begins the man, "and we wish you would write it for us. We ain't very good at writing pieces, and you know how." Does the editor tell them how bad is the taste that indulges the stereotyped card of thanks? Does he haughtily refuse to be a party to such violation of

form's canons? Scarcely. He knows the formula by heart and "the kind friends and neighbors who assisted us in our late bereavement," comes to him as easily as the opening words of a mayor's proclamation.

Occasionally there is literary talent in the family, and the "card" is prepared without the editor's assistance. Here is one verbatim as it came to the desk:—

"We extend our thanks to the good people who assisted us in the sickness and death of our wife and daughter. The doctor who was so faithful in attendance and effort to bring her back to health, the pastor who visited and prayed with her and us, the students who watched with us and waited on her, the neighbors who did all they could in helping care for her, the dormitory students, the faculty, the literary societies and the A.O.U.W. who furnished such beautiful flowers, we thank them all. Then the undertaker who was so kind, the liveryman and other friends who furnished carriages for us to go to the cemetery — yes, we thank you all."

Doubtless he feels that he should do something toward conserving the best taste in social usage, and that the "card of thanks" should be ruthlessly frowned down; but he sees also the other side. It is unquestionably prompted by a spirit of sincere gratitude and survives as a concession to a supposed public opinion. Like other things that are self-perpetuating, this continues — and the country editor out of the goodness of his heart assists in its longevity. In no path is the progress of the reformer so difficult as in that of social custom; and this is as true on the village street as on the city boulevard.

The past half-decade has brought to the country editor a new problem and a new rival, — the rural delivery route. Until this innovation came, few farmers took daily papers. The country weekly, or the weekly from the city, furnished the news.

Out in the Middle West the other morning, a dozen miles from town, a farmer rode on a sulky plough turning over brown furrows for the new crop. "I see by to-day's Kansas City papers," he began, as a visitor came alongside, "that there is trouble in Russia again." "What do you know about what is in to-day's Kansas City papers?" "Oh, we got them from the carrier an hour ago."

It was not yet noon, but he was in touch with the world's news up to one o'clock that morning — and this twelve miles from a railroad and two hundred miles west of the Missouri River! In that country every farmhouse has rural delivery of mail; and one carrier makes his round in an automobile, covering the thirty miles in four hours or less.

The country editor has viewed with alarm this changing condition. He has feared that he would be robbed of his subscribers through the familiar excuse, "I'm takin' more papers than I can read." But nothing of the kind has happened. Although the rural carriers take each morning great packages of daily papers, brought to the village by the fast mail, the people along the routes are as eager as ever for the weekly visit of the home paper. If by accident one copy is missing from the carrier's supply on Thursday, great is the lamentation. It is doubtful if a single country paper has been injured by the rural route; in most instances the reading habit has been so stimulated as to increase the patronage.

This it has done: it has impressed on the editor the necessity of giving much attention to home news and less to the happenings afar. This is, indeed, the province of the country paper, since it is of the home and the family, not of the market-place. This feature will grow, and the country paper will become more a chronicle of home news and less a purveyor of outside happenings, for soon practically every farmer will have his daily paper with the regularity of the sunrise. On the whole, instead of being

an injury this is helpful to the rural publisher; it relieves him of responsibility for a broad field of information and allows him to devote his energy to that news which gives the greatest hold on readers,—the doings of the immediate community. With this will come more generally the printing of the entire paper at home and the decline of the "patent inside," now so common, which has served its purpose well. If it exist, it will be in a modified form, devoted chiefly to readable articles of a literary rather than of a news value.

The city daily may give the telegraph news of the world in quicker and better service, the mail-order house may occasionally undersell the home merchant, the glory of the city's lights may dazzle; but, at the end of the week, home and home institutions are best; so only one publication gives the news we most wish to know,—the country paper. The city business man throws away his financial journal and his yellow "extra," and tears open the pencil-addressed home paper that brings to him memories of new-mown hay and fallow fields and boyhood. Regardless of its style, its grammar, or its politics, it holds its reader with a grip that the city editor may well envy.

In these times the country editor is, like the publisher of the city, a business man. Scores of offices of country weeklies within two hundred miles of the Rockies (which is about as far inland as we can get nowadays) have linotypes or type-setting machines, run the presses with an electric motor, and give the editor an income of three thousand dollars or more a year for labor that allows many a vacation day. The country editor gets a good deal out of life. He lives well; he travels much; he meets the best people of his state; and, if he be inclined, he can accomplish much for his own improvement. Added to this is the joy of rewarding the honorable, decent people of the town with good words and helpful publicity, and the satisfaction of seeing that the rascals get their dues,

— and get them they do if the editor lives and the rascals live, for in the country town the editor's turn always comes. It may be long delayed, but it arrives. If he use his power with honesty and intelligence, he can do much good for the community.

In the opinion of some this danger threatens: the increased rapidity of transportation, the multitude of fast trains, and the facilities for placing the big city papers within a zone of one hundred miles of the office of publication, means the large representation of particular localities or even the establishment of editions devoted to them. The city paper tries to absorb the local patronage through the competent correspondent who practically edits certain columns or pages of the journal. In the thickly settled East this is more successful than in the West, where distance helps the local paper. But the zone is widening with every improvement in transportation of mails, and soon few sections of the country will be outside the possibilities of some city paper's enterprise in this direction.

When this happens, will the local weekly go out of existence and its subscribers be attached to the big city paper whose facilities for getting news and whose enterprise in reaching the uttermost parts of the world far outstrip the slow-going weekly's best efforts? It is not likely. The county-seat weekly to-day, with its energetic correspondent in the town of Centreville, adds to its list in that section because it gives the news fully and crisply—but it does not drive out of business the Centreville *Palladium*, whose editor has a personal acquaintance with every subscriber and who caters to the home pride of the community. It is probable that the *Palladium* will be more enterprising and will devote more attention to the doings of the dwellers in Centreville in order to keep abreast with the competition; but it cannot be driven out, nor its editor forced from his position by dearth of business.

The life of a forceful paper is long. One such paper was sold and its name changed eighteen years ago; yet letters and subscriptions still are addressed to the old publication. A hold like that on a community's life cannot be broken by competition.

The evolution of the country weekly into the country daily is becoming easier as telephone and telegraph become cheaper, and transportation enables publishers to secure at remote points a daily "plate" service that includes telegraph news up to a few hours of the time of publication. The publishing of an associated press daily, which twenty years ago always attended a town's boom and generally resulted in the suspension of a bank or two and the financial ruin of several families, has become simplified until it is within reach of modest means.

Instead of the big city journals extending their sway to crush out the country paper, it is more probable that the country papers will take on some of the city's airs, and that, with the added touch of personal familiarity with the people and their affairs, the country editor will become a greater power than in the past. For it is recognized to-day that the publication of a paper is a business affair and not a matter of faith or revenge. If the publication be not a financial success, it is not much of a success of any kind.

The old-time editor who prided himself on his powers of vituperation, who thundered through double-leaded columns his views on matters of world-importance and traded space for groceries and dry goods, has few representatives to-day. The wide-awake, clean-cut, well-dressed young men, paying cash for their purchases and demanding cash for advertising, alert to the business and political movements that make for progress, and taking active part in the interests of the town, precisely as though they were merchants or mechanics, asking no favors because of their occupation, are

taking their places. This sort of country editor is transforming the country paper and is making of it a business enterprise in the best sense of the term,—something it seldom was under the old régime.

This eulogy is one often quoted by the country press: "Every year every local paper gives from five hundred to five thousand lines for the benefit of the community in which it is located. No other agency can or will do this. The editor, in proportion to his means, does more for his town than any other man. To-day editors do more work for less pay than any men on earth."

Like other eulogies it has in it something of exaggeration. It assumes the country editor to be a philanthropist above his neighbors. The new type of country editor makes no such claim. To be sure, he prints many good things for the community's benefit,—but he does it because he is a part of the community. What helps the town helps him. His neighbor, the miller, would do as much; his other neighbor, the hardware man, is as loyal and in his way works as hard for the town's upbuilding. In other words, the country editor of to-day assumes no particular virtue because his capital is invested in printing-presses, paper, and a few thousand pieces of metal called type. He does realize that because of his avocation he is enabled to do much for good government, for progress, and for the betterment of his community. Unselfishly and freely he does this. He starts movements that bring scoundrels to terms, that place flowers where weeds grew before, that banish sorrow and add to the world's store of joy,—but he does not presume that because of this he deserves more credit than his fellow business men. He is indeed fallen from grace who makes a merit of doing what is decent and honest and fair.

It is often remarked that the ambition of the country editor is to secure a position on a city paper. I have had many city newspapermen confide to me that

their fondest hope was to save enough money to buy a country weekly in a thriving town. At first thought it would seem that the city journalist would fail in the new field, having been educated in a vastly different atmosphere and being unacquainted with the conditions under which the country editor must make friends and secure business. But two of the most successful newspapers of my acquaintance are edited by men who served their apprenticeship on city dailies, and finally realized their heart's desire and bought country weeklies in prosperous communities. They are not only making more money than ever before, but both tell me that they have greater happiness than came in the old days of rush, hurry, and excitement.

So long as a country paper can be issued without the expenditure of more than a few hundred dollars, so long as the man with ambition and money can satisfy his desire to "edit," the country paper will be fruitful of jocose remarks by the city journalist. There will be columns of odd reprint from the backwoods of Arkansas, and queer combinations of grammar and egotism from the Egypt of Illinois. The exchange editor will find in his rural mail much food for humorous comment, but he will not find

characterizing the country editor a lack of independence, nor a lack of ability to look out for himself. The country editor is doing very well, and the trend of his business affairs is in the direction of better financial returns and wider influence. He is a greater power now than ever before in his history, and he will become more influential as the years go by. He will not be controlled by a syndicate, nor modeled after a machine-made pattern, but will exert his individuality wherever he may be.

The country editor of to-day is coming into his own. He asks fewer favors and brings more into the store of common good. He does not ask eulogies nor does he resent fair criticisms; he is content to be judged by what he is and what he has accomplished. As the leader of the hosts must hold his place by the consent of his followers, so must the town's spokesman prove his worth. Closest to the people, nearest to their home life, its hopes and its aspirations, the country editor is at the foundation of journalism. Here and there is a weak and inefficient example; but in the main he measures up to as high a standard as does any class of business men in the nation,—and it is as a business man that he prefers to be classed.

TO GIACOMO LEOPARDI

BY T. STURGE MOORE

COLD was thy thought, O stricken son
Of Italy, cold as the moon
That naked, barren, frozen, on
This fertile earth, the boon
Of silver light
Sheds by night,—
Touching the million shaken leaves
That crown our woods; while every fold
Of buttressed Alp soft charm receives,
Till near things look like lands far sought.
Yes, thy thought ached, it was so cold;
And winsome movement, and choice sound,
In harmonies divinely wrought,
Could they be born of that profound
Despair which they so clearly taught?
Nay, suffering, like a nightmare still,
Turned all thy youth's warm radiance chill,
As yon dead moon turns the sun's beams
Aside in cold yet lucid streams,
Whose loveliness from farther came
Than that dead planet's cratered side:
A globe of glory all one flame
Is in their brightness still implied.
So in the beauty of thine odes
Man's glowing eager spirit shines,
While yet its strange deflection loads
With added charm their play, refines
Their luminous force, till they,
Fair as moonlight,
Infuse the night
Of our roused sorrow, sadness, and
Remembered pain, where they expand
Brilliance, both solemn and serene,
Grand as the presence of Night's queen.

A MOTOR-FLIGHT THROUGH FRANCE

BY EDITH WHARTON

II

FROM ROUEN TO FONTAINEBLEAU

(Continued)

By Vernon, with its trim lime walks *en berceau*, by Mantes with its bright gardens, and the graceful over-restored church which dominates its square, we passed on to Versailles, forsaking the course of the Seine that we might have a glimpse of the country about Fontainebleau.

At the top of the Route du Buc, which climbs by sharp windings from the Place du Château at Versailles, one comes upon the great arches of the aqueduct of Buc — one of the monuments of that splendid folly which created the "Golden House" of Louis XIV, and drew its miraculous groves and gardens from the waterless plain of Versailles. The aqueduct, forming part of the extravagant scheme of irrigation of which the Machine de Marly and the great canal of Maintenon commemorate successive disastrous phases, frames, in its useless lofty openings, such charming glimpses of the country to the southwest of Versailles, that it takes its place among those abortive architectural experiments which seem, after all, to have been completely justified by time.

The landscape upon which the arches look is a high-lying region of wood and vale, with châteaux at the end of long green vistas, and old flowery villages tucked into folds of the hills. At the first turn of the road above Versailles the well-kept suburbanism of the Parisian environ gives way to the real look of the country, — well-kept and smiling still, but tranquil and sweetly shaded, with

big farmyards, quiet country lanes, and a quiet country look in the peasants' faces.

In passing through some parts of France one wonders where the inhabitants of the châteaux go to when they emerge from their gates — so interminably, beyond those gates, do the flat fields, divided by straight unshaded roads, reach out to every point of the compass; but here the wooded undulations of the country, the friendliness of the villages, the recurrence of big rambling farmsteads — some, apparently, the remains of fortified monastic granges — all suggest the possibility of something resembling the English rural life, with its traditional ties between the park and the fields.

The brief journey between Versailles and Fontainebleau offers — if one takes the longer way, by Saint Rémy-les-Chevreuse and Étampes — a succession of charming impressions, more varied than one often finds in a long day's motor-run through France; and midway one comes upon the splendid surprise of Dourdan.

Ignorance is not without its aesthetic uses; and to drop down into the modest old town without knowing — or having forgotten, if one prefers to put it so — the great castle of Philip Augustus, which, moated, dungeonned, ivy-walled, still possesses its peaceful central square — to come upon this vigorous bit of mediæval arrogance, with the little houses of Dourdan still ducking their humble roofs to it in an obsequious circle — well! to taste the full flavor of such sensations, it is worth while to be of a new country, where the last new grain-elevator or office building is the only monument that receives homage from the surrounding architecture.

Dourdan, too, has the crowning charm of an old inn facing its *château-fort* — such an inn as *Manon* and *des Grioux* dined in on the way to Paris — where, in a large courtyard shaded by trees, one may feast on strawberries and cheese at a table enclosed in clipped shrubs, with dogs and pigeons amicably prowling for crumbs, and the host and hostess, their maid-servants, ostlers and *marmiteurs* breakfasting at another long table, just across the hedge. Now that the demands of the motorist are introducing modern plumbing and Maple furniture into the uttermost parts of France, these romantic old inns, where it is charming to breakfast, if precarious to sleep, are becoming as rare as the mediæval keeps with which they are, in a way, contemporaneous; and Dourdan is fortunate in still having two such perfect specimens to attract the attention of the archaeologist.

Etampes, our next considerable town, seemed by contrast rather featureless and disappointing; yet, for that very reason, so typical of the average French country town — dry, compact, unsentimental, as if avariciously hoarding a long rich past — that its one straight gray street and squat old church will hereafter always serve for the *ville de province* background in my staging of French fiction. Beyond Etampes, as one approaches Fontainebleau, the scenery grows extremely picturesque, with bold outcroppings of blackened rock, fields of golden broom, groves of birch and pine — first hints of the fantastic sandstone scenery of the forest. And presently the long green aisles opened before us in all the freshness of spring verdure — tapering away right and left to distant *ronds-points*, to mossy stone obelisks — and leading us toward sunset to the old town in the heart of the forest.

IV

THE LOIRE AND THE INDRE

Fontainebleau is charming in May, and at no season do its countless glades

more invitingly detain the wanderer; but it belonged to the familiar, the already-experienced part of our itinerary, and we had to press on to the unexplored. So after a day's roaming of the forest, and a short flight to Moret, mediæval seated in its stout walls on the poplar-edged Loing, we started on our way to the Loire.

Here, too, our wheels were still on beaten tracks; though the morning's flight across country to Orléans was meant to give us a glimpse of a new region. But on that unhappy morning Boreas was up with all his pack, and hunted us savagely across the naked plain, now behind, now on our quarter, now dashing ahead to lie in ambush behind a huddled village, and leap on us as we rounded its last house. The plain stretched on interminably, and the farther it stretched the harder the wind raced us; so that Pithiviers, spite of dulcet associations, appeared to our shrinking eyes only as a wind-break, eagerly striven for and too soon gained and passed; and when, at luncheon-time, we beat our way, spent and wheezing, into Orléans, even the serried memories of that venerable city endeared it to us less than the fact that it had an inn where we might at last find shelter.

The above wholly inadequate description of an interesting part of France will have convinced any rational being that motoring is no way to see the country. And that morning it certainly was not; but then, what of the afternoon? When we rolled out of Orléans after luncheon, both the day and the scene had changed; and what other form of travel could have brought us into such delightful communion with the spirit of the Loire as our smooth flight along its banks in the bland May air? For, after all, if the motorist sometimes misses details by going too fast, he sometimes has them stamped into his memory by an opportune punctuation or a recalcitrant "magneto;" and if, on windy days, he has to rush through nature blindfold, on golden afternoons

such as this he can drain every drop of her precious essence.

Certainly we got a great deal of the Loire as we followed its windings that day: a great sense of the steely breadth of its flow, the amenity of its shores, the sweet flatness of the richly gardened and vineyarded landscape, as of a highly cultivated but slightly insipid society; an impression of long white villages and of stout conical towns on little hills; of old brown Beaugency in its cup between two heights, and Madame de Pompadour's Ménars on its bright terraces; of Blois, nobly bestriding the river at a noble bend; and farther south, of yellow cliffs honeycombed with strange dwellings; of Chaumont and Amboise gallantly crowning their heaped-up towns; of *manoirs*, walled gardens, rich pastures, willowed islands; and then, toward sunset, of another long bridge, a brace of fretted church-towers, and the widespread roofs of Tours.

Had we visited by rail the principal places named in this itinerary, necessity would have detained us longer in each, and we should have had a fuller store of specific impressions; but we should have missed what is, in one way, the truest initiation of travel, the sense of continuity, of relation between different districts, of familiarity with the unnamed, unhistoric region stretching between successive centres of human history, and exerting, in deep unnoticed ways, so persistent an influence on the turn that history takes. And after all — though some people seem to doubt the fact — it is possible to stop a motor and get out of it; and if, on our way down the Loire, we exercised this privilege infrequently, it was because, here again, we were in a land of old acquaintance, of which the general topography was just the least familiar part.

It was not till, two days later, we passed out of Tours — not, in fact, till we left to the northward the towered pile of Loches — that we found ourselves once more in a new country. It

was a cold day of high clouds and flying sunlight: just the sky to overarch the wide rolling landscape through which the turns of the Indre were leading us. To the south, whither we were bound, lay the Berry — the land of George Sand; while in the northwest, low acclivities sloped away toward the Beauce, with villages shining on their sides. One arrow of sunlight, I remember, transfixed for a second an unknown town on one of these slopes: a town of some consequence, with walls and towers that flashed far-off and mysterious across the cloudy plain. Who has not been tantalized in travelling, by the glimpse of such cities — unnamed, undiscoverable afterward by the minutest orientations of map and guide-book? Certainly, to the uninitiated, no hill-town is visible on that particularly level section of the map of France; yet there sloped the hill, there shone the town — not a moment's mirage, but the companion of an hour's travel, dominating the turns of our road, beckoning to us across the increasing miles, and causing me to vow, as we lost the last glimpse of its towers, that next year I would go back and make it give up its name.

But now we were approaching a town with a name — a name so encrusted and overgrown with associations that it was undeniably disappointing, as we reached its outskirts, to find Châteauroux — aside from its fine old château on the Indre — so exactly like other dull French towns, so provokingly unconscious of being one of the capital cities of literature. And it seems, in fact, literally as well as figuratively unaware of its distinction. Fame throws its circles so wide that it makes not a ripple near home; and even the alert landlady of the Hôtel Sainte Catherine wrinkled her brows perplexedly at our question: "Is one permitted to visit the house of George Sand?"

"*Le château de George Sand?* (A pause of reflection.) *C'est l'écrivain, n'est-ce pas?* (Another pause.) *C'est à Nohant,*

le château? Mais, Madame, je ne saurais vous le dire."

Yet here was the northern gate of the Sand country — it was here that, for years, the leaders of the most sedentary profession of a sedentary race — the *hommes de lettres* of France — descended from the Paris express, and took diligence on their pilgrimage to the oracle. When one considers the fatigue of the long day's railway journey, and the French dread of *déplacements*, the continual stream of greatness that Paris poured out upon Nohant gives the measure of what Nohant had to offer in return.

As we sat at breakfast in the inn dining-room we irreverently pictured some of these great personages — Liszt, Sainte-Beuve, Gautier, Dumas fils, Flaubert — illustrious figures in the queer dishabille of travel, unwinding strange *cache-nez*, solicitous for embroidered carpet-bags, seated in that very room over their coffee and omelette, or climbing to the coupé of the diligence outside. And then we set out on the same road.

Straight as an arrow, after the unvarying fashion of the French government highway, it runs southeast through vast wheatfields, past barns and farm-houses grouped as in the vanished "drawing-books" of infancy — now touching, now deserting the Indre banks, as the capricious river throws its poplar-edged loops across the plain. But presently we began to mount insensibly; till at length a sharp turn, and an abrupt fall of the land, brought us out on a long ridge above the plain of the Berry, with the river reappearing below, and far, far south a blue haze of mountains.

The road, after that, descends again by gentle curves, acquainting one gradually with the charming details of the foreground — pale-green copses, fields hedged with blossoming hawthorn, long lines of poplars in the plain — while, all the way, the distant horizon grows richer, bluer and more mysterious. It is a wide lonely country, with infrequent villages

— mere hamlets — dotting the fields; one sees how the convivial Dudevant, coming from the livelier Gascony, might have found it, for purposes of pot-house sociability, a little thinly-settled. At one of these small lonely villages — Vicq — just where the view spreads widest, the road loses it again by a gradual descent of a mile or so; and at the foot of the hill, among hawthorn and lilac hedges, through the boughs of budding trees, a high slate roof shows to the left — the roof of a solitary plain-faced, fawn-colored house, the typical *gentilhommière* of the French country-side.

No other house is in sight: only, from behind the trees, peep two or three humble tiled cottages, dependencies of the larger pile. There is nothing to tell us the name of the house — nothing to signalize it, to take it out of the common. It stands there large, placid, familiarly related to the high-road and the farm, like one side of the extraordinary woman it sheltered; and perhaps that fact helps to suggest its name, to render almost superfluous our breathless question to the pretty goose-girl knitting under the hedge.

"*Mais oui. Madame — c'est Nohant.*"

The goose-girl — pink as a hawthorn-bud, a "kerchief" tied about her curls — might really, in the classic phrase of sentimental travel, have "stepped out" of one of the novels written yonder, under the high roof to which she pointed: she had the honest savor of the *terroir*, yet with that superadded grace that the author of the novels has been criticised for bestowing upon her peasants. She formed, at any rate, a charming link between our imaginations and the famous house; and we presently found that the happy miracle which had preserved her in all her 1830 grace had been extended to the whole privileged spot, which seemed, under a clear glass bell of oblivion, to have been kept intact, unchanged, like some wonderful "exhibit" illustrative of the extraordinary history lived within it.

The house faces diagonally toward the road, from which a high wall once screened it; but it is written in the *Histoire de ma vie* that M. Dudevant, in a burst of misdirected activity, threw down several yards of this wall, and filled the opening with a hedge. The hedge is still there; and thanks to this impulse of destruction, the traveller obtains a glimpse of grass terraces and stone steps, set in overgrown thickets of lilac, hawthorn and acacia, and surmounted by the long tranquil front of the château. On each side, beyond the stretch of hedge, the wall begins again; terminating, at one corner of the property, in a massive old cow-stable with a round pepper-pot tower; at the opposite end in a charming conical-roofed garden-pavilion, with mossy steps ascending to it from the road.

At right angles to the highway, a shady lane leads down past the farm buildings; and following this, one comes, around their flank, upon a large pleasant untidy farm-yard, full of cows and chickens, and divided by the long range of the *communs* from the entrance-court of the château. Farm-yard and court both face on a small grassy place — what, in England, would pass for a diminutive common — in the centre of which, under an ancient walnut-tree, stands a much more ancient church — a church so tiny, black and shrunken, that it somehow suggests a blind old peasant-woman mumbling and dozing in the shade. This is the parish church of Nohant; and a few yards from it, adjoining the court of the château, lies the little walled graveyard which figures so often in the *Histoire de ma vie*, and where she who described it now rests with her kin. The graveyard is defended from intrusion by a high wall and a locked gate; and after all her spirit is not there, but in the house and the garden — above all, in the little cluster of humble old cottages enclosing the shady place about the church, and constituting, apparently, the whole village of Nohant. Like the

goose-girl, these little houses are surprisingly picturesque and sentimental; and their mossy roofs, their clipped yews, the old white-capped women who sit spinning on their doorsteps, supply almost too ideal an answer to one's hopes.

And when, at last, excitedly and enchantedly, one has taken in the quiet perfection of it all, and turned to confront the great question: Does a sight of Nohant deepen the mystery, or elucidate it? — one can only answer, in the cautious speech of the New England casuist: *Both*. For if it helps one to understand one side of George Sand's life, it seems actually to cast a thicker obscurity over others — even if, among the different sides contemplated, one includes only those directly connected with the place, and not the innumerable facets that reflected Paris, Venice, Fontainebleau and Majorca.

The first surprise is to find the place, on the whole, so much more — shall one say? — dignified and decent, so much more conscious of social order and restraints, than the early years of the life led in it. The pictures of Nohant in the *Histoire de ma vie* are unlike any other description of French provincial manners at that period, suggesting rather an affinity with the sombre Brontë background than the humdrum but conventional and orderly existence of the French rural gentry.

When one recalls the throng of motley characters who streamed in and out of that quiet house — the illegitimate children of both sides, living in harmony with one another and with the child of wedlock, the too-intimate servants, the peasant playmates, the drunken boon companions — when one turns to the Hogarthian pictures of midnight carouses presided over by the uproarious Hippolyte and the sombrely tippling Dudevant, while their wives sat disgusted, but apparently tolerant, above stairs, one feels one's self in the sinister gloom of Wildfell Hall rather than in the light, temperate air of a French province. And

somehow, unreasonably of course, one expects the house to bear, even outwardly, some mark of that dark disordered period, — or, if not, then of the cheerful but equally incoherent and inconceivable existence led there when timid Madame Dudevant was turning into the great George Sand, and the strange procession which continued to stream through the house was composed no longer of drunken gentlemen-farmers and left-handed peasant relations, but of an almost equally fantastic and ill-assorted company of ex-priests, naturalists, journalists, Saint-Simonians, riders of every conceivable religious, political and literary hobby, among whom the successive tutors of the adored Maurice — forming in themselves a line as long as the kings in *Macbeth*! — perhaps take the palm for oddness of origin and adaptability of conduct.

One expected the scene of these confused and incessant comings and goings to wear the injured *déclassé* air of a house which has never had its rights respected — a house long accustomed to jangle its dinner-bell in vain, and swing its broken hinges unheeded; and instead, one beholds this image of aristocratic well-being, this sober edifice, conscious in every line of its place in the social scale, of its obligations to the church and cottages under its wing, its rights over the acres surrounding it. And so one may, not too fancifully, recognize in it the image of those grave ideals to which George Sand gradually conformed the passionate experiment of her life; may even indulge one's self by imagining that an old house so marked in its very plainness, its conformity, must have exerted, over a mind as sensitive as hers, an unperceived but persistent influence, giving her that centralizing weight of association and habit which is too often lacking in modern character, and standing ever before her as the shrine of those household pieties to which, inconsistently enough, but none the less genuinely, the devotion of her last years was paid.

v

NOHANT TO CLERMONT

There happened to us, on leaving Nohant, what had happened after Beauvais: the quiet country house by the roadside, like the mighty Gothic choir, possessed our thoughts to the exclusion of other impressions. As far as La Châtre, indeed — the little town on the Indre, where young Madame Dudevant spent a winter to further her husband's political ambitions — we were still within the Nohant radius; and it was along the straight road we were travelling that poor old Madame Dupin de Francueil — *si douillette* that she could hardly make the round of the garden — fled in her high-heeled slippers on the fatal night when her son, returning from a gay supper at La Châtre, was flung from his horse and killed at the entrance to the town. These scenes from the *Histoire de ma vie* are so vivid, they live so poignantly in memory, that in reliving them on the spot one feels, with Goncourt, how great their writer would have been had her intrepid pen more often remained *dans le vrai*.

La Châtre is a charming town, with a remarkably picturesque approach, on the Nohant side, across an old bridge out of which an old house, with a steep terraced garden, seems to grow with the conscious pleasure of well-grouped masonry; and the streets beyond have an air of ripe experience tempered by gaiety, like that of those ironic old eighteenth-century faces wherein the wrinkles are as gay as dimples.

Southward from La Châtre, the road runs through a beautiful hilly country to Montluçon on the Cher: a fine old border town, with a brave fighting past, and interesting relics of Bourbon ascendancy; but now deeply, irretrievably disfigured by hideous factories and long grimy streets of operatives' houses. In deplored the ravages of modern industry on one of these rare old towns, it is hard to remember that they are not museum

pieces, but settlements of human beings with all the normal desire to prosper at whatever cost to the physiognomy of their birthplace; and Montluçon in especial seems to have been a very pelican to the greed of her offspring.

We had meant to spend the night there, but there was a grimness about the inn — the special grimness of which the commercial travellers' hotel in the French manufacturing town holds the depressing monopoly — that forbade even a glance at the bedrooms; and though it was near sunset we pressed on for Vichy. We had, in consequence, but a cold twilight glimpse of the fine gorge of Montaigut, through which the road cuts its way to Gannat, the first town to the north of the Limagne; and night had set in when we traversed the plain of the Allier. On good French roads, however, a motor-journey by night is not without its special compensations; and our dark flight through mysterious fields and woods terminated, effectively enough, with the long descent down a leafy lamp-garlanded boulevard into the inanimate white watering-place.

Vichy, in fact, had barely opened the shutters of its fashionable hotels: the real season does not begin till June, and in May only a few premature bathers — mostly English — shiver in corners of the marble halls, or disconsolately peruse last year's news in the deserted reading-rooms. But even in this semi-chrysalis stage the town presented itself, the next morning, as that rarest of spectacles — grace triumphant over the processes of the toilet. Only a pretty woman and a French *ville d'eau* can look really charming in morning dishabille; and the way in which Vichy accomplishes the feat would be a lesson to many pretty women.

The place, at all seasons, is an object-lesson to less enlightened municipalities; and when one finds one's self vainly wishing that art and history, and all the rich tapestry of the past, might somehow be brought before the eyes of our self-sufficient millions, one might pause to ask

if the sight of a well-kept, self-respecting French town, carefully and artistically planned as a setting to the amenities of life, would not, after all, offer the more salutary and surprising example.

Vichy, even among French towns, stands out as a singularly finished specimen of what such municipal pride can accomplish. From its spacious plane-shaded *promenade*, flanked by bright-faced hotels, and by the long arcades of the Casino, to the park on the Allier, and the broad circumjacent boulevards, it wears, at every turn, the same trim holiday air, the rouge and patches of smooth gravel, bright flower-borders, gay shops, shady benches, inviting cafés. Even the cab-stands, with their smart vis-à-vis and victorias drawn by plump cobs in tinkling harnesses, seem part of a dream-town, where all that is usually sordid and shabby has been touched by the magic wand of trimness; or where some Utopian millionaire has successfully demonstrated that the sordid and shabby need never exist at all.

But, to the American observer, Vichy is perhaps most instructive just because it is not the millionaire's wand which has worked the spell; because the town owes its gaiety and its elegance, not to the private villa, the rich man's "show-place," but to wise public expenditure of the money which the fashionable bathers annually pour into its exchequer.

It was, however, rather for the sake of its surroundings than for the study of its unfolding season, that we had come there; and the neighboring country offered the richest return for our enterprise. From the plain of the Limagne the hills slope up behind Vichy in a succession of terraces divided by joyous streams and deeply-wooded glens, and connected by the interlacing of admirable roads that civilizes the remotest rural districts of France.

Climbing by gradual heights to the hill-village of Ferrières, we had, the day after our arrival, our first initiation into what the near future held for us — a glo-

rious vision, across the plain, of the Monts Dore and the Monts de Dôme. The blue mountain haze that had drawn us steadily southward, from our first glimpse of it on the heights of the Berry, now resolved itself into a range of wild volcanic forms, some curved like the bell-shaped apses of the churches of Auvergne, some slenderly cup-like, and showing the hollow rim of the spent crater; all fantastic, individual, indescribably differentiated in line and color from mountain forms of less violent origin. And between them and us lay the richest contrasting landscape, the deep meadows and luxuriant woodlands of the Allier vale, with here and there a volcanic knoll lifting on its crest an old town or a Rhenish-looking castle. The landscape, thus viewed, presents a perplexing mixture of suggestions, recalling now the brown hill-villages of Umbria, now the robber castles of the Swiss Rhineland; with a hint, again, of the Terra di Lavoro in its bare mountain lines, and the prodigal fertility of their lower slopes; so that one felt one's self moving in a confusion of scenes, romantically combined, as in the foreground of a Claude or a Wilson, for the greater pleasure of the eclectic eye.

The only landscape that seems to have been excluded from the composition is that of France; all through Auvergne, we

never felt ourselves in France. But that is, of course, merely because the traveler's France is apt to be mainly made up of bits of the Ile-de-France and Normandy and Brittany; and not till one has explored the central and southwestern provinces does one learn of the countless Frances within France, and realize that one may find one's "Switzerland, one's Italy" without crossing the Alps to reach them.

We had, the next day, a closer impression of the scene we had looked down on from Ferrières; motoring first along the high ridge above the Limagne to the ancient black hill-town of Thiers, and thence descending again to the plain. Our way led across it, by the charming castled town of Pont-de-Château, to Clermont-Ferrand, which spreads its swarthy mass at the base of the Puy de Dôme, -- that strangest, sternest of cities, all built and paved in the black volcanic stone of Volvic, and crowned by the sinister splendor of its black cathedral. It was Viollet-le-Duc who added the west front and towers to this high ancient pile; and for once his audacious hand was so happily inspired that, at the first glimpse of his twin spires soaring above the roofs of Clermont, one forgives him — for the moment — the wrong he did to Blois, to Pierrefonds and Carcassonne.

(To be continued.)

BRAWN AND CHARACTER

BY ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

WHEN Robert Louis Stevenson was asked what lack in life caused him the keenest pain, he answered, "The feeling that I'm not strong enough to resent an insult properly, — not strong enough to knock a man down."

With civilization at a point where the resort to elemental weapons is practically obsolete, it might seem that there was something antiquated and unreal, more imaginary than genuine, in this complaint of the frail-bodied Stevenson; probably in all his life, as in the lives of most gentlemen nowadays, he was never confronted with the alternative of knocking a man down or accepting a wound to his pride. If the occasion ever arose and he had to charge to the feebleness of his body his failure to sustain his dignity, the recollection might indeed tinge him with bitterness; but it is difficult to believe that the gentle and lovable Stevenson argued from an actual experience of humiliation.

Yet it is not alone the painful memories or the logical apprehensions of ill which awaken the most sensitive realization of defenselessness and fill the soul with the haunting dread of incompetence. From a clouded childhood such a distrust is usually derived, rather than from the isolated blunders or failures, however monumental, of later years. Stevenson, the petted and fragile child at home, went finally to school; and it hardly needs a biographer to tell us how the high-spirited, imaginative boy, who liked to shine, met with repression from the stalwart, obstinate young Scots. In their rough sports he was never a leader; that was mortification enough to one of his spirit; and it was not the full measure of his mortification. With his imperious outbursts, his flashing temper, his physical weakness, he afforded some of them rare sport.

His school days were miserable to him, and miserable school days are likely to affect permanently a man's outlook. Perhaps not any one bullying episode of which he may have been an impotent victim, not any one instance where he stood solitary to one side, while the school acclaimed their champion, remained to give a special vengefulness to that longing of his mature years: "If I were only strong enough to knock a man down!" But the feeling of inferiority lingered in him after he had passed the period when inferiority of that particular kind ceases to be reckoned important; in this one respect his standard remained that of the immature boy.

Weaker than his fellows and high-spirited, he came to be reckless of such strength as he had; with bravado and imagination he compensated himself for the niggardliness of nature. The weak who are poor-spirited and without bravado do not disguise that they are timorous or furtive, subservient or cringing; and weakness does very often impose poverty of spirit. In its attenuation there may be a sharpening of wits and hence a success in life — of a kind — achieved by craft or duplicity or deviousness, and guarded by a suspicious vigilance; the man of spirit scorns a success so won and so preserved. If, like Stevenson, he was born a weakling, his path is indeed laborious and must be hewn out of the very rock of adversity.

But the man of great bodily vigor, who in his boyhood was of conspicuous strength among his fellows, — how does he ever fail of leadership and eminence in whatever career he chooses? The early self-confidence that he has developed must be tremendous, — the discovery that in all the affairs of boyhood

which are truly accounted of moment he is without a peer,—able to overthrow any one in wrestling, to swim longer, to run faster, to bat a ball farther than any of his comrades,—this gradual unfolding of his powers must cause such a youth to tread the earth with a conscious greatness. Why should he ever be afraid? and what is it but fear that withholds any of us from large achievement? His imagination does not implant in him doubt and distrust, his mediocre rank at school and his dullness at his books cause him no misgivings, for at his time of life excellence in these matters is esteemed parrotlike, and distinction in them is contemptuously awarded to the weak. It might be expected that the self-confidence acquired in early years through a mastery of all one's contemporaries could never quite forsake the most unlucky; that a man with such a history would rise from each overthrow stronger like Antaeus for having touched the earth,—with courage undiminished and some gain in wisdom. Yet for every Antaeus there is perhaps also a Goliath. Whence to these unhappy giants come their Davids?

Only part of the truth may be furnished by the most obvious reply,—that a man whose principal regard has been to maintain physical supremacy over his fellows finds himself less well equipped for the struggle as it becomes less and less manual. Accustomed to a rudimentary enforcement of his boyish personality, he often has no great readiness in adapting himself to the subtler methods employed by the aging world. The weaker and more studious among his contemporaries are able now to match craft and knowledge against his ignorance,—and he can no longer retaliate by a triumphant demonstration of his superior weight.

Such an attempt to account for the clenching of the humble clerical pen in the fist, discouraged at forty, that had been redoubtable at fifteen, for the languid dullness of the eye that once had overawed a little world, for the sluggish

gait and the shabby dress of him who in days past had stepped alert with the champion's zest in life, will perhaps be rejected by the philosopher as inadequate—at least as comprehended in a larger cause. Nowadays lack of preparation does not sufficiently explain failure; the most ill-equipped business man or professional man, if he has a genial assertiveness and a willingness to represent shoddy wares and spurious talents as genuine, need not despair of attaining a meretricious success. Self-confidence is older brother to an easy conscience and a tendency to "bluff;" and these imply a facility in amassing riches. Yet almost daily I pass on the street a giant of sixteen stone who can still put the shot and throw the hammer, who in figure and bearing seems designed for one of life's larger destinies, and who would gladly embrace success, however ignoble, instead of posing for a pittance as an artist's model.

Young men and boys of great bodily strength are usually more intent on exercising their power than on accomplishing a purpose. In the habit of mind and action so engendered lies the great impediment which in after life may balk them of the fruits promised by their early victorious self-confidence. The easy display of their prowess wins them such admiring regard that achievement seems superfluous and unprofitable; they attain to eminence by methods which do not tax their effort and which are as ephemeral as play. Meanwhile, their more feebly constituted contemporaries, seeking for distinction, have to occupy themselves with less spectacular action; the office, the library, and the laboratory claim increasingly the interest of those who are ambitious; and already purpose is shaping itself in their minds,—purpose of accomplishment and not mere purpose of competition; books are germinating, steam engines and electric motors are being devised, law and medicine and architecture have begun to awaken some constructive thought. Yet building,

however hopefully, for the future, they envy in their cloistered preparation the wanton vigor of the strong. They are learning to husband and concentrate their energy while their large-framed friends are living from day to day in a sort of opulent diffusion.

The tendency of the strong is not so much to work definitely towards some purpose as to keep constantly testing their strength in whatever competition offers; variety and excitement are what in their vitality they crave, and so long as they may be active they care little what monument they leave behind them. For a few brilliant exploits there is much waste and much triviality; they cast about continually to prevail over some new person or some new obstacle without regard for the intrinsic value of the struggle. Consistency and conviction are virtues on which they seldom make a stand; erratic liveliness often speeds them with warring impulses along a primrose path.

A classmate of mine at school excelled in strength nearly all his fellows. His strength indeed possessed him as it were a devil. He was as willing to exhibit it by hectoring the weak as by tussling with those who could put up a defense. It is fallacious to assert that the bully is always a coward. This boy was in many respects an egregious bully, but he was without fear. I think that in his roughness with the smaller boys he was also without malice, without any particularly cruel satisfaction in causing them humiliation and pain. It was merely, I believe, that he had an excess of animal energy which must always be expressing itself, and the added human desire for seeing some visible response to its expression.

There came into the school a "new boy," — timorous, girlish, and pious, — one who, with a devoted mother and sisters, had probably led a too sequestered life. Young Hercules cut his finger one day and swore; and the new boy, who was close by, turned his back and crossed himself. Unfortunately Hercules detected him in this; thenceforth, whenever he

saw the new boy he would emit the most unwarrantable and shocking oaths, and call others to witness the effect. Finally, this diversion became so entertaining to a number that boys who had never adopted profanity resorted to it for the sole purpose of annoying their new friend; and a favorite amusement was for half a dozen to surround him and then swear busily about the circle in order to see him turn and turn and make without concealment — as indeed he was courageous enough to do — his devotional, deprecating sign. The persecution of him did not, I am sorry to say, stop with this; and there was some abuse of strength on the part of Hercules which, if it was not very brutal, must measurably have saddened the newcomer's life.

But one night Hercules came up when another fellow — about as strong as himself — was endeavoring to put the "new kid" into a snowdrift. And then the rest of us were startled. "Stop that!" cried Hercules, and rushed to the rescue. "You let that boy alone!" He seized the jocular bully by the collar and swung him round; the intended victim wriggled free, and after a brief struggle the two strong boys fell into the snowdrift, with Hercules on top. The other was his friend, but there had been no playfulness in the assault. Neither, I suppose, had there been much chivalry. At least I cannot say that the new boy was thenceforth emancipated from the persecution of Hercules or could depend upon his championship; and I imagine it was simply the sudden raging need of exercising his strength against some one that had driven him to intervene.

Poor Hercules! He was of the kin of Goliath rather than of Antæus. He went about challenging the world in his restless energy of the moment; always he was demanding some fresh test for what was in him of the elemental man; always he was rebellious, irresponsible, and roaming. He met his death in an act of futile gallantry. His excess of physical strength and the challenging spirit with

which it imbued him were surely his undoing.

Sam Parks, the labor leader and felon, is not yet forgotten. He came to America at the age of twenty, an illiterate Irishman, strong, domineering, and prone to use his fists. In the lumber camps of Canada and Minnesota he made a reputation as a "slugger." When he took up the trade of an iron worker, his methods of asserting himself continued as drastic as in the lumber camps. "He cleaned out champion after champion," says a newspaper biography of him. "He was a natural born tyrant. A man who would n't bend to his will got slugged."

In New York there were eleven different unions of iron-workers. "Parks joined as many of them as he could and then proceeded to consolidate them all. . . . With all the unions merged into one, Parks became a dictator. He encountered rival after rival, but thrust all aside. His favorite weapons were his fists. He surrounded himself with a gang of indolent ironworkers, the thugs of the trade. Opponents of Parks were simply slugged. Ironworkers who refused to strike at his order were waylaid and beaten. . . . He extorted money from employers, stopped work when and where he pleased, started it again as he liked, made men of wealth get down on their knees to him. . . . The idea that his power could be broken never occurred to Parks and his friends. Parks was warned, but, drunk with power, he ignored the warning. He knocked one adviser flat on his back for presuming to suggest that he go slow. He forced his way into the presence of employers, whether they wanted to see him or not, cursed them, laid down the law to them, and enforced his wishes."

And then, in the height of his power, this bully and "grafter" was haled away to prison. Brute strength and the overweening confidence that flowed from it and the lust for power need not have wrecked his career, though they might have made it unenviable. The incessant egotistical desire to prove himself always

the better man, without the constraint of a moral issue or a worthy creative purpose, was that which overthrew Sam Parks, and it was a direct consequence of his strength. And there are many educated men who have the moral sense that he lacked, but who perhaps have no more definite object than he — no other aim than always to be powerful, as by reason of their strength in younger days they had been; and these men may go astray, not so deplorably as he, yet to an end of futility because of their eagerness always to match themselves against others, and their belief that competition vindicates itself and implies progress and productive achievement.

The competitive instinct is the strongest of all the instincts of a healthy boy. He wishes to test himself in relation to the other boys of his acquaintance; he must be forever pitting his strength and daring and endurance against theirs. This keenness to strive and to excel is the starting point for all useful masculine development; but it is a stage in development that must be outgrown. If it continues the ruling passion after manhood, it is to the man's detriment. For when the boy grows into the man, it is time that he should have erected in his mind his own standard and that henceforth he should measure himself in comparison with that alone, and not with the stature of other men. One need never outgrow the sense of satisfaction in getting the better of a difficulty; but the mere sighting of a difficulty on the horizon inflames none but the unsettled and drifting with the desire for conquest.

It is soaring into Utopian realms to assert that one should never have a sense of satisfaction in getting the better of another man; but it is no absurdly lofty or unpractical notion that he who finds in such achievement a sufficient end and cause for labor may strive to no purpose, even though his days are full of contest and victory. At the risk of seeming to hold a narrowly ascetic doctrine, I would assail that common phrase, "the game of

life." In its suggestion of emulation, light-hearted or grim according as one's game is tennis or football, it is misleading. All of us have our human adversaries who are to be thwarted; their defeat, however, is an incident, not our chief concern. Our affair is the discharge of the duties where-with our involuntary entrance into life has burdened us, and the fulfillment of that purpose to which each of us in his imagination is kindled; and so far as we are animated only by the competitive spirit of the game we miss the point of living. Our legitimate pleasure in overcoming need be none the less because it is subordinated to the pleasure of achieving or creating. Our fiery zeal for conquest need not be extinguished simply because it is held under a more grave constraint.

The insatiate appetite for competition begets in a man a corroding egotism. In the prideful desire to display one's self at the expense of others, to win the plaudits and the prize, one grows impatient of all but the showy hours. From the repeated excursions to match one's strength gallantly in contest, one returns with reluctance to the intervals of obscurity in which most of the genuine and permanently productive work is done. The further testing and demonstration of one's powers before an audience becomes a more imperative desire; the impulse to perform patient creative labor languishes.

Those who have come victorious through the competitions of youth will naturally be those most ardent to pursue life as a game, for in the conduct of a game they are accustomed to success. And in them egotism will most dangerously thrive. It will not be morbid and introspective, like that of the invalid; it will not be so paralyzing to the energies; but it will lead to misdirected and scattered effort. It will be egotism of the sort that urges a man to compete with others in excesses, to earn a reputation for his ability to outstay his comrades in a carousal, and be fit and ready for work at the usual hour the next morning. He

will become the egotist who squanders himself in unessential seeking and arrogant assertion, who seizes the office and ignores the duty, who is the bandit in business and the pillar in the church.

It would not be fair to predicate of all such egotists an athletic and victorious boyhood, any more than to doom all athletes to so degenerate a fate. At the same time the descent of the hero is easy, — especially of the premature and precocious hero. Temptation besets him insidiously, for the egotism of the youth who by reason of his physical powers lords it over his fellows is by no means an unattractive quality and subject to rebuke. It is very different from that into which it may lure him in later years. There are indeed few traits more charming than the unsophisticated egotism of the athlete; and here there need be no reservations, — the professional athlete of mature years may be included as well as the callow amateur boy.

By comparison, the egotism of the artist or the poet, which is commonly accepted as the most monstrous, is but a shrinking modesty. The poet or the artist is quite objective in valuing himself; it is indeed himself only as a creator that compels his admiration and reverence. But the subjection of the athlete to his own person is absolute; he admires and reverences himself as a creature! The care with which he considers his diet, the attentiveness with which he grooms his body, the absorbed interest that he gives to all details of breathing and sleeping and exercising are, in comparison with his thoughtlessness about all that lies beyond, touching and ludicrous; the very simplicity of him in his engrossed self-study wins the smiling observer. And if he is a good-hearted boy or man, as one so healthy and so single-minded usually is, and is responsive to the admiration of others as well as of himself, he confers much happiness. No doubt innumerable more persons would choose to grasp the hand of John L. Sullivan than that of George Meredith; and the day of this

opportunity would be to them a memorable one and innocently bright with bliss.

As an illustration of the pleasing and ample egotism of the athlete, I would quote from a newspaper account of a friendly visit once paid by a famous pugilist to the most famous of all pugilists in our generation. Robert Fitzsimmons had been informed that John L. Sullivan was ill; whereupon he donned "a neat fitting frock coat and a glittering tall hat," and drove in a carriage to see him. He found him in bed; "the once mighty gladiator had lost all of his oldtime vim and vigor.

"The two great athletes were visibly affected. Sullivan raised himself on his elbow and looked steadily at Fitz for some few seconds. 'How are you, John?' said Fitz when the big fellow showed signs of relaxing his vice-like grip."

John was depressed. "'It's Baden Springs, Hot Springs, or some other sulphur bath for me. I never did believe much in medicine. This world is all a "con" any way. Why, they talk about religion and heaven and hell. What do they know about heaven and hell? I think when a guy croaks he just dies and that's all there is to him. They bury some of them, but they won't plant me. When I go,' the big fellow faltered, 'they'll burn me. Nothin' left but your ashes, and each of your friends can have some of you to remember you by. Let them burn you up when you're all in. It's the proper thing.'"

Fitzsimmons dissented from this view, and in his warm-hearted, optimistic way set about cheering up his dejected friend. He recalled their exploits and triumphs in the prize ring; and Sullivan was soon in a happier frame of mind. Oddly enough, in this friendly call upon a sick man, Fitzsimmons was accompanied by a newspaper reporter and a photographer, — one of those chance occurrences which enrich the world. "Sullivan noticed the camera which the photographer carried and asked what it was for." Unsuspicious and unworldly old man! "He was

told that the newspaper hoped to get a photograph of him and Fitz as they met, but that as he was abed of course such thing was impossible.

"Impossible! No, I guess not, my boy. If there's any people I like to oblige, it's the newspaper fellows. They will do more good for a man than all the preachers in creation."

Fitzsimmons acquiesced. "And then the great John L. lifted himself to a sitting position and put his legs outside the bed.

"That was the most pathetic incident of the visit. With fatherly care Bob Fitzsimmons placed his great right arm behind Sullivan's broad back and held him comfortably while the latter arranged himself. When everything was apparently ready, Fitz glanced down and noticed that a part of Sullivan's legs were uncovered, and the picture-taking operation had to be postponed until the sympathetic Fitz had wrapped him carefully in the clothes. It was touching."

Of course it was. And if the ingenuous description fails to bring appropriate tears to the reader's eyes, it must at least reveal to him the simple charm of an egotism to which a reporter brings a more stimulating message than a preacher, and a venturesome photographer a more healing medicine than a physician. But transplant that egotism; let it inhabit the soul of a clergyman, and where would be its simple charm?

In *Fistiana*, a volume belonging to the last century, there is a chapter entitled, "Patriotic and Humane Character of The Boxing Fraternity." It is, no doubt, a tribute well deserved. "To the credit of the professors of boxing they were never 'backward in coming forward' to aid the work of charity, or to answer those appeals to public sympathy which the ravages of war, the visitations of Providence, the distresses of trade and commerce, or the afflictions of private calamity frequently excited." Among the objects of their generous assistance are mentioned "the starving Irish, the British prisoners

in France, the Portuguese unfortunates, the suffering families of the heroes who had fallen and bled on the plains of Waterloo, the famishing weavers. . . . The generous spirit which warmed the heart of a true British boxer shone forth with its sterling brilliancy; all selfishness was set aside; and no sooner was the standard of charity unfurled than every man who could wield a fist, from the oldest veteran to the youngest practitioner, rushed forward, anxious and ardent to evince the feelings of his soul and to lend his hand in the work of benevolence."

The reader of such a panegyric may indulge a brief regret that they who in youth devote themselves with success to athletics ever turn their attention to other matters. Only by continuing in that simple and healthful occupation may they preserve untarnished the special charm which clings to heroes, the special egotism which is without offense. The President of our country is favorably known under an informal appellation; but even the most genial employment of that name diffuses no such affectionate intimacy and regard as are embraced in the variety of pet terms for a champion,—whether he is "old John," "John L.,"

and "Sully," or "Bob" and "Fitz." And had these champions taken into any other pursuit the characteristics which have endeared them to the world,—the same childlike and blatant egotism, the same sterile spirit of competition,—how little human kindness and popularity would they have enjoyed!

It gratifies some of us to be pessimistic about brawn. The theory pleases us that to be conspicuously strong in youth is to be exposed to a temptation which lesser boys are spared,—a temptation to go through life competing instead of achieving. It is true that some of this competition will result in achievement; it is true that achievement never results except from competition; but it is not debatable that he will go farthest and achieve most whose eye is upon the work alone, who rejoices in the contest only as an incident of work, not as a matter memorable in itself. Only in that spirit does one come through undismayed, eager to press on, indifferent to the complacent backward look. Those men of brawn and sinew at whom we gazed spellbound in our earlier years,—perhaps it is harder for them to attain to this spirit than it was for Stevenson.

THE NEW NOVELS

BY MARY MOSS

ALTHOUGH the thing which Mr. Kipling is doing possesses such immediate significance as to hamper any cool judgment upon his measure of success, the place of honor for the year in English fiction seems indisputably to belong to *Puck of Pook's Hill*.¹ It may be possible that merely as a piece of abstract literature this group of short stories will not ultimately fill the high position which now appears its due. Contemporary rating can never be infallible. But after all, this is of minor importance, since no tarnishing finger of time, no fading glamour, no change of taste, can alter the fact that in conceiving and carrying out such a plan the author proves his own claim to permanent greatness. With all his glitter (which we once feared might degenerate into glorified journalism), with all his restless flitting from land to land, his experimenting, his weakness for panache,—his Sousa moments, so to speak,—looking back upon his career it is now plain that he, the man, has been constantly growing.

The dashing colorist of *Under the Deodars*, the robust humorist of *Soldiers Three*, the external observer of *Captains Courageous*, has been all the while deepening and ripening. The meaning of things seen has laid stronger hold on him, in a special way, if you will, but with the sound specialization of an artist in whom there is developing a lofty purpose. The very singleness of his aim has simplified and refined its expression, and the point by which these stories avoid all the pitfalls of the usual tendency-writing is the absolute sincerity with which he is passing on an ennobling personal expe-

rience. An impassioned patriotism has here found its perfect medium of appeal. It is as if, sitting in the meadow under Pook's Hill, the poet himself had fallen beneath the spell of the whole beauty and romance of England. It has gradually crept over him till he has seen all that it means to its remotest inheritors. Reverence,—the last quality suggested by the early Kipling,—value for intangible treasure, loyalty to the unfathomable past, all this he makes real, and makes worth while, till you feel as if he had touched the mellow strings of an enchanted harp whose vibrations would softly echo to the farthest limits of the world, binding the whole empire with its strains, as armies are made homogeneous by the force of a great national melody.

Coming "home," Kipling the colonial has fallen in love with England. The emotion which comes to all Americans on first realizing the wonder of her is his, with the fuller sense of present possession. While we respond to a sentiment of the past, to the bond of a common language and literature, he feels the thrill of actual ownership. In "They" he showed how the outward beauty of England had enthralled him. In "Force of Habitation," he chronicled the irresistible encroachment of tradition centuries old. In the present book it seems as if his whole previous life had brought tribute of observation, imagination, and affection (not to speak of learning, since incidentally on the historical side these stories show him a careful student), which he has garnered, as a poet, and given out with the most crystalline simplicity.

Dr. Johnson would have found him highly irrational and old-fashioned, since he is the living contradiction to that philosophy which denies the existence of

¹ *Puck of Pook's Hill*. By RUDYARD KIPLING. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1906.

patriotism. Kipling's appeal is no more to the reason than the muffled beat of drum appeals to the intellects of lagging soldiers on a long day's march. Yet that meaningless rhythm is known to hasten stragglers, straighten bent shoulders, and give new movement to the footsore and disheartened.

In the general black pessimism which threatens English literature, where, one after another, clever writers are frantically suggesting feeble panaceas, this one a socialist brotherhood, that one a model town, Mr. Kipling sounds his own note of high courage and belief. And this note has nothing in common with such forced optimism as that of Mr. Chesterton, whose determined cheerfulness too often suggests a small scared boy whistling a gay tune (quite false) to keep up his spirits after dark.

And yet, with all this underlying wealth of meaning, Mr. Kipling only seems to be telling how two nice, imaginative English children were playing at the foot of a meadow on Midsummer's Eve. Dan and Una chance upon an invocation to Puck, who at once appears, and brings back from the past a series of visitors each of whom has had to do with the making of England — a young Saxon gentleman, a Norman knight, a Roman legionary, a mediæval Jew, a forgotten builder of country churches. With extreme gentleness and poignant sense of beauty, he describes the quiet water course, the grazing cattle, the children's various haunts in wood and open. With the ease of a happy dream, Present merges into Past, and each romantic figure tells the listening children his own particular adventure. There is the imagination of "The Brushwood Boy," of "The Greatest Story in the World," but infinitely fined and controlled, and the style itself has become a wonder of purity.

"Three Cows had been milked and were grazing steadily with a tearing noise that one could hear all down the meadow; and the noise of the mill at work sounded like bare feet running on

hard ground. A cuckoo sat on a gate post singing his broken June tune, 'Cuckoo-Cuk,' while a busy kingfisher crossed from the mill stream to the brook which ran on the other side of the meadow. Everything else was a sort of thick sleepy stillness smelling of meadow-sweet and dry grass." It is all as simple and direct as that, so much so that children will read as they read *Alice* without suspecting more than meets the eye. So hidden and delicate is the intention, that the book has been reviewed merely as a series of fairy tales; so spontaneous that one even wonders if Mr. Kipling himself knows the full extent of his accomplishment.

The originality of this method is all the more grateful at a time when, to borrow Mr. Gelett Burgess's inspired catch-word, Socialism has come to be the universal bromide. It is natural enough that masses of remarkably unconvincing novels should be burdened with every form of so-called socialistic remedy. In fact, the demand for panaceas of one kind or another has so influenced English fiction as to occupy a full third of the entire year's product, the remaining fractions being divided between religious stories, and novels about people at large. Merely to name a few typical specimens of the first division, in *The Great Refusal*¹ Maxwell Grey begins with a rather forcible and interesting study of rich fashionable life contrasted with the struggles of the landed gentry to maintain its place, and the misery of the hopeless poor; but the whole ends with a South African Brotherhood as feeble as it is tiresome.

Mr. Whiteing's *Ring in the New*² is clever, readable, not to be taken too seriously. It is less sincere but more witty than the earlier books of Gissing, but deals in a general way with his class of subject, the scramble for bread in London. The best of it lies in an admirable description — to use his expression — of

¹ *The Great Refusal*. By MAXWELL GREY. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1906.

² *Ring in the New*. By RICHARD WHITEING. New York: The Century Company. 1906.

the New Bohemia, the entirely distinct social grade introduced by the working *lady* with a code of her own as remote from old-fashioned Bohemianism as it is from fashionable rules of behavior.

Here again the ending is a picture of the entire human race lifting itself by its own boot-straps into a state of complete beatitude.

Mr. Wells also wastes his possibilities as a genuine novelist on a comet¹ which suffuses England with luminous green vapor, from which every one emerges loving his neighbor better than himself. Philosophers naturally have to offer concrete remedies, but why novelists should so commit themselves must ever remain an irritating mystery. The Utopia resulting from Mr. Wells's "Change" is as uninteresting and unconvincing as any other piece of constructive Socialism. The Socialist storyteller really should content himself with destroying. If the twentieth chapter of *Genesis* had ended with a sketch of Lot presiding over two model towns, with hot and cold water on every floor, the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah would soon have been forgotten. That wise old chronicler fully understood that the romancer's mission is to arouse imagination and generous indignation, and there to stop, since from some basic trait in human nature imagination and enthusiasm do not take fire at the idea of neat rows of hygienic dwellings inhabited by a race of purely rational altruists.

The mass of English religious novels, to be candid, owe their importance to the fact of their numbers rather than to the intrinsic value of any one story. But there is significance in the mere fact of Mr. Benson's wit and skill being submerged by a weak and painful mysticism, as in *The Angel of Pain*,² and in *The*

¹ *In the Days of the Comet.* By H. G. WELLS. New York: The Century Company. 1906.

² *The Angel of Pain.* By E. F. BENSON. Philadelphia and London: The J. B. Lippincott Company. 1906.

*House of Defense*³ by a pitifully flat and obvious sermon upon Christian Science.

Orthodox churchmanship has also its literary exponents, headed by the immortally absurd "Guy Thorne," who, in the preface to *A Lost Cause*⁴ nestles under the wings of "five or six Bishops," and "innumerable letters from the Clergy." The whole preposterous book, though as exaggerated and over-emphasized as Lady Southdown's famous tracts, has a certain crude air of earnestness. You read with a misgiving. Incredibly comic as the whole is,—if by chance the author should be sincere, rather respect any farrago of nonsense than smile at a genuine conviction. When asked to believe that an unorthodox, low church young lady felt a remarkable sensation on touching an unblessed wafer, you give the author the benefit of the doubt; but when two hardened and successful malefactors wither, like Mephisto before Siebel's sword, at a glance from — but let me quote.

"A broad, square man of considerable height, with a stern furrowed face, wearing an apron and gaiters, stood there, with a thunder-cloud of anger upon his face. It was his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. . . . In the presence of the great spiritual lord who is next to the royal family in the precedence of the realm, the famous scholar, the caustic wit, the utter power and force of intellect, the two champions were dumb." One of his glances, in fact, and their machinations were forever blighted. And so the story ends!

It is a curious tribute to the power of Rome that it continues year in and year out to be a fertile source of inspiration for controversial fiction. Mr. Bagot (a few more converts of his critical calibre might go further to undermine the Pope

³ *The House of Defense.* By E. F. BENSON. New York and London: The Authors' and Newspapers' Association. 1906.

⁴ *A Lost Cause.* By GUY THORNE. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1906.

than Père Hyacinth and Martin Luther) opened the season with *The Passport*,¹ a trite piece of sensationalism, only significant from its attack upon the rapacity of the Italian priesthood.

Signor Fogazzaro's *Saint*² is of course the most important religious novel of the year, though, to be frank, it is less a novel than a protest. Purely as fiction it lags far behind his earlier work, being no more than a thoughtful treatise upon the attitude of Italian rationalists to-day towards unquestioning loyalists, by one who both knows and cares, and who is fully equipped for expression. Benedetto (Piero Maironi), the Saint, belongs with those holy mystics who come into the church prepared to live up to a set of inconveniently high ideals. Here, an enemy, a satirist, could have made capital of the situation, of the disturbance caused by a genuine mediæval saint in the midst of a highly capable worldly organization. Being himself a loyal Catholic, Signor Fogazzaro only does this so indirectly that a great opportunity is lost, since the humor (Mr. Thayer's preface guarantees the existence of this quality) to animate a slightly inanimate group of characters is subdued to the vanishing point. The strange fact is that the author himself should show surprise at this book's being put upon the Index, since it is no less than an indictment of the whole contemporary condition, an indignant picture of a church which discourages true piety, and expels saints as malefactors. Fogazzaro always speaks with the authority of rich development, but there is no attempt here at sharp characterization, not even with the woman, Jeanne, since for the purpose of the book the only requirement was a figure to embody Benedetto's renunciation. Neither is

your sense of the renunciation extremely poignant (as in the wonderful garden scene in *Daniele Cortis*), nor would a vivid set of impressions here be in place, since the whole has been deliberately set in a low key, that no tempestuous human emotions should distract the reader's attention from the cause for which Benedetto suffers to an absorbing interest in the actual suffering.

Mr. Moore's religious novel, *The Lake*,³ is far more personal. Although steeped in the feeling of Ireland, his story follows no accepted tradition. It is unlike Miss Barlow, Fiona Macleod, Miss Laffan, or Ross and Somerville. It is Irish to the core, but with a quiet and contemplative melancholy. Of the few events none is cheap or trite. When Father Gogarty drives Rose out of his parish by a cruel sermon, the girl neither dies nor is reduced to the London pavements. Nothing could be more natural than his unavowed regret that she is able to earn a living without his aid, so robbing him of his chance of making restitution and solacing his conscience. The priest's irresolute wanderings about the Lake, his discursive mental processes with their kernel of thought, his starved love of life and beauty, all linger in your memory; also the way in which he unconsciously rounds point after point towards making a personal demand upon life. Mr. Moore's arraignment of the church is neither hot nor bitter, but rather tinged with regret that a system should prevail which takes so small account of legitimate human instincts.

In *Traffic*,⁴ however, Mr. Thurston speaks with unbridled disapproval, combining a controversial document of great force with a living (and bleeding) picture. It must at once be confessed that his book is painful. After that it deserves only praise—praise for skill of conception and execution, for its passionate

¹ *The Passport*. By RICHARD BAGOT. New York: Harper Brothers and Company. 1906.

² *The Saint*. By ANTONIO FOGAZZARO. Translated by M. AGNETTI PRITCHARD. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1906.

³ *The Lake*. By GEORGE MOORE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1906.

⁴ *Traffic*. By E. TEMPLE THURSTON. New York: The G. W. Dillingham Company. 1906.

tearing aside the mist of sentimentality with which Irish and English writers have veiled the naked truth of priest-ridden Ireland. Miss Laffan was no friend to the church. Miss Barlow describes many a scanty meal and shivering winter; but Mr. Thurston portrays a whole community ruled by the church, in which no individual pain or sacrifice is ever allowed to weigh against the force of dogma. Stripping off every palliative, he holds up a code of ethics which makes divorce the unpardonable sin, and venal prostitution an error to be redeemed by repentance. One by one he tears off the romantic ornaments of the plaintive Irish peasant, showing him drunken, sordid, brutal, responding only to two appeals — the priests' power to cut him off from life everlasting, and the love of land. As for the vaunted Irish family affection, he disposes of that in short order. "Woman," Mr. Thurston says, "is only the beast to bear his burden, the cattle on the land that he loves. Every record of English injustice to that country — and there are thousands that are only too true — are all those inflicted on the land. This man stole a farmer's homestead, that man killed another for his domain — but scarce a tale of the seduction of this man's wife, or the rape of that man's child, and when the soldiers were spread throughout the land that must have been a common story too. Yet it is never repeated now. It has slipped the memory of them all, while stories of the land — the land — the land — these will remain forever."

No matter how relentless his accusation, Mr. Thurston does not clothe it in a treatise. The figure of Nanno Troy is at no time an abstraction. From the evening when you first meet her driving her cows to pasture, the interest never fails to be first for the story of Nanno, girl and woman. Incidentally you realize the force behind her cruel marriage sanctioned by the church, the power which inhumanly held her to her torment, which recaptures her after her escape

and drags her down to inevitable debasement.

As in *The Apple of Eden*, Mr. Thurston dissects deep and pitilessly as the modern Frenchman; but even in this candidly repellent theme, he keeps a certain fervor which makes his work worth while for adult readers of firm nerves and serious mind.

Besides the controversial religious novels there are in England a certain number in which religion plays a minor part, as in Mrs. Craigie's *The Dream and the Business*,¹ which occupies a midway place between the purely religious novel and the conservative story about individual human beings.

In this last class it is a comfort to find tradition prevailing to such an extent that, whether it be serious fiction or light-hearted comedy, the kind of novel in which the English have always excelled shows no sign of extinction.

One of the pleasantest examples of these is by a lady who, while never rising to great distinction, where many have soared higher and disappeared, has quietly gone on producing readable books.

As a young woman Miss Rhoda Broughton wrote clever if slightly trashy love stories. In maturity, within her definite limits, she retains gayety, wit, and the quality of an easy, irresponsible storyteller.

*A Waif's Progress*² is no more than a sketch, verging here and there on caricature. It is light, unpretending, avowedly skimming over the surface of things. Miss Broughton has never been a careful writer, but if she has not gained in classic brevity, neither has she lost a whit of her racy individuality. To use an expression which she would probably find appropriate, — without ever having attained a place in the first rank, Miss

¹ *The Dream and the Business*. By JOHN OLIVER HOBBS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1906.

² *A Waif's Progress*. By RHODA BROUGHTON. New York and London: The Macmillan Company. 1906.

Broughton has "staying power." Bonnybelle Ransome, the Waif, is like Lily Bart, a poor young lady with expensive ways. Unlike Lily, she has been brought up by an entirely *déclassée* mother, who dies and leaves the Waif a confirmed little *rouée* of seventeen, to be passed from refuge to refuge, habitually turned out by the hostess as a result of too great attention from the host. Gay as a lark (a mud lark), *inconvenante* in speech and action, the Waif is constantly making the most frightful *bévues*, in her insincere efforts at outward conformity to the standards of decent life. She is a greedy, ungrateful, lying little baggage, with a queer, obscure, sporting code of her own, and not the slightest conception of ordinary behavior. Miss Broughton tells you every disadvantageous truth, yet gives you a feeling for the misguided, pleasant scamp. If Mr. James's unforgettable Maisie had lacked her limpid truthfulness, and possessed high spirits and sparkle, she would have grown into just such a girl as Bonnybelle. The only difference is that Maisie "Knew"—without telling, while higher vitality constantly betrayed the Waif into indiscretion at once amusing and pitiful. Of course Miss Broughton still has a habit of over-italicising. She perhaps overdoes the Waif's consciousness of her own poses, but at least there is no didacticism.

The author merely shows you the product of certain conditions silhouetted against the quiet dullness of a respectable country house. The child's bringing up taught her that she must pay, in her person, for certain advantages. Men who took you in motor cars usually kissed you. Motor cars were an agreeable necessity, the kissing a disagreeable but necessary penalty. Bonnybelle honestly enjoyed any unexpected reprieve, but never dreamt of withholding her toll. Miss Broughton establishes her analogy without ever stopping to explain.

I have dwelt so long on this light and unimportant sketch, first, because it is

amusing to an unusual degree, and secondly, because Miss Broughton's frivolous manner too often causes her books to be left unread, regardless of the fact that her knowledge of character and pictures of life are quite as sound as those of many pompous story-tellers who are taken far more solemnly by dint of their so taking themselves.

Another simple and disarmingly unpretentious book is *A Lame Dog's Diary*,¹ the journal of a young officer, wounded in South Africa, trying as best he can to adjust himself to a life of crutches and invalidism. The whole is like a bit of *Cranford* with a few more masculine complications, and in trusting the young man to tell his story, the author has avoided all the pitfalls which usually beset narratives in the first person. Hugo manages to let you know that he is a pleasant fellow: you see his type plainly, without any indecent self-laudation on his part. Although he merely serves as a mirror to show the whimsies of a village as dull as any in Miss Austen, you take an interest in his own quiet love affair, if only because he is so agreeable a person, and you proceed in the happiest frame of mind to follow his thread of a story. If you put down the book offering up prayers of thankfulness at not being condemned to live in a moribund English hamlet, you also hope to have many more glimpses of it, through the eyes of so competent a guide as S. Maenaughtan.

Miss Cholmondeley's new book, *Prisoners*,² is of precisely the same stripe as *Red Pottage*. It is most curiously compounded of sparkling comedy of manners and cheap melodrama. The story itself bears no test of analysis, the tragic moments are no more to be taken seriously than the sad parts of *Sherlock Holmes*, but the author presents her picture so delightfully that you feel a pleasure akin

¹ *A Lame Dog's Diary*. By S. MACNAUGHTAN. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1906.

² *Prisoners*. By MARY CHOLMONDELEY. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1906.

to that of seeing a really good player in a somewhat trashy rôle. Miss Cholmondeley is full of minute, amusingly acid observation. She has a truly old-fashioned way of disliking her bores (none of your wide-minded ethical tolerance for nuisances), and her constant state of lively exasperation is all the more welcome because she has apparently suffered acutely from the identical annoyances which with all of us go to make up each day's sum of petty irritation. She hits off her own flighty heroine in the happiest fashion, as belonging to that large class "of whom it may be truly said when evil comes, that they are more sinned against than sinning. They always somehow gravitate into the phases where people *are* sinned against, just as some people never attend a cricket match without receiving a ball on their persons."

Also the introduction of Colonel Bellairs is a model of neat observation. "A handsome man . . . remarkably young for his age. The balance, however, was made up by the fact that those who lived with him grew old before their time." Wentworth, the prig, is delightful, at minutes, when "he talked of his conscious guidance by a Higher Power in the important decisions of his life . . . and always meant following the line of least resistance." The impartial Bessie is always funny, but never more so than when she assures her elder sister that "You can make even a home pleasant."

The fact is, that Miss Cholmondeley always seems to have strayed out of her own domain. One could almost suspect critical friends of urging her, "Mary dear, you *must* pay more attention to plot!" Consequently, having abundant imagination, she straightway concocts a melodrama rivaling Ouida at her most inventive, but proceeds to recount it in a manner not unworthy the chronicler of *Cranford*, or *The Perpetual Curate*.

When Mr. Shaw dubbed his plays "Pleasant" and "Unpleasant," he invented a method of classification so simple and obvious as hardly to call for ap-

probal. Any one of us could easily have thought of it, though as a matter of history, no one before him had even remotely suggested it. However we may question his judgment in rating *Candida* as a pleasant play, there can be no doubt as to the value of his system of pigeonholing. Now concerning Mr. Locke's *The Beloved Vagabond*,¹ there can hardly be two opinions. Pleasant is the word! Fantastic, improbable, impossible! Granted freely, that and more! There never could be such a being as Paragot, there never has been such a small boy as Asticot. But in *The Beloved Vagabond* there is a delightful modern revival of the picaresque novel, an aimless tale of aimless wanderings, wherein the chance word of wisdom, the meal at a wayside inn, the sun's warmth of a cool day, and the grateful shade in summer weather, make up good and sufficient reasons for being. But if the tale be in a way fantastic, it also contains good measure of truth, the inner truth of life tricked out in the whimsical deeds and utterance of the wandering hero. Paragot could not be tamed by convention; witness his sufferings at an English tea-party, among excellent people so addicted to tradition that "a square muffin would be considered an indelicacy," and his utter failure to propitiate Lady Molyneux, "one of those women whose eyebrows in the normal state are about three inches from the eyelids. I understood then what suspiciousness meant."

This Paragot, nevertheless, when the time came, like a true man, bowed his neck to the yoke of nature. In his shiftless erratic philosopher, Mr. Locke has succeeded in creating a character which stays in your mind. Whether the hairy, unwashed creature of impulse strike you as rarely companionable or as an entertainment to be viewed from afar, whether you be of those who linger at table with Villon, Mürger, and Béranger, or re-

¹ *The Beloved Vagabond*. By W. J. LOCKE. London and New York: John Lane, The Bodley Head. 1906.

spectably watch their performances from a distance, there can be no question as to Paragot's affording entertainment.

The whole book is witty, light in hand, full of a chastened gayety. Mr. Locke writes happily, as if he were thoroughly in his story. The style is artfully simple, swift, yet conveying a sense of agreeable leisure.

Outwardly this book is no less fantastic than *Marcus Ordeyne*, but in its grasp of character it shows deeper penetration of the truth of life, a penetration none the less sound for the graceful manner which conveys a realism of perception under a form so light as to appear almost trifling.

Equally fantastic (with no other possible point of likeness) and most certainly laying small claim to pleasantness, Mr. Snaith's new book¹ shows him as a writer who by no means rests satisfied with revamping the impressions which have already led to one success. While *Henry Northcote* is obviously a fruit of the same mind and temperament as *Broke of Covenden*, it also reveals the same mind turned in a quite different direction.

No mediæval saint, no early martyr, has proclaimed more passionately than Mr. Snaith that success can only be bought at a price. The problem of the young man making his way in the world, whether he be offered the *peau de chagrin* or a mess of porridge, has always been of perennial interest. We have it constantly in American novels, expressed in the highly concrete form of politics or shady transactions in the stock market. (Of these Mr. Stimson's *In Cure of Her Soul* is perhaps the best example of the year.)

In *Henry Northcote*, using quite another dimension, Mr. Snaith treats the problem at once more poignantly and more finely. The battle is fought within the limits of Henry Northcote's soul, and the question is refined down — not to how he shall act, but to the intention in which his action is conceived.

A young barrister is starving in Lon-

¹ *Henry Northcote*. By J. C. SNAITH. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co. 1906.

don. He is not only consumed by despair, but fairly ravaged by a consciousness of uncommon power denied reasonable outlet. Temptation comes in the form of a call to defend a woman charged with murder. The case is perfectly simple, the evidence overwhelming. She is entitled merely to a perfunctory defense, to a possible mitigation from the death penalty to a life sentence, on the plea of drink or madness.

The young man has tested his ability in public speaking by haranguing Sunday crowds in Hyde Park, consequently this summons comes as his great chance to make himself known, to prove his power. The question (one always so baffling to lay intelligences) is: Shall he use his genius to defeat justice and save a crapulous and guilty prostitute, or let the law take its natural course? But this does not give the full subtlety of Mr. Snaith's problem. If in the fibres of Northcote's soul there had lingered a grain of conviction, if he had been one who shrank from taking human life, if the woman had inspired a glimmer of sympathy, if the working of his brain in planning her defense had been different, its success need not have extinguished his divinity and transformed him from a potential archangel to a fallen Lucifer.

This, baldly put, appears to be Mr. Snaith's thesis, but no amount of description, short of bodily quoting whole pages, can give an idea of the intensity, the fury even, with which he clothes it. The pace gives no time for questioning. Whatever doubts may arise later as to possibility, as to whether judge and court could have been so hypnotized and spell-bound, at the time you hurry on without misgiving. (Of two legal opinions on the book, it is interesting to know that one rated the court scene as arrant nonsense, the other as the most brilliant legal *tour de force* in fiction.) To be frank, doubt eventually creeps in as to almost every event in the book; but, having doubted, you end by seeing that the probability or improbability of the actual events has

nothing to do with the actual value of *Henry Northcote*.

The first chapter gives Northcote shivering in his dismal chamber, equally tormented by hunger and by a craving to employ his teeming intellect. Out of the gloom a nebulous stranger hails him. The effect on one's own nerves is of a supernatural visitor; but it proves merely a strange philosopher of a tramp who has heard the young lawyer's speeches in Hyde Park and believes in his sincerity. Finding him ambitious and torn by desires, the tramp vanishes down Northcote's noisome stairway.

Temptation then comes in the person of a prosperous attorney with the brief. In these chapters, where the manner is so wild that you read in constant apprehension that the next page will bring a clumsy ghost, Mr. Snaith shows extraordinary skill by producing all the effect of mystical stage carpentry, through the gloomy and imaginative key in which the whole is set. There is all the foreboding that chills you in Poe's incomparable opening to "The Fall of the House of Usher."

The resemblance to Poe deepens as the story goes on,—Poe with a moral purpose, if such a thing be conceivable,—with all his exaggeration, all his fantastic disregard of fact, but with much of his dream—not to say nightmare—quality, and his capacity for communicating his own personal intensity. *Henry Northcote*, whatever its defects, bears every trace of being conceived and carried out under the stress of genuine excitement; and whatever its measure of success, neither in plan or execution is there a taint of mediocrity.

At this late date the time has passed for a detailed review of *Lady Baltimore*.¹ We all know what gentle and friendly humor Mr. Wister has brought to bear upon "the most appealing, the most lovely, the most wistful town in America." Yet in the enjoyment of this charming

¹ *Lady Baltimore*. By OWEN WISTER. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1906.

vignette, the broader significance of Mr. Wister's book has hardly received due notice. Perhaps from the very gentleness of his manner the boldness of his action has passed unobserved. Obviously *Lady Baltimore* is an effort to smooth out the furrows still dividing North and South, by showing all the pathos and heroism of Dixie, and the problems besetting her, through the lens of a sensitive Northerner. Where *Uncle Tom's Cabin* opened the debate in fiction by arousing passions, a half century later *Lady Baltimore* strives to lay a soothing touch upon nerves still raw and bleeding. It is curious that, with all its outcry and luridness, no Southern fiction has placed the South in so sympathetic a light as this tribute from a Northern writer. This may perhaps be laid to its fundamental patriotism, to the author's wish for a united country bound together by the same aims, the same ideals. Like Mr. Kipling (it is really extraordinary how two books so antipodal in outward form should be so at one in intention and intellectual method), Mr. Wister draws his inspiration from the past, from a "perspective of generations." Augustus tells John Mayrant, as they sit in the melancholy churchyard, "There is nothing united about these United States any more except Standard Oil and discontent. We're no longer a small people living and dying for a great idea; we're a big people living and dying for money. And these ladies of yours — well, they have made me homesick for a national and a social past which I never saw, but which my old people knew. They're like legends still living, still warm and with us. In their quiet clean-cut faces I seem to see a reflection of the old serene candle light we all once talked and danced in — sconces, tall mirrors, candles burning inside glass globes to keep them from moths and the drafts that, of a warm evening, blew in through the handsome mahogany doors. . . . Such quiet faces are gone now in the breathless, competing North: ground into oblivion between the clashing trades of the competing men

and the clashing jewels and chandeliers of their competing wives."

There you have it all, the secret is out, the boldness! Mr. Wister deliberately upholds the aristocratic idea, — not the snobbish absurdity of "my Aunt Carola's Salic Scions" of course; but he finds hope less in the equality of the human race than in the very fact that some are born to higher ideals than others, and that salvation comes not in dragging these down to a common level, but in honoring and preserving what they have always stood for, and in seeking to uphold their standard of a national honor and a national life.

In the flood (happily ebbing) of colonial novels with all their paraphernalia, and our too often snobbish and common novel of so-called fashionable life, *Lady Baltimore* stands quite apart as the first serious and patriotic American story which candidly has the courage to uphold the aristocratic ideal.

In speaking of *Les Mystères de Paris*, a work which he particularly loathed, Sainte-Beuve felt constrained in justice to confess "Il paraît décidément que Sue . . . aura touché quelque fibre bien vive et saignante, et qu'elle s'est mise à vibrer. L'humanité, dès qu'il s'agit d'elle, se prend vite au sérieux."

At a first glance, this gratification at being taken seriously, coupled with a prospect of purer lard and sausage, might altogether account for the public's reception of *The Jungle*.¹ A book which spoilt the entire nation's appetite for its Sunday roast beef could hardly fail of an audience. Consequently there is a natural inclination to rate *The Jungle* as a sensational document devoid of other merit than timeliness and a knowledge of Packingtown. Oddly enough, the success of this book has stood in the light of its appreciation. Taking it on its own merits as a story, no one who has followed Mr. Sinclair for the past five or six years can fail to see the

progress he has made in thought and expression. The crudity of his earlier books and the heaviness of *Manassas* are here replaced by a finer imagination and a simpler method of expression. If it were possible to cut out the slaughterhouse and merely give the experience of the immigrant family struggling to find its level in a cruel new country, it would at once be clear that Mr. Sinclair's work had reached a new plane of sincerity. At the very first he strikes the note of his bewildered Lithuanians, and the note never varies. He conveys the sense of his peasant family in the great city, the suffering, the horror of it. Still, so much might be done by any skilled journalist; but he gives the effect of a mental condition with clear strokes — and this is his achievement. In fact, the part of the book which depends upon imagination, upon divining the state of mind of people whose mental processes he could only guess at, as literature, is far superior to the exact descriptions of scenes entirely obvious to the eye of any one who chanced to be on the spot. Also it is no small achievement that, in spite of piled-up horrors, the book should still be interesting, and, up to a certain point, not monotonous.

Whether this improvement over earlier work be the result of writing under high excitement, whether it be as a campaign orator that Mr. Sinclair has gained such heat and motion, rather than as a novelist, cannot be decided now, particularly as the constructive, socialistic ending is exactly as weak and ineffective as any ordinary prospectus of a land company.

"The Co-operative Commonwealth is a universal automatic insurance company and savings bank for all its members. Capital being the property of all, injury to it is shared by all and made up by all. The bank is the universal government credit account;" — and so on for many pages whose flatness suggests a different hand from the brilliant opening chapter, with its vigorous description of the Lithuanian marriage feast.

To judge *The Jungle* fairly, it should

¹ *The Jungle*. By UPTON SINCLAIR. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1906.

be analyzed, first, as the work of an enthusiast absorbed in a special issue; next, as a novel which, though its realistic side might be the work of any able journalist, on the side of imagination shows qualities which can only belong to the born storyteller. And lastly, it must be confessed that in many places the effect is gained by revelling in ugliness, by lacerating the nerves so that a great tragic impression is obscured by foul-smelling detail. The eyes of Oedipus, so to speak, are destroyed, *coram populo*. At times it comes dangerously near belonging in Sainte-Beuve's class — "littérature de crapule."

It is curious that, out of the four most prominent American novels of the year, three should be so occupied with the national well-being that discussion of their place in literature is inevitably subordinate to their importance as tracts. Apart from a general seriousness, nothing could be less alike than *Lady Baltimore*, *The Jungle*, and *Coniston*. The first is set in a key of gay comedy. *The Jungle* is sanguinary and aggressive, while *Coniston*¹ draws force from a quiet, dispassionate historical view of a formative period of the national life.

The entire movement of the story is founded upon the general aspect of the time at its broadest. The mere scale guarantees at least a certain measure of power; the mere fact of attempting so large an undertaking proclaims no trifling or unworthy ambition, and the result calls to mind those immense canvasses of such painters as Benjamin West, wherein certain qualities constantly command your respect, and a suspicion that only a slight lack of atmosphere and vibration keep them from permanent greatness. To tell the exact truth, *Coniston* is a great novel, minus the vibration, and beyond question it is the most substantial and craftsman-like piece of work Mr. Churchill has yet produced, since it shows not only study of his period, but comprehension. There is good academic drawing and at times a

depth which almost amounts to perspective. The story is difficult to get into, and the characters are always rather types than individuals; but in Jethro Bass Mr. Churchill has hit upon the type which never fails of interest, the shrewd, kindly, direct man of complete political obliquity. Where the majority of ambitious boys try their fortunes in a city, Jethro stays at home and quietly buys up mortgages till he controls the country vote. The intricacies of his moves, the stratagems by which he conquers, are carefully worked out and sound as probable as the doings in one's own ward. His picture of New England at that time when people began leaving their farms is as clear and homely as a page from Horace Greeley's memoirs; but, throughout, the instinct for time and place is warmer than the instinct for people. The young girl's struggle between her devotion to old "Uncle Jethro," who has been good to her, and her disgust at his political methods, is far more genuine and alive than her somewhat ordinary love affair. From beginning to end, the story is thoughtful and quite without flippancy. It is penetrated by a really admirable sense of responsibility, and in the whole outlook upon our disturbed national life, there is no point of better augury than that such widespread recognition should greet a long, slightly tedious story, quite devoid of cheapness, or of appeal to any but the worthiest instincts.

Although Miss Sedgwick lays her scene in England, we may by right of birth claim her as a countrywoman, and do so all the more gladly as she is one of the few serious Americans who treat the individual rather than the national problem. Incidentally, there is a paradoxical truth in the fact that the individual cases forever prove to be the problems of humanity at large, while national or sociological issues, however broad they may appear at the time, are sure to end by seeming limited and special. It is worth remembering that while no less a personage than Jane Austen has been blamed for her perfect indifference to any matter beyond the

¹ *Coniston*. By WINSTON CHURCHILL. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1906.

boundaries of her own parish, her stories remain a living factor in English literature when the intelligent and public-spirited works of Harriet Martineau and William Godwin suffer world-wide neglect.

Miss Sedgwick has the quality of striking her personal note. She never disappoints you in being commonplace or uninteresting. *The Shadow of Life*¹ bears out the impression of her earlier work, that with a little more vitality she would be a novelist of the first rank. Her conception of character and situation is never ordinary. She is interested in the deep relations between people, less in their outward comings and goings than in what flashes between them unobserved by the world at large. After an introduction in which, to be truthful, leisure approaches slowness, she fairly states her situation. Elspeth Gifford, who loves life in the completest sense, also loves Gavan Palairet, whose character is less easily summarized, since he is chiefly negation. Of the temper of the saints, he has no spiritual belief, merely a repulsion to everything that life means. He is a melancholy, gentle pagan crossed with a Saint Anthony's spirit of renunciation; only for Gavan the renunciation is a dream, since, to renounce, one must at least believe in life and happiness. The struggle becomes concrete in his decision to renounce Eppie. He loves her, but is eaten away with doubts of himself, with fear of happiness. His ideal is a Buddha who can only smile at pain. Her effort is to warm him into life through her splendid love, to win him from morbid contemplation into action and happiness.

The book is one long duel between the girl and the man — his effort to escape sensation, his neurasthenic panic at caring for anything enough to arouse feeling, and the girl's spirited attempt at rescue. Elspeth herself is conceived with great nobility. Her pursuit is free from base-

ness, she never stoops to vulgar allure-
ment.

Miss Sedgwick keeps up an unbroken sense of tension. She establishes Elspeth's odd physical attraction, her external Scotch hardness, her equipment of worldly grace and knowledge. She also makes Gavan plain, the kind of man who forever raises the question: Should you revere him as a saint living on heights unattainable by the vulgar? should you feel the average man's impulse to cure his malady of the soul by personal chastisement? or is he merely a delicate study of a physiological sensitiveness bordering on insanity?

Whatever the author's view, she wisely refrains from explaining, leaving you to decide according to the angle of your own sympathy. What she has done is clearly to indicate an individual man of the type who keeps you in constant uncertainty.

She does not escape a tendency to overload her story with philosophical discussion (Nietsche really threatens to become the accredited bore of modern intelligent fiction), but too much rather than too little cultivation is not our crying fault, nor has philosophy destroyed her distinction of manner, or her sad and piercing sense of beauty.

Mrs. Deland also takes her place as a chronicler of the individual. *The Awakening of Helena Richie*² is our nearest equivalent to the old-fashioned English novel, and the scene might equally well be laid in England, Scotland, France, or America.

Although the story contains such elements of extreme violence as suicide, infanticide, a shivered eighth commandment, and filial impiety, the prevailing tone is an agreeable quiet. Dr. Lavendar with his ancient horse, old Benjamin Wright and his "freckled nigger," the doctor's nagging wife, the men's friendship — all this creates an atmosphere at once real and interesting. Mrs.

¹ *The Shadow of Life*. By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK. New York: The Century Company. 1906.

² *The Awakening of Helena Richie*. By MARGARET DELAND. New York: Harper Brothers & Co. 1906.

Deland shows a grateful sense of values in passing over superfluous detail. A less skillful writer would feel obliged to explain how little David was left adrift, instead of simply stating through Dr. Lavendar, "How can I find a home for an orphan child? A parson up in the mountains has asked me if I could place a little seven-year-old boy . . . the child's sister who took care of him has just died," — and David has been adequately introduced, without halting the forward movement. It is worth while in passing to note the clear compactness of this; and Helena's own early life is disposed of with an equally swift and able stroke. The young woman's character is perfectly consistent: a charming, emotional creature, passively good, born to run straight but dislocated out of her normal position by a series of totally unsuitable tragedies. Framed for happy domesticity rather than passion, she falls victim to a lover simply because her movement is always in the direction of least resistance. The real tragedy lies less in his shortcomings than in her unfitness for the life into which she has drifted, in her pathetic envy of old and ugly wives, in her longing for any beaten track, in her rudderless misery of loneliness. It is this capacity for general discomfort rather than for tragic concentration which keeps her story from moving you profoundly, from leaving such a sense of emotional disturbance as *Danielle Cortis* or *The Mill on the Floss*. Mrs. Deland does not attempt to plumb great depths, and rightly, since her heroine is not of a calibre to render heroic treatment appropriate. But if not heroic, the method is delicate and penetrating. The author's mild and abundant humor, pleasant observation of children and animals, clears the air from all taint of melodrama, and a steady moral purpose is at no time allowed to hamper a well-told story. *The Awakening of Helena Richie* has been mistakenly lauded as a highly emotional book, and unjustly criticised for superficial analysis of a great tragic situation.

Both points are ill taken, since it is exactly in showing how little tragedy can penetrate certain natures that Mrs. Deland proves her skill and moderation. Helena's awakening is no more real than her abasement. Many a woman of greater emotional capacity has suffered as much over a lack of perfect sympathy as Helena could from her false position, but no one could possibly feel more uncomfortable, and the discomfort of so pretty and winning a creature quite naturally impressed Dr. Lavendar and his friends as hopeless searing misery. Hester Prynne truly suffered; she was the tragic figure cast for the tragic part; also Clarissa Harlowe; but life often gives the serious rôles to the lightweights (fancy little Emmy Sedley a Waterloo widow!), and in skimming over the surface of a superficial nature, Mrs. Deland reveals far greater knowledge than would be shown by an attempt to sound non-existent depths.

Equally devoted to the concerns of a limited group, *The Clammer*¹ is a delicate little sketch, pleasing from its gentleness and good taste. Where Mr. James Lane Allen's Adam, in *The Kentucky Cardinal*, raises vegetables, this New England Adam digs clams in his own bit of beach. Both books are legitimate descendants of the *Reveries of a Bachelor*, and in *The Clammer* there is a pleasant flavor of eighteenth century deliberateness. Although the motor of Goodwin-the-Rich whisks past, it is powerless to hurry the pace. Mr. Hopkins's manner is consciously artificial in using words and phrases with recurrent rhythm, but the words and phrases themselves are of an artful simplicity. The whole is contemplative, reposed, and breeds a rare conviction of having been written rather to gratify a mood of the author than with an eye to startle the public.

In *Don-A-Dreams*,² genuine study re-

¹ *The Clammer*. By W. J. HOPKINS. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1906.

² *Don-A-Dreams*. By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS. New York: The Century Company. 1906.

places the too customary demonstration of character, to such an extent as to suggest the passive truthfulness of Russian novelists. Only the last page (which is easily skipped) has a conventional sound, and that rings like an afterthought, loosely attached in deference to a publisher's natural mistrust of the unusual.

Don-A-Dreams is merely a young Canadian, with too much individuality to travel along the rut marked out for him, and not sufficient force to cut out a path for himself. Mr. O'Higgins has been particularly happy in showing how both the hesitations and ill-considered spurts of action are the only possible results of such a nature, and that while to Don each move seems the inevitable sequence of what has gone before, to every one else it appears a piece of avoidable and resounding folly. The type is perfectly realized, the promising young man who forever disappoints his friends like a horse that will not come up to the bit, a dreamer to whom the whim of the moment constantly masquerades as purpose.

Mr. O'Higgins's *Smoke Eaters* entirely established his place as a story-teller, and proved his pictorial knowledge of New York. In the present book, while these qualities stand him in good stead, his color is under better control, cool grays replace his earlier blazon of red and yellow, he uses a lighter stroke, a more delicate outline, without loss of force or interest.

In the wave of solemnity which has overtaken us it is pleasant to find two books of short stories which are frankly (and successfully) humorous. The deliberate assertion of funniness in the title rather risks your antagonism, and finds you quite unprepared to meet a number of spontaneous, gasping laughs between the covers of *Red Saunders' Pets and other Critters*.¹ These are not nature studies of animals, but irresistibly comic sketches

¹ *Red Saunders' Pets and Other Critters*. By HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1906.

of the doings of a small North Dakota town with its outlying farms and ranches. Arizona may come in, and Idaho and Iowa, but the impress is chiefly of Dakota. The robust practical joke underlies almost every story, whether of man or beast. The whole bubbles over with genuine animal spirits. You feel the vigor of the men, their inconsequent gayety, their physical hardihood, and insatiable thirst for diversion. Incidentally you have a sense of mixed nationalities, of outlying Indians. The slang is gay and racy; the point of view fresh and personal, rudely comic, but never out of taste. The stories bear the test of reading aloud. Mark Twain himself never produced anything more convulsing than "Billy the Buck," "The Little Bear who Grew," and "In the Absence of Rules." It is the typical American humor of unabashed exaggeration, with the primitive quality which does not shrink too sensitively from the loss of a little fur or cuticle, and which deems the penalty of a broken bone a small price to pay for the frolic of hearty and ludicrous adventure.

Even a book notice which claims for "O. Henry" the best qualities of Dickens and Maupassant (one wonders what Dickens would say to that yokefellow) is not enough to outweigh *The Four Million*.² These sketches may be like Maupassant, in being short! They are like Dickens in being quite open to sentiment, but they are entirely like "O. Henry" in that they mirror New York in the receptive eye of a contemporary journalist, who fuses his observation with something quite his own, before giving back this product in form of a trip to Coney Island, a tour on the Seeing New York motor, a glimpse into a hall bedroom.

Although he may tell of a row at the Clover Leaf Social, of the sequelæ of a wake, his stories are pervaded by gentleness. In symbolism and color his slang need not yield to that of Mr. George Ade;

² *The Four Million*. By O. HENRY. New York: McClure, Phillips, & Co. 1906.

he knows his world as well, but he sees it with an eye for its beauty as well as its absurdity. There is imagination as well as vision, and beyond his expert knowledge of our colloquial tongue, he possesses in the background, to be used when needed, a real style. He is not afraid to be leisurely in the shortest sketch, he even risks an occasional introductory page. "The Green Door" actually opens with a charming essay upon adventure and the adventurous to whom once in a while "a slip of paper written upon flutters down . . . from the high lattices of chance." He may talk Bowery, or talk Tenderloin or Harlem with impunity; he also talks the language of civilization. In twenty short stories there can never be twenty gems, but "The Gift of the Magi," "The Skylight Room," "The Coming out of Maggie," "A Cosmopolite in a Café," "The Green Door," "The Cop and the Anthem," are as varied and excellent pictures of a great city as can be found, and in every case

the picture has its meaning, its bit of sympathy, something to lift it above the mere quick character sketch.

In noticing all this, it must not be forgotten that "O. Henry" is also exceedingly funny. In a general way the stories suggest the thumbnail studies of Frapié, Provins, and the other flashlight Frenchmen, but without their pessimism and despair. Where their tendency is to forget that they are writing stories, to approximate as far as possible to a literal document, "O. Henry" does not hesitate to round out, to fill in, to take advantage of coincidence, in short, to indulge his reader's weak-minded craving for a little human enjoyment. And after all, since babies still smile and crow, even in courts and alleys, and lads take their sweethearts for an outing, and the rhythm of a hand-organ still quickens tired feet to a waltz, perhaps his picture with its glimmer of arc light and sunshine may be to the full as true as if it were altogether drawn in India ink and charcoal.

IN SEARCH OF AMIEL

BY JOHN SHERIDAN ZELIE

AMONG all the attractions of Geneva, none had appealed to me so much as the possibility of finding some background for Amiel's *Journal*. The other literary backgrounds had already been elaborately explored, and were at the traveler's disposal, but Amiel's had never been furnished. Though he was the last Genevan to add one to the world's classics, his trail seemed to have been lost. Amiel himself gives us hardly a trace of where he might be found, and no one of all the readers and lovers of the *Journal* had ever sought out his home and his surroundings.

It seemed impossible that those who knew Geneva well should not be familiar

with the house of one who had been the most recent of its scholars and writers to achieve a permanent place in the world's thought. His home might be a block away from where I began my search for it, but nowhere was there a clue. The last Amiel had disappeared from the directory. Guides, of course, had never even heard the name, and frankly doubted whether there had ever been such a person. Guidebooks were as ignorant, and the little group of Genevans whom my curiosity had stirred up genially advised me to try something else. When, at last, the proprietor of the *Métropole* had done his best by consulting certain old residents who were supposed to know the town pretty thor-

oughly, and still no help appeared, there was nothing further in the way of a leading, except the desire of ten years to set Amiel in the midst of his surroundings. I kept on, simply hoping that something would turn up.

Toward noon I found what I thought would surely set me upon the right track. Some pastors and professors were holding an ordination service in the cathedral. Among the professors some must have known Amiel. When the bleak service was over, I followed their procession out into the robing-room, with high hopes of ending my search successfully within a few minutes. But Amiel seemed hopelessly lost. Though some of them remembered him, none had ever known where he had lived. Eighteen years had gone by since the death of the old professor of philosophy, whom few ever knew well, even when he was amongst them. They knew, to be sure, that he had become famous in the world outside Geneva; but everywhere was surprise that any one should wish to know of his whereabouts.

Logical methods of procedure had now been proved ineffectual, and there was plainly no chance of success except by resorting to rashness. This I promptly did. Passing out through the cathedral, I walked up to the first stranger I saw,—a very unpromising one, too, I thought,—addressed myself to him despairingly as to a sort of personification of Genevan ignorance, and asked him if he had ever *heard* of Amiel. To my astonishment he replied, "Yes, he was an old acquaintance of mine." He had never known Amiel in his home, as, indeed, few ever had; but he could tell me of a nephew of his who would put me on the right track.

Two years later I was to find out that within a few rods of the spot where we were talking outside the cathedral, and in plain view of it, stood the house of the friend to whom Amiel had confided the care of that vast manuscript from which the *Journal* was selected by her hands. Later on that same day I was to discover that just below us, down the steep stone

staircase leading from the cathedral to the Rue Verdaine, one would come out almost opposite Amiel's home.

"Ah, you Americans, it is always so," said the hotel wiseacres who had wished me Godspeed on my wild goose chase early in the morning. The nephew had sent word that he would be glad to see me, and tell me personally what I wished to know. I had seen in the directory that he was a *numismate*, and not knowing with any exactness what that might be, I had hoped that it meant perhaps a humble negotiator of coins and stamps who would be easy to get on with. But such thoughts disappeared when I was set down at the door of the great house in the walled garden on the Route du Chêne.

The *numismate* was a private scholar and antiquarian, a member of many European learned societies,—of one of which he was at that time president,—and his house was a treasury of rare and beautiful things. The lowlier type of *numismate* that I had imagined could not, however, have made me feel more at home than did this more distinguished representative among his cabinets of coins and medals. How had I ever found him out, he asked, or what had led me to take such an interest in his uncle? Few had ever sought him on that errand,—an American gentleman from Baltimore once, and only a few others. No, none of them had ever seen Mrs. Humphry Ward, who was known to them only as the English translator. The surprise that Amiel should ever have become a figure in the greater world seemed to remain with his family and friends, as with the rest of Geneva. It was strange to them that one should come from so far to inquire about the quiet professor, who had seemed of all men least likely to engage the world's attention.

The first sign I met with of the real Amiel was the great bust whose bronze copy now stands at the head of the staircase in the university. Among the many surprises and contradictions which I found in my search, not the least was this bust,

which has such a military air that it made me think instantly — as it has every one to whom I have shown the photograph of it — of General Lee. There is here nothing of the shyness and self-effacement which one would almost certainly expect to discover in Amiel. His last portrait, which hung on the wall of his nephew's study, painted in the last days by his old friend, Mademoiselle B —, has more of the quality of the recluse and the philosopher; but the bust is that of one quite equal to facing life and battling with it. In this same study were those other volumes of the philosopher which are now only known at all because of the more famous *Journal*. They were born out of his skill, not out of his heart; and one by one they fell by the wayside and were forgotten, — with the exception, perhaps, of the last one, *Jour à Jour*, a book of poems, published the year before his death, of which it was pleasant to learn that its reception had brought to the author some happiness at a time when it was bitterly needed. Renan had said some fine things of this last volume.

I saw the more personal souvenirs of Amiel, — the miniatures of himself on porcelain made when he had returned to Geneva in his youth, — "a young conqueror," as Scherer said, — and taken the city by storm through the powers which he then displayed. I saw, too, the portrait of his beautiful mother, who died in his boyhood, and that of his "Napoleonic father," as he once called him in speaking of the difference of their dispositions. The journal instinct seems to have been strong in the family. Amiel himself kept another besides the one which is published, and his father before him had left a stout, go-afoot sort of record, in which he had carefully set down the plain story of his commercial success.

The nephew finished his kindness to me for the time being — I was afterward to experience more of it — by giving me copies of all the Amiel portraits and a letter to his uncle's old friend, Mademoiselle B —, who with her mother had made a

VOL. 99 — NO. 1

home for Amiel in his last years, and was still living on alone in the same apartments in the city. The Rue Verdaine, to which the letter directed me, with its high tenements, its little shops, its crowds of children, the women drawing or washing at the street fountain, looked of all places the most unlikely to have been the home of one who loved the beautiful as Amiel did. I thought there must be some mistake; but when I had found the right number and mounted the stairs above the shops on the ground floor, I came into a quite different state of things in the beautiful apartment which looked straight across at the old College of Calvin where Amiel had gone to school as a boy.

There was the same cordiality on the part of Amiel's biographer and friend that I had met with at his nephew's. Both the nephew and the biographer were perhaps better known in Switzerland than Amiel himself had ever been in his own day. But with all the cordiality there was the wonder, which none of them ever seemed to get over, that a stranger from across the sea should at this late day be tracing out the footsteps of one who still, to that home at least, was simply the quiet professor rather than the modern Hamlet.

After a little Mademoiselle B — went in and threw open the shutters of Amiel's room, letting in light upon an apartment so beautiful and so full of cheer and color that it seemed strangely out of keeping with the sombreness of Amiel's spirit as it appears in those last pages which he had written there. It was here that he had died. It was here also, as his friend told me, that he had kept on at the *Journal* after ill-health had separated him from his other tasks, writing occasionally days at a time. He never alluded to his *Journal*, though constantly bringing out his other writings to read in the family circle, nor did he ever give a hint of any expectation that through it he might still find his way to a place in the great world from which he seemed at that time so thoroughly and hopelessly detached. Almost the only intimation of such a hope is the line

he had written upon the box in which the manuscript was found after his death: "I give no one authority to destroy a single page of this Journal."

It was due to the correspondence which grew from this visit that two years later I found myself for three weeks an inmate of this home. That nothing was to be left undone which would give a stranger interested in Amiel every opportunity to recall him, I knew on my arrival, late Saturday night, when I was shown to my room. It was Amiel's room. On the writing table lay the first greeting of my hostess: it was a gift of those earlier volumes of Amiel to the first stranger who had ever crossed that threshold in search of him.

What I found during those next weeks was just what I hoped to find,—a full other side to Amiel and his life. There *was* the other side; and in his home one comes to dwell in the memory of that, rather than under the shadow of a great sorrow. I do not mean to say that there was anything exaggerated in his disclosure of his own soul; the tragedy was all there, only there were compensations, and Amiel was swift to seize them.

We think of him in full retreat, utterly overcome and prostrate in the battle of life; but that was never the way his friends saw him. That he was a failure the world around him knew well enough; but it never suspected anything of the inward suffering which was going on. Even to his family the *Journal* came as a surprise. Amiel held himself well up in the world, and seemed not to need sympathy. In him men saw a man of the world, always reserved, it is true, and increasingly so as the years went on; but they saw nothing of the tragic. Before the world he was quite likely to joke when he was at his worst. On the first appearance of the *Journal* much was made of his unhappy childhood. There is no truth in it. He was early orphaned, to be sure, but he passed into the home of an uncle where love and companionship were never wanting. Much more has been made of

the unfortunate circumstances under which he took his professorship and of the bad position in which he had put himself by coming into office on the very movement that had overthrown the old aristocratic régime with which his natural sympathies lay. It is true, he was for a long time ostracized, and Genevan ostracism could not be a gentle thing,—"even Swiss mirth," says Amiel, "is like that of dancing bear,"—but that does not mainly account for his career. The ostracism ended in good season, leaving him perfectly free to take whatever society he would. His malady went deeper, and has been perfectly described as the malady of the ideal. Over and again he has said that the ideal unfitted him for all imperfect possession.

But strangely enough, idealist as he was, no man could have kept a firmer hand on life's drudgeries than Amiel. He was the one man on the faculty who could always be counted upon to do the thousand and one things of administration and arrangement which usually go begging. They said, "He is a bachelor; he has the time; let him do it;" and he did it. The worst of it was that he did it altogether too well. The work brought relief to him because it enabled him to feel that he was doing something. At the same time it turned his mind from the greater things of which he was capable, but which he feared to touch, because, whenever he looked toward them, his ideal of what they required became more exalted and made action toward them seem almost a profanation.

It is one of the most beautiful memories cherished of him that, although nearly every one of his own efforts in literature failed, he never grew sour or reached the point where he could not heartily rejoice in the success of everybody else. Critic that he was,—the best in Geneva,—and impatient of imperfection, Amiel's were usually the first congratulations which reached his more successful fellows. He would become fairly gay and light-hearted over another man's achievement, so that

his friends were able to say that hardly a new literary talent dawned in Geneva in his time toward which he had not contributed something. Unable to do it himself, he yet cordially admired any one else who dared to take the plunge and let himself go. Attentions seldom came to him, and appreciation was slight; but a very little went a long way; it was enough to brighten up everything, at least for the time being.

It was true of him that he was unwilling to allow others to do for him the things he was only too glad to do for them. It was the fault for which Bishop Westcott reproached himself at the end of his life. Up to the last Amiel had his near relatives within reach, but he seems to have prized his independence overmuch. His favorite sister had married the most famous physician of Geneva, a man of strong, positive character, who appreciated Amiel's worth, but could not easily overlook the fact that, with such powers as he had, he had accomplished so little. He no doubt also took it amiss that in all those years when the professor was more or less constantly under the care of physicians he had never consulted his own brother-in-law, the chief of them all. But, it seems, Amiel was ready enough for relations with his relatives whenever there was a chance for himself to be the benefactor.

Another brother-in-law, pastor of the Madeleine, a church strategically located in the neighborhood of Hell and Purgatory streets, found perhaps as little to increase his brotherly pride in Amiel's very irregular attendance on his own ministrations. Yet Amiel could attend church to very good purpose when he chose, as one may learn from that splendid passage on the preaching of Adolphe Monod at St. Gervais, in the *Journal* for November 9, 1851. One wonders whether the sermon could have been better than the description of it.

With the children of the family he was at his best and always at home. Strangely enough this man, critical and analytical to a degree which had nearly killed his

own creativeness, never made others timid or uneasy in his presence, and was the soul of kindness to all those who approached him. All weak creatures turned toward him instinctively, so that, as he said, he believed "he could even woo the birds to come and build in his beard as in that of the statue of some mediæval saint."

The bust on the university staircase is the only visible reminder of Amiel in his native city. A prize in the university, founded by his sister and called the Amiel Prize, is his other memorial there. In awarding the prize six years after Amiel's death, Professor Ritter recalled how, in speaking to the university some years before, he had expressed the hope that possibly among the professor's literary remains might be found something which would yet justify the earlier expectations which had been held concerning him. Possibly there might be waiting for Amiel such a fame as had been achieved by the works of Joubert, Eugénie de Guérin, and Doudan. The years had now gone by, the *Journal* had achieved its place as the last great classic of the inner life, and once more the same voice was speaking of Amiel: "Les dés ont été jetés, messieurs, et la partie a été gagnée. Le succès du *Journal Intime* a été incontestable. Une cinquième édition vient de paraître; une traduction anglaise a été publiée, une traduction allemande est en préparation. Le philosophe genevois est sorti de l'obscurité. Et lui, l'écrivain, le penseur, notre ancien collègue Amiel, qui aurait aujourd'hui soixante-cinq ans, il n'est plus là pour se réjouir avec nous du succès de son œuvre. Combien de soldats sont morts dans les batailles, après avoir fait vaillamment leur devoir! Et les fanfares de la victoire, ils ne les ont pas entendues. C'est le caractère des races d'élite d'enfanter des hommes qui, dans le plaisir de travailler à leur œuvre, oublient qu'ils ont droit à d'autres récompenses. D'ailleurs, messieurs, notre Genève, semblable en cela à quelques villes plus illustres, est coutumière de l'ingratitude: de plus grands qu'Amiel l'ont

éprouvée de sa part. Rappelez-vous la juste invective de Schiller: —

“‘Ew’ge Schmachschrift deiner Mutterlande,
Rousseau’s Grab.’”

The visible reminders of Amiel are few enough; but the audible reminders of him are constant. I mean that the companies never march, and the bands never play, in Switzerland without giving a constant memorial of Amiel. It is the last thing we should expect of him, — more surprising than the military look of the bust, — yet it is true, that one of the two great national anthems is his, words and music both. There is not a child in Switzerland, they say, who does not know the song *Roulez Tambours*, which, if not the official national anthem, is just as familiar and popular. One does not easily think of anything of Amiel’s being shouted in the streets or serving to excite and express the spirit of the crowds. I asked a soldier one day if he knew the *Roulez Tambours*. “Naturlement,” he replied; and drawing himself up, he sang it at me like a demon, while those who stood by joined in at once. It is called the Swiss *Marseillaise*, and has almost as much vim and go as the more famous song. Like all of Amiel’s successes it was an aside, struck off by him nearly fifty years ago in a burst of patriotic fervor when the quarrel rose between Switzerland and Prussia over the affairs of Neuchâtel. The danger was averted, but the song lived. Probably it is hardly connected with Amiel in the minds of the population, although his name is always published as the author. There is no evidence that he ever gave himself any pride over the matter; it was an incident in his life, but a solid and enduring contribution to the life of the nation. And it is hard to believe that a citizen of Geneva, who had lived to see one of his own songs adopted into the affections of the whole people, could have heard it sung or played for twenty years of his life in town and country without some grateful stirrings of his heart.

In the mornings I sat reading or writing in Amiel’s room which looks down upon

the little courtyard of which he had written on Ascension Day, 1879: “In my courtyard the ivy is green again, the chestnut tree is full of leaf, the Persian lilac beside the little fountain is flushed with red and just about to flower; through the wide openings to the right and left of the old College of Calvin I see the Salève above the trees of St. Antoine, the Voirons above the hill of Cologny; while the three flights of steps which from landing to landing lead between two high walls from the Rue Verdaine to the terrace of the Tranchées, recall to one’s imagination some old city of the south, a glimpse of Perugia or Malaga.” Straight across from the window is the school he attended as a boy, the old College of Calvin, its roof the last of the outer world visible to him as he lay upon his bed in the last days, his mind traveling backward and forward over the long career that lay between the old professor and the eager handsome boy who had seemed to have everything before him, breaking out now and again in the devoutness which had never left him, as he spoke of his life, his hopes, and his regrets. This was his room: here he had brought his Journal to its close, little dreaming that what was to him more like a settling of accounts with himself should ever become a story known and read the world over — one more of the world’s great confessions, which was to relieve and interpret many an experience beside his own. As I sat there one morning reading *Eleanor*, then Mrs. Ward’s latest work, I ran across a line which, though it was strangely familiar, I could not place:

“*Que vivre est difficile, ô mon cœur fatigué.*” Then suddenly it came back to me where I had seen it, — it was the last line of the *Journal* as we know it, quoted by Amiel in this very room just before the end.

To this day no member of his family has ever looked upon the full story of his life as it lies in that vast manuscript with its seventeen thousand folio pages, although the injunction that none of them should see it until twenty years after his death has been fully carried out and might

now seem to impose no further obligation. He had left it to his friend Mademoiselle F—, to whose judgment we owe the now famous selections; but her name has never appeared in connection with the work. It was with the explicit understanding that her name was never to be published in this connection that she broke over her long-continued habit of refusing to talk about Amiel enough to ask me to visit her in the beautiful old house just above the cathedral. The pictures of her two friends, Amiel and Edmond Scherer, rested upon the table. Of the visit of that August evening I can only say that talking with her it was not hard to understand how Amiel might have intrusted to her the story of his inner life. After her death the manuscript passes to the nephew, Dr. S—, or, in the event of his death, to the public library. Some day there may appear more pages of that literary criticism which Amiel seems to have struck off with so little effort,—criticism which Arnold accounted sufficient to justify the opinion that, in the bent which Amiel's mind took, another great critic was lost to Europe.

In the afternoons there were the philosopher's old haunts to be sought out,—the walks beside the Rhône and Arve where he had run and played as a boy, or walked forever pondering and observing as a man. Through the *Journal* you can follow him almost everywhere in Geneva except home. Lancy, Haut-Mornex on the Salève, Vandœuvres, Pressy, saw him often; but to Vevay, Montreux, and Clarens he returned again and again. He was a great traveler, and vacations always saw him *en route* as soon as possible for various resorts where the different groups of random acquaintances, to which he occasionally joined himself and whose leading spirit he so often became, had as little reason as his near neighbors to suspect the sadness which was eating out his heart. Free from all obligation, knowing that nothing was expected of him, it was in these chance associations that he was at his best, and let himself out.

His letters are full of his experiences at these places, where we find him organizing expeditions, getting up plays, giving readings,—his hearers used to say that he read with so much distinction that they could not tell whether the matter read was really fine or not,—and engaging in all the life of the company.

Migratory in his habits, he had many homes in Geneva, or rather many lodgings, until he came to spend his last years in that real home on the Rue Verdaine. The most romantic of all is the little house at the end of the long courtyard, which the visitor may enter by opening the door of 16 Rue Etienne, beside the little store. Here is monastic seclusion. Down at the farther end, in the lower story of the house fronting you, Amiel had his study for the last twenty years of his life. There he worked in the daytime, with no sound to be heard save that of the birds in the garden or the occasional strains of the organ in the oratory close by. Outside the window of the room which contained his philosophical library, was a little gem of a garden, in a space so small that amongst us it would have been given over despairingly to the rubbish. But there it glowed with flowers in the midst of the tenements. The present tenant, quite guiltless of any knowledge of the author of the *Journal*, showed me all the rooms without a question; and when I was through wished to tell me about the picture of the young man which hung on the wall. It was her son, who had lately died out in the Argentine. Nor can I forget the worn-looking seamstress at the other end of the court, huddled in the tiniest of rooms, hardly large enough for sewing machine and bed, who, without knowing what it was all about, was only too willing to crowd things a little more in order to make room for the photographer who went with me,—a son of the photographer of Amiel himself. He undertook his task *con amore*, for he had just become interested in the *Journal* himself, and until then had known as little of Amiel's homes as the rest of Geneva.

In the evenings there were long talks in the salon, where a portrait of the professor, painted during the last days by the one who told me of Amiel's life, hung above us. It was the portrait of which Amiel had said at its completion, "Je m'y retrouve." There was just a touch of something Jewish in the countenance, which had made him often wonder whether there might have been Jewish blood somewhere in his line.

Knowing that his time was short, he had at last broken his reserve about himself, and taken pains to recall the story of his life to the friend who now told it to me, with much that was omitted from the biographical sketch. About what was contained in the *Journal* he was as usual silent. Remarkable confidences indeed in which a man should tell apparently the whole story of his life, and yet manage to leave it untold. The *Journal* does not exaggerate the depth and intensity of his sorrows. As one reviewer has said, "What even so cool a person as Scherer would call a tragedy other people might well consider a veritable *supplice*;" yet alongside it ran this other current of Amiel's joys which he snatched as he went. Save in his worst moments, there could not have been dullness in any company where he was present, for his insatiable mind was incessantly at something. On the table of the salon was the little box which contained some hundreds of his "impromptus," as he called them. He would burst into the room at times, or at others stop the reading on which they were engaged, and say "Give me an impromptu, quick!" and taking whatever theme was suggested, dash off almost instantly into an epigram or quatrain, or even a series of verses. Like Goethe he never had a chagrin without making a poem of it.

He was the soul of industry, always at work on something, and the greater the difficulty of it, the more relief it seemed to be. He too easily took refuge in correctness: in that he would not be found wanting; it was some satisfaction to a conscience which could never dare attempt

the highest things of which it was capable. *Les Etrangères*, a book of translations of the poetry of other tongues into French, represented the kind of difficulty with which it seemed to give him pleasure to contend. The labor spent upon that book had been enormous. He had dedicated it to his old friend Scherer, as a sign to him that he had not utterly given up the hope of doing something. Scherer's acknowledgment had been slow in coming; but when it came it was in the shape of a review of such enterprises in general, and the hopelessness and futility of rhythmical translations. Scherer had not forgiven Amiel, the leading spirit of the distinguished group of years before to which both of them belonged, for his failure to use his gifts in any work worthy of him.

In middle life Amiel had written frankly to Scherer, asking him whether in his judgment it was still possible for him to do something. Scherer had welcomed the opportunity which Amiel had never before given to any of his friends, and went into the whole matter with him. He told him how his friends had never been able to understand his exercising himself with the small undertakings which were so far below his real gifts. He told him of his strange perversity in keeping to the rare and the ingenious instead of striking out boldly in some larger work for which he was so well equipped. Scherer had been deeply touched by Amiel's confidence, and believed that now perhaps the way was opening to something better. He not only gave Amiel a full description of what he thought to be his fault; but he even had in mind the immediate work upon which he thought he might begin to regain himself. He was ready with the suggestion of the precise thing which Amiel ought to do, and offered to stand sponsor for it out in the greater world if he would attempt it. Scherer waited anxiously for the reply, which was weeks in coming. It might have disclosed to Scherer the root of the whole matter, as later the *Journal* did in a way which quite overwhelmed

him. But Amiel's answer only made Scherer feel that it was a comedy which was being enacted, and that the matter was not serious enough longer to occupy his mind. In short he gave him up; he did not divine what the matter was until twenty years afterward, when the *Journal* was put into his hands. Then he atoned for his misunderstanding by the noble introduction with which he offered the record to the world, confidently predicting that here was one more of the books which would live, and doing more perhaps, by his confident judgment, to gain the book a wide acceptance than any other influence save Amiel's own wonderful gift.

The years of his teaching in the university were as neutral as could well be. They were years of great faithfulness and great industry, but without a hint of that richness of which we know Amiel to have been capable. He felt that a professor was the high priest of his subject, and perhaps a little disdained being interesting. Of his vast stores of knowledge, of the things which interested him most, of the things which made him so easily the most notable member of any group when he chose to be,—of these he brought hardly a vestige into his class-room. It must have been hard for him as well as the students to leave these things out. Ernest Naville, Amiel's predecessor in the university, upon whose achievements the *Journal* has some beautiful passages, told me in a letter of seeing once a notebook of one of Amiel's students in which figured a great number of *accolades*, and then underneath *more accolades*. Farther and farther he would carry the division and the subdivision, into which he never poured the richness which was his to give. It was the recollection how Amiel once, in visiting him, and looking over the portraits of philosophers with him, had without a moment's preparation given out a wealth of interesting and illuminating comment on each philosopher, which made Naville think how different all might have been if Amiel could have persuaded himself

that it was right to do the same thing with his college classes which he had done so wonderfully in his friend's study.

But it was not to be. From these greater things, which seem to have hung before his mind even up to the last, he took refuge in correctness and industry—and the *Journal*. Up to the end he was still making plans. Action was what he craved, after all; but he saw too much, and was incapable of that "little necessary blindness" which enables one to do his work in this kind of a world. Work he did in great volume really, his literary industry was enormous and incessant; but he knew, as others did, that it was not of the sort he longed to do.

Considering the friends the *Journal* has made, it was surprising enough to hear that, though many strangers had first and last been in the house, this was the first time that one had ever crossed the threshold with the direct purpose of inquiring about Amiel. An English lady had once made sure that it was his home, and contented herself with sketching it from the street. My hostess did not regret this absence of interest, for as she said, "Si la maison était devenue un pèlerinage, je l'aurais quittée." If pilgrimages were not wanted, this one at any rate had been undertaken with her consent and approval, and nothing was lacking to make it a success. From day to day she brought out some new reminder of the man, the friend, the writer. Amiel grew real and delightful through the experiences of those weeks. His letters of ten years, carefully arranged, she offered me to read; and when I found the writing too difficult, she copied them out in a fair hand that enabled me to read them all. They are so full of the same sort of things which make up the brighter passages of the *Journal*, that one may well believe that, if all his friends should bring together their share of his letter-writing industry, we should have a volume well worthy to stand beside the other.

The gifts of this friend and the nephew are around me as I write. One day it was

all of Amiel's works; a few days later the psalm-book which he had owned from his youth; then the little book of devotions which had been long in his possession; the beautiful bronze medallion of Amiel, and the companion of it with the profile of that successful brother-in-law, the physician; later, the costly edition of the *Journal*, printed only for the family and his friends out of the ample property which he had left after dealing generously with others but always sparingly with himself. But even all this kindness had not prepared me for the gift of that last afternoon when I was preparing to go. It was nothing less than the old and worn portfolio, the companion of Amiel's travels and thoughts, in which he had written so much. Worn with use, its blotters had pressed many of those pages in which he poured out the story of his heart, and they still bear legibly lines of poetry or prose which he scribbled upon them.

At Clarens, overlooking the lake, under the shadow of the Cubly, Amiel had, years before his death, chosen his own resting place and named it "The Oasis." Here in his vacations he had often come on sunny days, and here he rests, not far from the grave of Vinet, surrounded by graves of Russians, French, and English, the stone above his grave bearing the inscriptions, "Aime et Reste D'Accord," and "Celui qui sème pour l'esprit, moissonera de l'esprit de la vie éternelle."

Amiel has won a firm place at last in the world, which during his lifetime seemed to have nothing for him. If he did not act himself in the literal sense in which we commonly speak of action, he did explore to the bitter end and the last analysis those subtle causes which paralyze the spirit and make action impossible. Amiel's was after all a contribution to the active life, the life upon which he looked with longing eyes. Act himself he could not; but he cleared the decks for other men to act, and made impossible for any who thoroughly ponder his story a repetition of his own career. The world sends up a

shout of victory when the scientist announces the discovery of one more germ. Amiel had tracked down and isolated the germ of a malady which before him and during his lifetime had destroyed the power of many a spirit beside his own. Those who knew him and his time have told of how common and disastrous was this malady a generation ago in other lives which were without Amiel's power of expressing their experience.

I can readily believe what I have often been told by others, that they never read the *Journal* without feeling more like going to work. He had exhausted for them every delusion which would make them stay their hands, all those spectres which, if they can, will keep men from creativeness. Something of this sort, after all, is the praise which belongs to the solitary Genevan thinker, for with this confession abroad among men it is difficult to believe that on any large scale his trouble can ever prevail again. No languid and despairing coteries making a business of pessimism can ever sincerely fasten themselves upon Amiel. There is something about him which forbids — to do that is to mistake him altogether. If to many his confession seems only a piece of spiritual pathology, let them stop to think that it has assisted in making the trouble more rare by interpreting it. He has written the penitential psalm of culture.

But if the story of his malady should sometime cease to attract attention, there will always be enough left to make his book endure; for even after leaving out all that is morbid, there remains more than enough to make a classic Book of Joys, which will always be read because of its constant life in the ideal, its wealth of common things lifted into spiritual companionship, its high, pure atmosphere, which is perhaps the most immediate impression it gives the reader, and because of the depth and the insight of its discriminations and its judgments of life. He will always be a friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE WAITER'S PORTION

WALT WHITMAN has told greatly how wisdom may become manifest within a man: "Something there is in the float of the sight of things that provokes it out of the soul." The most provocative of all the things that float before our sight are human beings; and therefore, if a man would acquire the greatest wisdom, he should place himself in some position in life from which he may look calmly and disinterestedly upon a floating continuity of people. He should sell his books and sit down by the wayside, watching people pass. He should leave the plough in the furrow, to follow the human call. The wise men of the world have been men who have made leisure to look on. Whitman, walking week after week from one boundary to another of these states; Dante, toiling up and down a stranger's stairs; Shakespeare, leaving his bride almost at the altar, to plunge into the surge of the metropolis,—these were seeking a sight of the float of men and women. "The proper study of mankind is man" is much more greatly true than the clever man who said it ever realized.

For these reasons I am serious, not whimsical, when I state that if a man desired earnestly to develop wisdom, he could hardly seek a more provocative position in life than that of a waiter in a metropolitan restaurant. I have often envied waiters. Hour after hour, day after day, they may look and listen calmly while men and women, never twice the same, reveal the secrets of their natures. From what other standpoint in the world could a man survey to more advantage a shifting continuity of people of many ages, many races, many moods? Consider how much life must float, in a single year, before the

sight of a waiter in Martin's! Consider the variety of people that drift in from Broadway, eddy for a moment, and float on,—the broker, the artist, the society girl, the demi-mondaine, the sport, the gentleman, the chorus blonde, the maiden aunt upon a visit from the country. Consider the faces to be seen, the voices to be heard. Consider the humor, the pathos, the wit, the sentiment, the action, the reverie, the tragedy, the farce, that stand suddenly revealed in sentences that are passed across a table-top. And all the while, upon this huge and human panorama, the waiter may look down with the contemplative composure of a god.

There is ample reason, therefore, why waiters should develop wisdom. Some of them do; and if some of them do not, it is not because of lack of opportunity, but merely because of that common source of human failure, an inability to realize the opportunity that presents itself. The waiter's opportunity for contemplating life is seldom thought about, and needs therefore to be looked at nearly. A multifarious multitude of people float successively before his sight; every hour some new life swims into his ken; but this happy fortune happens also to men of other callings,—car-conductors, floor-walkers, policemen, and reporters, for example.

The waiter's preëminence of opportunity lies in this,—that he looks on men and women in their mood of most sincere self-revelation. For it is during dinner and that after-hour of easy conversation that a man is most himself. We admit this in our social custom; and to ask a man to dinner is to confess a desire to know him as he really is. At table he will sit revealed; the best and the worst of him will emerge manifest in his manners and his talk; and it is by watching him at

dinner that we may take the measure of the man. Boswell knew this somehow; and the vividness of his biography is due largely to the fact that he often shows us Johnson over food.

"Tell me what you eat and drink and I will tell you what you are," will do fairly well for a maxim. "Tell me whom you take to dinner with you and I will tell you what you are," will do even better. And both of these confessions are made simultaneously to the waiter. He is thereby given opportunity to learn what many people are. He is given the whole alphabet of man, and may spell out at his leisure the wisdom of the basic human laws. A man's taste in food, in drink, and in tobacco sits nearer allied to his philosophy and his religion than many people know; and I have often wondered why novelists who try to make us see their hero truly should tell us so little of his dinners and his drinks and his favorite brand among cigars. A Christian Scientist eats otherwise than a Presbyterian: this any waiter could tell you; but the point is not dreamed of in the philosophy of many lookers-on at life. I am quite sure that Carlyle's waiter could have given us the clue to his dyspeptic outlook upon the roaring world; and that little point of eating pie at breakfast goes far to explain why Emerson was a greater man than his peevish and fulminating friend.

Few of us pause to realize how well our waiters know us. Merely because our half of the world does not know how the other half lives, we do not stop to think that that other half of the world (by which I mean the servants) knows exactly how our half lives. So far as our knowledge of each other is concerned, my waiter has the better of me. He knows the hours when I come and go, and the reasons that dictate them; he knows my taste in food and in companions; he knows my ideas of art and of cigars; he knows that I am fond of rhythm, whisky, baseball, and the theatre. But of him — his tastes and his beliefs, the

things that he is fond of, and the things that he dislikes — I lack the slightest hint of an idea. That silent man, who revolves around me (a satellite to whom I am the planet), subservient yet not obsequious, anticipating my wish half-realized, filling my glass again before I know it empty, understanding better than myself that I really want another cup of coffee, — what does he think of me, I wonder? I am sure that I am not a hero to him. My friends may think me a marvel of good-nature; but he knows that I grow nettled when my soup is cold. He knows me too well to consider me a hero. There is something sad in this. But is it not more sad to think that he can never be a hero to me, for the tragic reason that I shall never know him at all? What of his thoughts, his dreams, his loves, and his ambitions? Very likely he is a greater man than I. He may be capable of patience with the sick, — a heroism I have tried but always failed at. Perhaps in his home he has found the living truth that I have groped for vainly through the darkling years. If I knew as much as he, I should blurt it forth ill-manneredly; but he brings me my salad, speechless, and I may not know what lies within his mind.

It is merely because of the chasm of convention that yawns between the two halves of the world that most of us never learn how many waiters accept their opportunity for wisdom, and grow cunning in the basic truths of life. That is why we are told so little about waiters in our novels and our plays. Mr. Bernard Shaw has flung a bridge across the chasm; and I take it as a prime instance of his perspicacity that he has made the waiter in *You Never Can Tell* the wisest person in the play. But there are many such waiters in the hotels and restaurants and cafés of New York; and perhaps we should learn something to our advantage (to use the phrase of probate lawyers) if we should ask them their opinions about other things than chops and salad dressing.

THE FREIGHT TRAIN

[Our poetical contributor is an American man of letters who, throughout a long and honorable career, has not infrequently meditated the Muse. In sending this sonnet to the Club he writes, "Of the lines themselves, I shall only say they were as unpremeditated as any I ever composed, and were fitly evolved on a long railroad journey. Those who recover from the shock of the title will judge how far I have succeeded in making a silk purse out of a sow's ear." — THE EDITORS.]

A MOVING chain whose every link betrays,
By marks or clear or dimly understood,
A separate provenance, and, if it could,
Might dream aloud of wandering in a
maze

Fortuitous on continental ways:
Vermiform spinner for the common
good
Through Free Exchange and Human
Brotherhood
As in the far-off uncorrupted days . . .

While fades its clank on my admiring ear,
"Thou god Protection!" bawls a
charlatan
(From off the stump to windy patriots
dear),
"Whose fill-purse law from everlasting
ran,
Lo, on men's hatreds we thy altar rear,
Thee only serves the True American."

**THE EVOLUTION OF THE
MANTEL**

I LAY in that delightful state, half awake and half asleep, in which one may sometimes indulge in the early morning hours, knowing that one may conscientiously take another nap, or may lie and lazily guide one's imagination, if that entertainment seems preferable.

My eye traveled across the dainty silken surface of the light eiderdown quilt that covered Cousin Anne's guest-chamber bed, on which I was luxuriously stretched, lingered on the shining rods and railing at the foot of her brass bed-

stead, and finally rested on the mantel at the opposite side of the room.

The house was a very old one, and the mantel was a plain shelf, with paneling of wood above it, reaching to the low ceiling. The woodwork was painted a delicate shade of gray, and the lines of the paneling were uncommonly restful to the eye. On the shelf there was but one ornament, a large cloisonné vase, containing a single branch of apple-blossoms, showing all their loveliness against the gray background of the panels.

Truly, Cousin Anne is nothing if not up-to-date!

It was several years since I had spent a night at the Old Farm, as we always called it; but at intervals, ever since I could remember, I had paid visits there, and the decorations of that guest-room mantel had always had a great fascination for me.

My mind traveled back to the days of my earliest remembrance, and I amused myself by recalling the steady progression of ideas in mantel furnishings, which had there found expression.

Everything progressed at the Old Farm, but somehow I had the feeling that that mantel was a sacred centre, from which influences radiated, and that everything and everybody had to live up to it. In the far-off days of my childhood visits — when, by the way, the bedstead was a four-poster, the bed a feather-bed, and Cousin Anne spelled her name without the final *e* — there stood, at each end of the mantel, tall candlesticks of yellow glass, and in the space between were grouped such wonders as I shall never behold again.

A clove-apple appealed strongly to my sense of the marvelous — a fine large Baldwin or Greening, stuck so full of cloves that no faintest sign of the original fruit remained; a thing to last forever, I think, if fashion and art had not decreed otherwise. I was sometimes allowed to hold it in my hand, to feel its surface, all bristling with tiny, rough points, and to inhale its lingering, spicy odor.

Next to the apple — things had their *places* on that shelf! — was a tumbler filled with mussel and periwinkle shells, dotted here and there, with tiny scarlet beans; black-eyed Susans we called them. Then came a *set* of furniture, two tiny chairs and a sofa, made of cross sections of butternut shells stuck together with glue — one was instructed to handle them with great care! There was also a tea-set, wonderfully fashioned from the round bones of a fish; and a basket, of home manufacture, made of bent wire dipped in red wax, numerous tiny points of wire being added here and there, giving, with its red covering, the effect of a basket of coral, if one could imagine such a thing!

Hung quite high over the mantel, and tipped at an angle of about thirty degrees, was a colored print of a cemetery, with a conspicuous headstone in the foreground, over which drooped a "weeping willow," and on which leaned a lady in a very large hoop and a very flat hat, holding a lace handkerchief to her eyes, with her extremely pointed fingers. I always wondered how she looked under the handkerchief. Her conventional attitude certainly did not suggest an abandonment of grief.

It was probably several years after that earliest remembered visit, before I spent another night at the Old Farm.

The four-posted bedstead was replaced by a massive structure of black walnut, that somehow suggested a coronation chair to me. Cousin Ann was no more, and Cousin Annie reigned in her stead.

The old mantel had undergone a complete metamorphosis.

The weeping lady and the weeping willow had been banished, and a large decalcomania picture of a pink moss rose, planted in the centre of a vast expanse of white cardboard, and framed in a deeply recessed molding of dark wood, hung in its place.

I sighed for the black-eyed Susans and the clove apple, but the mantel held new

attractions. The glass candlesticks were replaced by white Parian marble vases, with clusters of grapes in high relief, at either side. The vases held bunches of yellow "straw" flowers and dried everlasting. In the centre of the shelf stood a large oval glass globe, which shielded from the dust a miraculous bouquet of wax flowers. Such red and white fuchsias, such precise japonicas and rosebuds and carnation pinks, and such foliage, of a delicate Paris green, Mother Nature would find it hard to match.

On each side of this stood a tinted bisque figure. On the right was a shepherdess, in a Gainsborough hat and an elaborately draped skirt, a crook in her hand, and high-heeled shoes upon her feet, her head slightly turned toward the left, her gaze evidently seeking the bisque gentleman, who, with a flute in his hand, a round cap above his waving locks, and a faint smile upon his china lips, was turned responsiveness toward her, on the other side of the globe of flowers.

A cube of marble, purchased at Niagara by some traveler in the family, stood between the flute-player and the vase at the end of the shelf; and this was balanced, on the other side, by a globe of silvered glass, made by glass-blowers, surmounted by a wonderful fragile swan, with uplifted wings.

It was probably about the time that Cousin Annie became Cousin Annah, and that the black walnut bedstead gave place to a small wooden affair painted white, that I recall the next stage in the development of the mantel.

Now, heavy vases of peacock-blue glass, decorated with a picture of a lonely stork, standing on one leg, had the places of honor at the end. From these, plumes of pampas grass drooped gracefully toward the centre, where there stood a clock, in a case of intricate workmanship, made by the owner of a "scroll-saw." The decalcomania rose had been replaced by a motto, "No cross, no crown," worked in shaded magenta worsted, on perforated paper, with tin-foil shining

through the perforations, from the back.

The mantel was practically given up to photographs of friends. A likeness of a callow youth, framed in old-gold plush, had a place of honor, I remember. Two or three young women with upturned or downcast eyes, — it evidently was n't the fashion to look straight ahead in those days, — with lace jabots at their throats, and "coronet" braids and masses of curls on their heads, were perched on wire easels; and there was one imposing red plush frame for a "cabinet" photograph, with double doors, through the partial opening of which one caught a glimpse of a copied photograph, absolutely without shading or expression.

A match-box of blue glass, in the form of an inverted hat, completed the shelf furnishings; and, underneath, hung a supposedly humorous cat, mounted on a blue plush plaque, with a spray of goldenrod embroidered in Kensington stitch along one side, and the words "Scratch my back," underneath.

This was, to me, the most depressing stage of mantel decoration.

It was a good many years, I fancy, before my next visit to the Old Farm. Cousin Annah — now Annette — conducted me to the guest chamber, where I found myself in a room resembling a big booth at a bazaar.

The bed had become a couch, draped in a Bagdad cover, and almost hidden under piles of silk cushions — I remembered how long it took to get it ready for occupancy at night! There were rugs and "cozy corners" and miraculous seats of all sorts. My eye sought the mantel, and there beheld a wonderful array of "art" treasures — an old-fashioned teapot, rescued from the attic, a brass candlestick, an onyx clock, three steins of various colors and degrees of thickness, a plaster cast of a Winged Victory, a wooden bear from Berne, a miniature pair of sabots from Holland, a small ivory Chinese god, and a Satsuma bowl! A rosary of carved wood was suspended

from the gilt frame of the picture of St. Mark's, which had replaced the remembered motto.

I vaguely wondered if the hens and chickens in the barnyard had changed into nonpareils or pheasants, since my last visit. It was a real comfort to hear a rooster crow in the same plain New England dialect in which he (or his ancestors) had crowed when I was a child.

Now, after another interval of several years (during which Cousin Annette had vanished), here I was again, gazing at Cousin Anne's mantel, over the railing of her brass bedstead.

This Japanese plainness of decoration was certainly a relief. I was lazily wondering, "What next?" when there came a tap at my door.

"Would I have my coffee in bed?"

Yes, Cousin Anne is certainly progressive, and perhaps it is not a bad habit to get into — this of progression — after all. In the days of the clove apple, we all assembled in the big kitchen, for breakfast, at six o'clock, summer or winter, and, while the buckwheat cakes and maple syrup with which we were rewarded on a cold morning were pretty fair compensation for early rising, still, a cup of coffee in bed — and such coffee as is always served at the Old Farm — is a sign of the advance of civilization, for which one might, on occasion, be distinctly grateful.

READING FOR REST

In the sick-room of a friend of mine, during an illness in which both reason and life seemed menaced, there might have been seen at any time of the anxious day, or the long miserable night, some pallid watcher with an open book, reading in low, tense, half-despairing tones:

One cup sugar,

Two cups butter,

Three cups flour,

Two eggs; —

Beat well and pour in buttered pan — or the like. And so it went on, day after

day and night after night, until dawning recovery suffered the solace of the Cook Book to be withdrawn.

Why there was recourse, in the first instance, to the Cook Book in a rather bookish household, I do not know. But the very felicity of such a choice proclaims it of the family of happy accidents. Pre-meditation would, beyond doubt, have hit upon something more relevant to the case, and more in keeping with the sufferer's known tastes—which were, above all, for poetry and didactic philosophy.

What more natural than to turn to the magic of rhyme and metre, of noble imagination or sweet fancy, for soothing for her, or to the wells of wisdom for sustaining thoughts?—if indeed any profane literature, in an hour so momentous, commanded itself as fit.

It was, it must have been, accident—accident at its happiest. In some desperate moment, some moment which the need of doing something and the seeming impossibility of doing anything to bring respite to the sufferer, combined to render intolerable—somebody, for the sake of a mere futility of action even, must have picked up the Cook Book which happened to be at hand, and begun to read it.

Hopelessly enough, one may well imagine, sounded forth in the moan-broken stillness of the darkened room the first few formulae for cake and pie, sweetmeat and pickle; but when the tale of cups of flour and cups of butter, of milk and eggs and sugar and vinegar, of pinches of salt and dashes of lemon, came to its melancholy close, a faint voice from the bed commanded, "Go on,"—and ever "Go on," as the reading ceased; until at last during all her waking hours there was no attempt at cessation.

Would any other book have served the purpose as well? I trow not. Casting a mental eye over the entire field of literature, so far as it is known to me, I can think of nothing which could have taken the place of that immortal Cook Book.

Immortal, I say—and yet I must own

I do not even know its name, nor whether to Marion Harland, Mrs. Rorer, Miss Parloa, Mrs. Glasse, or my own beloved Miss Leslie, belongs the glory of its composition. Nor does it matter. Common to all cook books are those gentle unharrowing enumerations of cups of flour and sugar and butter, of pinches of salt and dashes of lemon—those placid directions to sift and beat and scald and peel and core—to squeeze through colanders and whip to a froth—those pleasant, not too poignant appeals to the imagination in the shape of description of the delectable dishes which result from such concords of sweet ingredients. Any cook book, I maintain, under the circumstances which I have described, would have served better than any other book; even a cook book quite destitute of that toothsome description which may undesirably be so charming.

As a very young reader, I was fond, I confess, of cook-book literature; and it was these glowing descriptions which above all pleased my naive imagination, warmed the cockles of my innocent young heart, and constituted the favorite passages of one of my favorite books. With something of tenderness I yet look upon that early-Victorian volume, yclept *The Book of New Receipts for Cooking*: a work which is of a scope to which the modesty of the title does rank injustice; embracing as it does not only formulæ for delectable dishes and drinks of delight,—for Orange Flummery and Gooseberry Champagne, for Roblis, Hypocras, Nectar, Lemon Honey, and Thatched House Pie, Quince Florentines and Rose Meringues, for Partridges in Pears and Moore Fowl Pudding, and other cates too numerous to mention—but directions for working slippers, coloring artificial flowers, preserving autumn leaves, embroidering military standards, hemming bobinet, washing silk shawls, lining straw bonnets; for making a coat dress sit into the figure, for destroying the Bee-Miller and purifying the atmosphere of a room, for saving stair carpets and apply-

ing eye-stones, for extracting glass stoppers and using the new Self-Sealing Envelopes — to be had with handsome ornamental stamps; or, for those to whom that novelty did not appeal, for correctly folding and sealing according to the old established method. There are full and informing articles upon Crossing the Sea, setting forth among other things the merits of a garment called a Mandarine, and the inadvisability of quilled or fluted cap-borders — which should be replaced by simple gatherings of Mantua or Lute-string; and upon Household Tools — showing the indispensable necessity of "glue, chalk, putty, paint, cord, twine, and wrapping-paper of different sorts" to the happiness of every family, and the importance of care that the supply is not suffered to run out, "lest the deficiency might cause delay and inconvenience at a time when most wanted," — and other practical subjects; to say nothing of interpolated scraps of poetry and philosophy of a cheerful and soothing nature. To all of which I did once upon a time seriously incline, not knowing how largely its very irrelevancy contributed to the high serenity of mind which its perusal engendered.

It was not my friend's good fortune, probably, to have the benefit of dear Miss Leslie's placid old-world precepts and directions to soothe her mind into something of repose like the sound of gentle rain to one under shelter; but whatever degenerate modern successor it was that was pressed into service, it at least promoted the same end — as nothing else, I feel sure, could have done.

And yet, I have myself found a strange restfulness in a newspaper from two days to two weeks old — a restfulness which I find in one quite new only in the columns of *Houses for Rent and News from the Suburbs*. I have no occasion or desire to rent a house, nor does my acquaintance extend its bounds to the suburbs. And that, as Uncle Remus would say, "is what make I say what I does." I love to read of the enjoyable time that was "had" at

the surprise party that was "tendered" Miss Mamye Smith; of the notable meeting of the Happy Hour Society and its delightful programme, consisting of "Father, Dear Father, Come Home," "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," and "The Drunkard's Child;" of Miss Jenny Jones's two days' visit to the city, and the painting of Mr. Sam Baker's front fence; of the indisposition of Mrs. Sickles's cow, and the recovery of the Brown family from the measles. I welcome it all, and not alone for the sake of occasional acquaintances; it is chiefly because it is so utterly and delightfully irrelevant.

Irrelevancy, I insist, is the first requirement in that reading for rest to which even the most reverent lover of the printed page is sometimes driven. It is indeed, if taken in a sufficiently wide sense, almost the totality of requirement. There needs to be added to it only a clarity of expression which demands no labor of the understanding; though something of monotony is undeniably an added advantage.

It was lists of ingredients which charmed my nerve-racked friend to rest, like a chanted spell; and lists of names — unknown names — are to myself, when tired, a sweet nepenthe. I do not indeed at any time share the aversion for mere enumeration of a certain young person of my acquaintance, who ingenuously confessed to me that when she read her Bible she always "skipped the Begats." I find, on the contrary, a drowsy pleasure in any catalogue when I am not urged forward by a too-impetuous curiosity; a pleasure to the inner ear remotely akin to that of poetry, and to the mind something as it were processional, which is distinctly agreeable. Is not all primitive literature full of catalogues — testifying to something of aesthetic value in them to the unsophisticated taste, as their prevalence in Walt Whitman also testifies?

The Cook Book is for me spoiled in these latter years, because I have sometimes, albeit lightly, dabbled in cookery. I cannot read now of cups of flour and

cups of sugar, of beating eggs and creaming butter, with that absolute detachment, that sense of being wholly outside of the range of appeal, which is essential in really restful reading. But there are always Houses for Rent, always News from the Suburbs; always, in a word, that in the world of print which will gently titillate the tired brain and demand from it nothing but tolerance.

The lightest of novels prods one with something of appeal, essays some intimacy of approach not always tolerable.

If there are those who find restfulness in the reading of "best sellers," I am not of them. Fiction frets me if poor, and stimulates me if good; in either case fails of the soothing effect of advertisements foreign to any need of mine; mild items of news about people totally unknown to me; descriptions of processes which I have no idea of undertaking and sequences of indifferent names.

May I not modestly suggest to rest-cure enthusiasts that herein lies suggestion of a new cult?

